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In Our Next Issue

The Ring's annual rating of boxers of the world, a feature started sixteen years ago, will be carried in the February number. The only complete, authoritative rating of the men who make boxing their profession.

Annually for sixteen years The Ring has compiled a rating that has been to the field of Pugilism what the famous Walter Camp All-America Football Selection was to the Gridiron Sport.

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Annually the eyes of the boxing world are focused on these ratings. They are carried world-wide, in every nook and corner of the globe where boxing is followed.

Watch for the ratings. Don't miss this feature.

The complete list, with more than 400 boys named, will be featured in the February issue of The Ring.

There is no greater publicity and honor a fighter can get than to have his name appear among the elite in The Ring's "Annual Rating of Boxers."

In addition, there will be many photographs of the leading world fighters.

The issue of the year. That's what the February number of The Ring will be.

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JACOBS TELLS RING PLANS AND HOPES

Mike Jacobs, New York promoter, who sees tremendous year for boxing.

Louis vs. Farr In April—Comiskey Being Developed As Possible Successor to the Brown Bomber—Defends Chain System

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

I FOUND Michael Strauss Jacobs, No. 1 boxing promoter of the world, in his offices on upper Broadway. Nothing pretentious. Nothing like the mahogany, onyx and bronze of Tex Rickard. On a wall to the right of Mike hung an oil painting of Tex, his old pal, who gave Mike his impetus to go into the promoting line. Jacobs, as you know, was a ticket broker and ran a sight-seeing bus line when he ran into Rickard.

To the right of Jacobs stood an almost life size paper effigy of Joe Louis. That painting of Tex furnishes the inspiration for Mike—no doubt. But the cardboard representation of Louis is a more vital reminder to the promoter. It was a hookup with Louis that gave Mike his big start. It is the Louis connection that keeps Jacobs the No. 1 promoter.

"One day a guy came in and said, 'There is a Negro heavy in Detroit, name of Joe Louis, and if he ain't dynamite, call me a liar,'" Mike opened.

"I had heard about those dynamite heavies and I laughed. But I had a hunch. The next time Louis fought, in Pittsburgh, I went there to see him. I came away with the feeling that Joe could not fail to become champion, and that a connection with him would be very important."

Yes, Louis certainly has made Jacobs. Louis has made a fortune for Mike, just as Mike's promotions have made a fortune for Joe. To be exact—$1,551,000. Not hay, hey, especially for a rather untutored Negro youngster who had been very glad to get his five-a-day in the Ford plant, and whose folks had come out of the rural wilds of Alabama.

Louis has established Mike. But, after Louis—WHO? No matter how great a fighter may be, his time comes. A Dempsey gets his Tunney, a Tunney gets his Father Time, a Jeffries has his Johnson, a Corbett his Fitzsimmons, a Sullivan his Corbett.

* * *

TALKING with Jacobs for two hours in the shadows of Tex and Louis, I got the impression that he was banking heaviest on Pat Comiskey, the twenty-year-old pile-driver from Paterson, N. J.

Just now, Pat is young, he is comparatively inexperienced. But he has strength, adaptability—and the support of Mike Jacobs.

Having the right promoter in your corner is of tremendous importance. You may be the greatest prospect in the world, but if the man who runs the biggest clubs will not give you the chance, how are you going to impress the public and show the experts?

By the same token, the great promoter can take a likely youngster and by careful maneuvering develop him into the champion. I don't have to tell you how this art was practiced so skillfully by Rickard with Luis Firpo, or how the lackluster, awkward, inept Carnera was turned into the champion of the world.

With Mike in his corner, Comiskey has a great advantage and the youngster faces a glorious opportunity.

Tommy Farr.

Fights Which Mike Has On Schedule

December 1—Henry Armstrong vs. Lou Ambers.

December 15—Pat Comiskey vs. Steve Dudas; Al Davis vs. Tippy Larkin; Billy Marquart vs. Lew Jenkins.

December 22—Fred Henneberry, if winner over Georgie Abrams, vs. Ben Brown.

January 5—Fred Apostoli vs. Melio Bettina.

January 10—Tony Galento vs. Max Baer.

January 24—Billy Conn vs. unnamed opponent, very likely Bob Pastor.

February 2—Henry Armstrong, if winner over Ambers, vs. Pedro Montanez or Al Davis.

February 9—Joe Louis vs. Arturo Godoy.

February 23—Lou Ambers vs. outstanding lightweight contender, possibly Marquart or Jenkins.

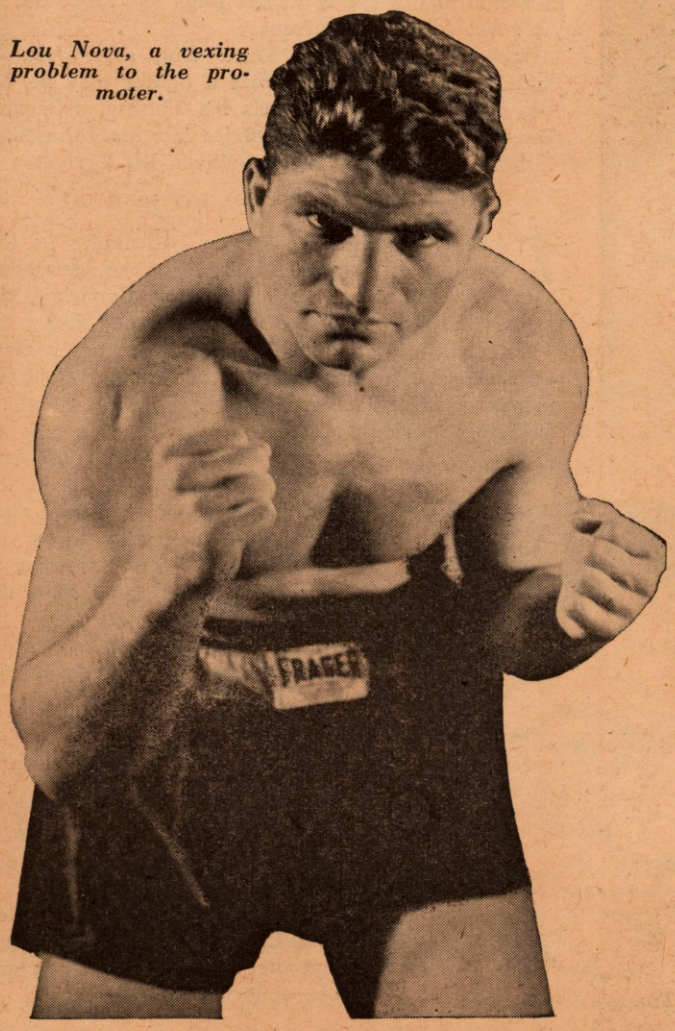
March 1—Pat Comiskey vs. Buddy Baer.

April 15—Joe Louis vs. Tommy Farr.

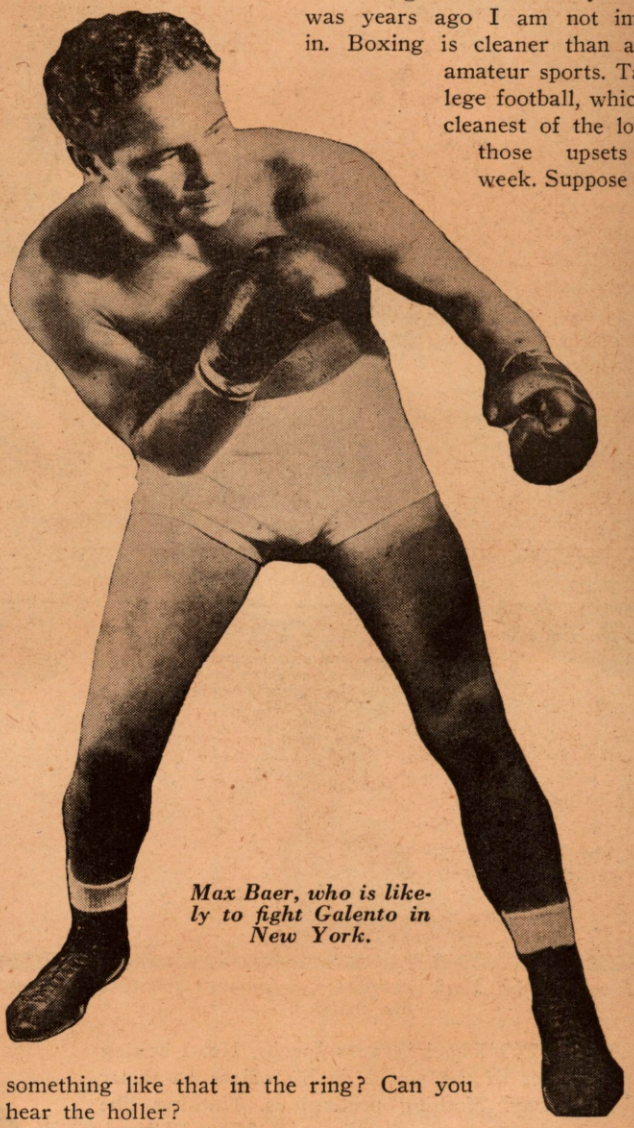
"Comiskey looks like the best prospect among the young heavyweights," Jacobs told me. "Right now he is under twenty and according to the New York law he cannot fight more than six rounds there. However, the Commission is giving me a dispensation so he can go eight.

"I am putting Comiskey against Steve Dudas in a big card in the Garden along with Al Davis and Tippy Larkin, and Billy Marquart and Lew Jenkins. This should give the indoor season a big impetus. Later on, Pat goes on with Buddy Baer. I am going to give him every chance and nurse him along carefully because I think he has the makings of a champion if no mistakes are made with him.

"Now, don't get me wrong. I am not going to make Comiskey into a synthetic draw. I believe the fans are ready for a great white fighter, especially if he is Irish. If mistakes had been made with Louis when he was coming along, he would not be the champion today. In every career that leads to the title the element of luck is tremendous, and behind luck is managerial and promotional ability. They go together.



Lou Nova, a vexing problem to the promoter.



Max Baer, who is likely to fight Galento in New York.

"Boxing is clean today. What it was years ago I am not interested in. Boxing is cleaner than a lot of amateur sports. Take college football, which is the cleanest of the lot. Take those upsets every week. Suppose you had something like that in the ring? Can you hear the holler?

"The chief trouble with boxing is that it is a game of widely separated shots. Boxers have to lay off too long. It is during these layoffs that they get into trouble, that they deteriorate most. Fighters do not break down in fights. They crumble laying off. Well, you can't change that so long as boxers are human beings, and they cannot fight too often."

* * *

THE interviewer asked Mike what he had on the tapis for Joe Louis.

"Right now I have two fights for Joe," Mike replied. "The first is February 9, with Arturo Godoy of Chile, who looked good when he was here, and has developed into a good fighter down in his country. Al Weill is bringing Godoy here and I think it will make a fine draw for the Garden.

"For the second Louis fight I have Tommy Farr, and expect to put that on around April 15. The British Air Force is reported

to be willing, even eager, to let Tommy come here to meet Louis."

Insofar as Godoy is concerned, it may be noted that he is not the South American champion. The title is held by Alberto Lovell, from the Argentine. However, Godoy has done pretty well and it doesn't seem to matter much whether Godoy or Lovell is the sacrifice, just so long as some new face on top of a big body is thrown into the arena with the Negro champion.

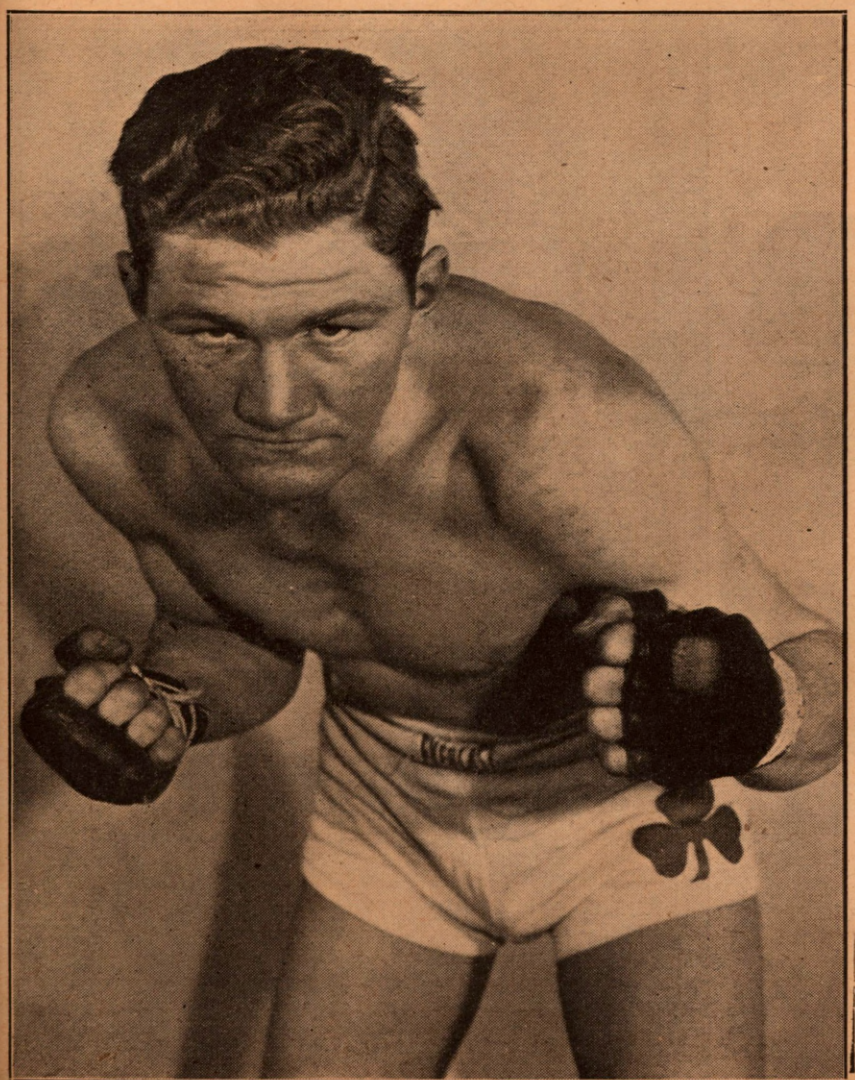
Farr, you will recollect, went fifteen rounds with Louis in New York. After that fight, the Welsh coal miner looked as if he might grow in fighting stature. But then came his defeats by Max Baer, Jimmy Braddock, Red Burman and Lou Nova, and Thomas slipped out of the main squad of heavyweight shortstops.

However, while there are better men than Farr, notably Bob Pastor, the fans will not holler too much if Tom is brought back for a Garden shot with the title-holder.

I asked Mike about Pastor. "Yes, Bob would fit into my heavyweight scheme in the Garden very nicely, maybe for an outdoor fight, as well," Jacobs replied. "He would help me solve the Nova problem. A Pastor-Nova fight would be a natural. But it is hard to do business with the Pastor connection. They want all the dough in the till. Granted that Pastor is a New Yorker and well liked. But you can't go nuts with the dough you take in. It's too bad, because I could do things with Pastor. Until Jimmy Johnston becomes reasonable, I can work out nothing big with him."

Bob Pastor, whom Mike wants in the Garden.

Pat Comiskey, young heavy, who is being schooled toward succession to Louis.



* * *

"THE boxing schedule I have outlined to you is subject to such changes as come over night in this daffy game," Mike went out. "You have a match arranged, and one of the boys gets hurt, or he has the daylights walloped out of him. You have to rearrange the match and then the other man doesn't like the new opponent.

"Then situations develop within twenty-four hours. Smith wins in Pittsburgh and Jones in Los Angeles, and suddenly you discover that the public wants a Smith-Jones match, which up to that time had not impressed you at all.

"I would like to put on title fights in all divisions down to the featherweight. No, I am not interested in that class, or the bantam, either. Frankly, there is too much squabbling and not enough class and money in the very light divisions. Not enough run for the public's dough, either. New York likes the bigger men.

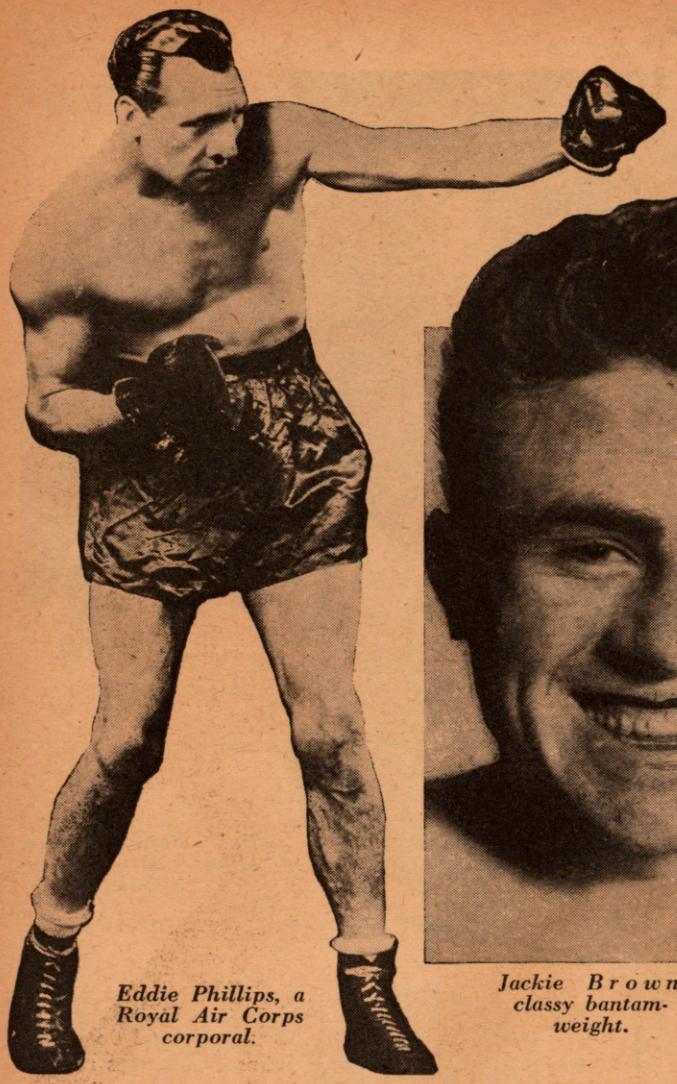
"After the Conn-Lesnevich fight, I am staging Henry Armstrong and Lou Ambers, December 1. Later, three big fights in one night—Al Davis and Tippy Larkin, for ten; Billy Marquart and Lew Jenkins, for ten; and Pat Comiskey and Steve Dudas, for eight.

"If Fred Henneberry, the Australian middleweight, beats Georgie Abrams, I will match him with Ben Brown, our Southern champion.

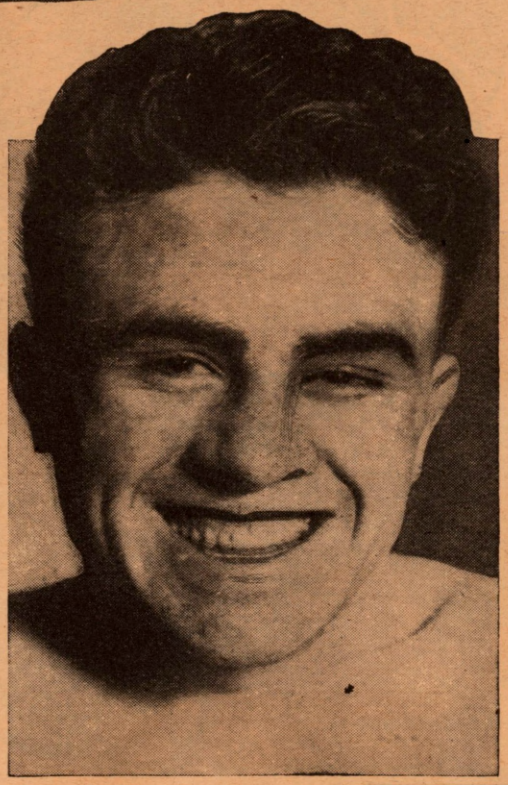
"On January 5, the Garden will see Fred Apostoli and Melio Bettina, who is a fine fighter, despite his defeats by Conn.

"For January 10 I (Continued on page 43)

IT'S LIEUT.



Eddie Phillips, a Royal Air Corps corporal.



Jackie Brown, classy bantamweight.

UNKNOWN to his army of admirers, Jack Petersen, former heavyweight king of the British Empire, was in the Royal Air Force of England for many months before the war broke out. The handsome, giant Cardiff fighter, who retired two years ago, joined the Terriers and is now Lieutenant Jack Petersen. He looks smart in his uniform and is extremely proud of the service to which he is attached.

There is a movement on to have Petersen, Farr and Len Harvey take part in service charity fights, but nothing as yet has been accomplished. The chances are that Farr and Harvey may yet be seen in a British heavyweight titular tilt for the benefit of the war wounded.

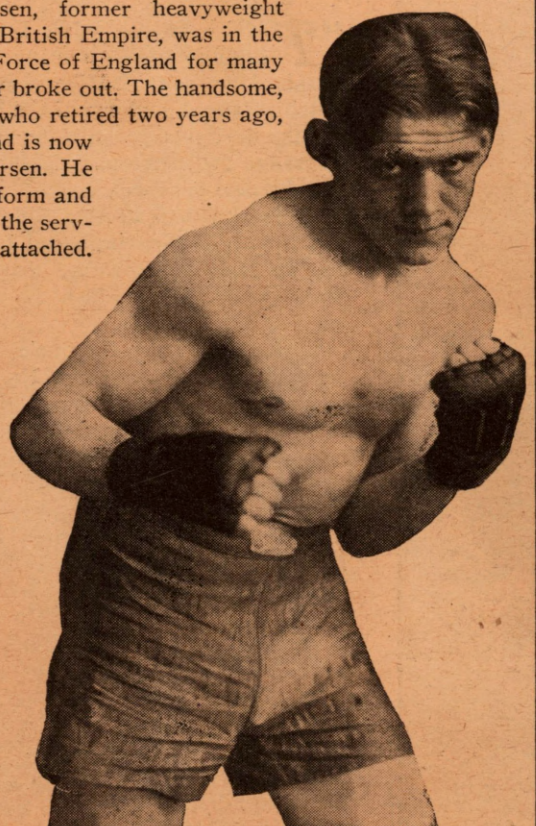
Farr is getting restless. Army life seems to agree with him, but he is also eager to do some boxing. He received permission to fight Manuel Abrew at the Theatre Royal in Dublin on November 10. Abrew once went the distance with Len Harvey.

Besides Petersen and those already named in our "British Service" page in the last two issues, THE RING is glad to report that Manager George Biddles is a bombardier in Lord Scarsdale's Aircraft Battery; welter Harry Ainsworth is in the same unit; Tommy Jones, the champion welterweight from the North, and Harry Brown, another star, have joined. Seaman Lawlor, who retired from the service a long time ago, is back in the navy for the duration of the war.

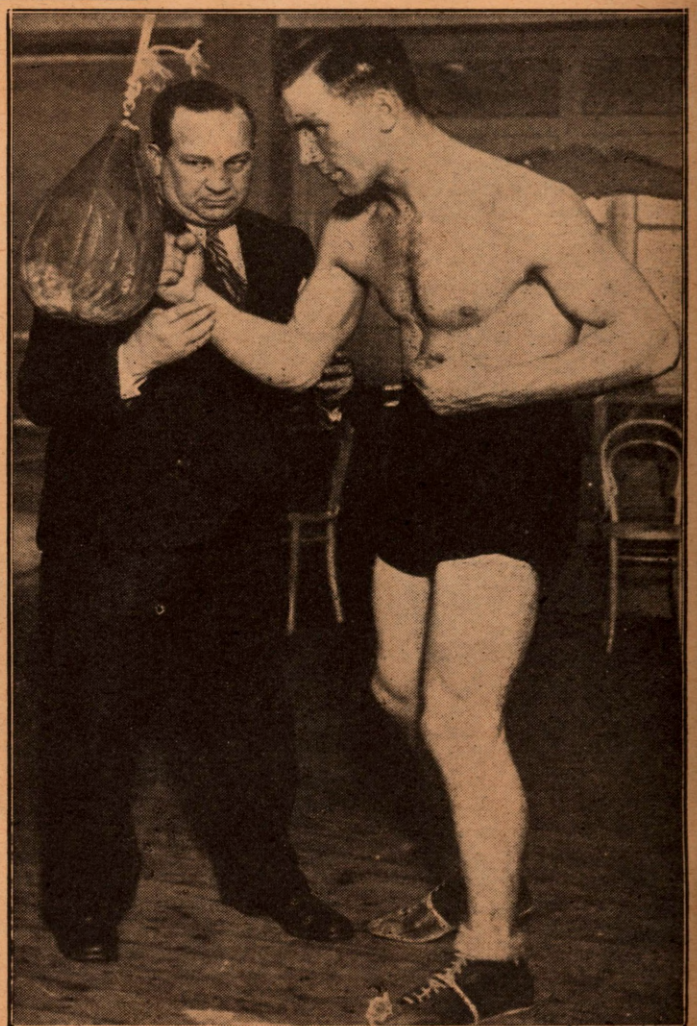
The boys in the boxing game have responded nobly to the call, and through their patriotism, they have entrenched boxing more strongly than ever in the hearts of the public. E. J. Cronk, a bantam, is on the fighting front in France, and Arthur Russell, former amateur champ, has donned the uniform.

From England we received a humorous letter from Farr, who tells of the difficulty he encountered in joining the air force. Here is Tommy's letter, in part:

"There was a lot of messing about before I got in the R. A. F. I'll relate a funny incident I encountered on joining up. The Medical Board consists of twelve doctors. I tried first to get in the anti-aircraft unit. My right eye



Dan McAllister, Belfast featherweight, who is in the army.

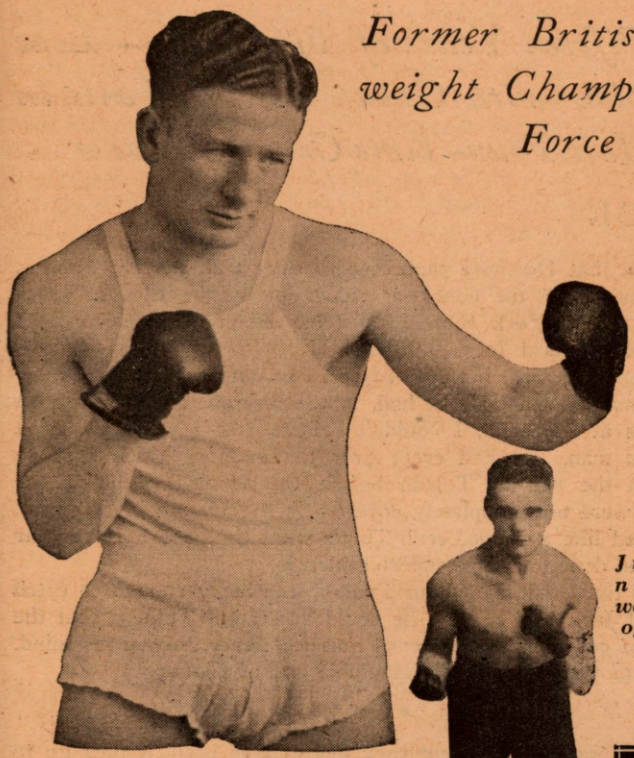


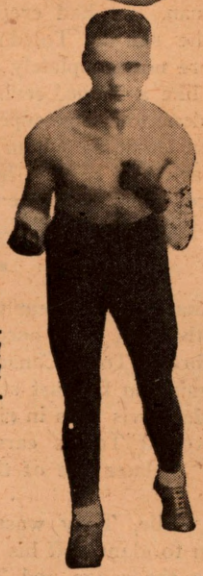
George Marwick, a soldier in artillery.

PETERSEN NOW

Former British Empire Heavyweight Champion in Royal Air Force

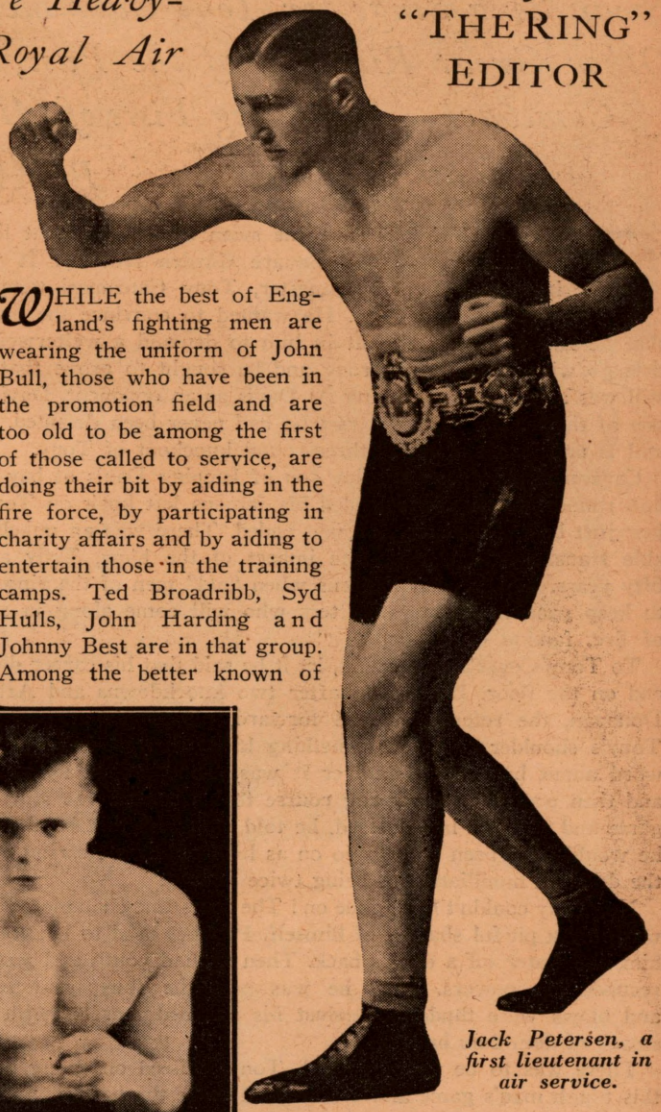
By "THE RING" EDITOR





Jim Warnock, flyweight star of Ireland.

Garry Roche, another Irish lad who has joined the British fighting forces.



Jack Petersen, a first lieutenant in air service.

WHILE the best of England's fighting men are wearing the uniform of John Bull, those who have been in the promotion field and are too old to be among the first of those called to service, are doing their bit by aiding in the fire force, by participating in charity affairs and by aiding to entertain those in the training camps. Ted Broadribb, Syd Hulls, John Harding and Johnny Best are in that group. Among the better known of the boxing men in the service are:

Len Harvey, sergeant in the Royal Air Force.

Jack Petersen, first lieutenant in the Royal Air Force.

Tommy Farr, private in the Royal Air Force.

Eddie Phillips, corporal in the Royal Air Force.

Jeff Cowan, private in the Royal Air Force.

Nat Josephs, Belfast boxing promoter, in the Anti-Aircraft Unit.

Ben Freeman, inspector of the B.B.B.C., Anti-Aircraft Unit.

George Marwick, Royal Field Artillery, in France.

Bob Bell, private at the front in France.

Charlie Brown of Belfast, in the Royal Navy.

Jackie Clark of Cambridge, in the Infantry.

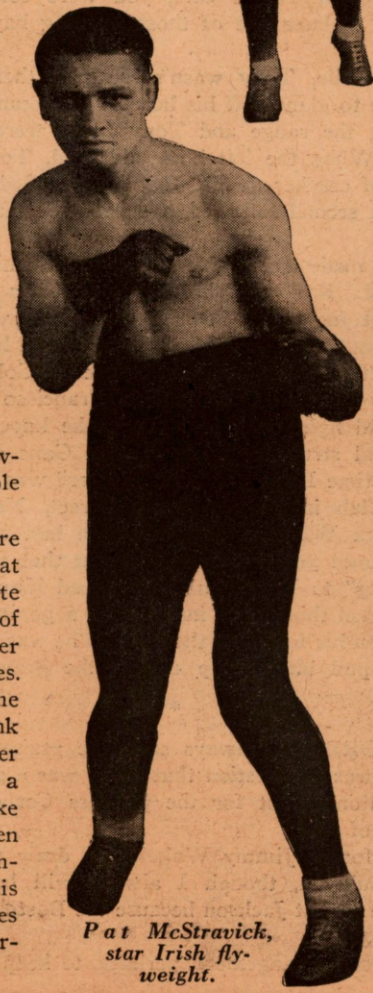
Len Beynon, Welsh feather, Royal Welsh Regiment.

(Continued on page 43)

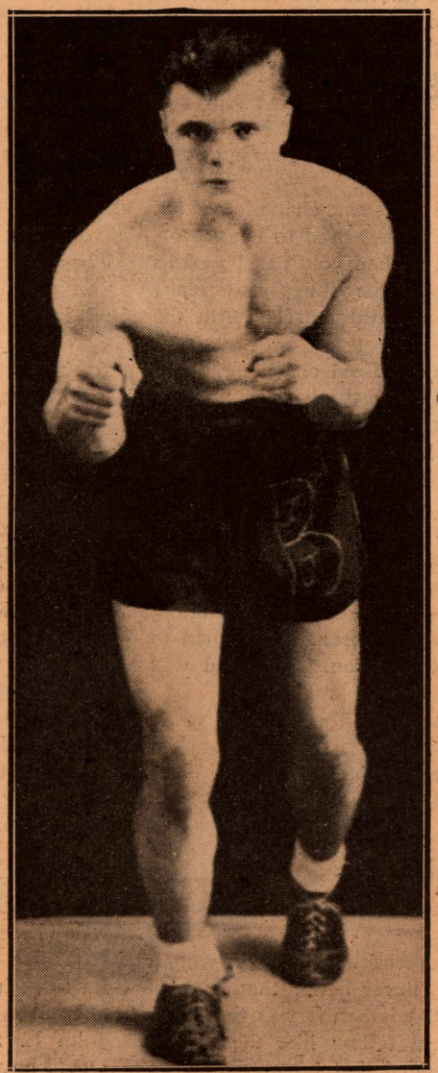
was affected, they told me. Then I asked if I could be a pilot's observer. But after examining me, they said: 'No good. Your left eardrum is punctured.' I said: 'Blimey, mate, I should be in a bleeding sanitarium. I'm a bloody invalid!'

"We have a lot of drill and gymnastics with this military life. I must say it has brought me right back to form. Gone are the effects of the high living of the last couple of years.

"Well, I see where Pastor has proved that Joe Louis hasn't quite found the method of dealing with a fighter who weaves and moves. You will laugh at the next line. I still think I am the only fighter who will give him a good battle and take him another fifteen rounds. I can't concentrate any more on this little chapter as planes are zooming overhead."



Pat McStravick, star Irish flyweight.



Tommy Jones, nineteen-year-old Welshman, a fine welter, whose manager, George Biddles, also is in the army.

Glorious Career Ends

Swan Song Sings for Tony Canzoneri after Fifteen Years of Fighting — Like Other Great Ringmen of the Past, a Champion with Great Record, Fails in Comeback — Thudding Fists of Al Davis Halt Four-Time Crown Wearer

By HYPE IGOE

THUDDING fists sang the swan song of a great little warrior in Madison Square Garden recently. It was inevitable. Superb gamester, Tony Canzoneri tempted fate once too often. He wanted to convince the public that he had fight enough left in him to demand a welterweight title go with Henry Armstrong and he sought to prove that he still was a factor by accepting Al Davis as an opponent. Davis is one of the hustling youngsters who had never been defeated. He still is undefeated after his three-round knockout of Tony.

Canzoneri did an astonishing job of keeping Davis at bay for two rounds. Then Davis landed his famous left hook on Tony's jaw just before the second round ended. There was an unbelievable transformation. With the impact of the blow, Tony aged fifty years. That's what happens when "old" men of the ring try to keep pace with the youngsters who will come along in spite of fire, famine or floods.

To Tony's everlasting credit, let it be said that his career didn't end on the floor. He got up after two knockdowns and Arthur Donovan, the referee, stepped forward, placed his arm around Tony's shoulder and said something kind. It must have been a word about bravery. Whatever it was, Tony looked up at him and then walked in a zig-zag course to his corner. He still was game and after he had dressed, he told reporters that he thought he would have been able to go on as his head was clearing after the dreadful humiliation of being twice floored.

No, Tony couldn't have gone on! The four-time champion of old was only a pitiful shadow of himself. Punches used to bounce off him like water off a duck's back. Then he had youth and youth's recuperative powers. Now he was past the thirty-year mark and blows were thudding against his softened muscles with the smack of dum-dum bullets.

There was to be no other end. Tony insisted on going on in this tough man's game and Nature had to be the best judge. She alone rang down the curtain on Tony Canzoneri, one of the finest little gentlemen the ring ever produced. It wasn't a pretty sight to see him go.

* * *

TONY CONZONERI wasn't the first ring hero to make such an exit. He won't be the last. So few, oh, so few, I say, ever have the good sense to retire when they are at their best! Jim Jeffries did and spiked his own resolution by coming back nearly six years later to fight Jack Johnson. It just had to be the ghost of Jeffries which fought Johnson. The mind was willing, the body failed him.

Jack Dempsey remained out of the ring three years while battling in the courts with his manager, Jack Kearns, and when Dempsey came back, without a warmup contest, to fight Gene Tunney, Jack, too, was a shadow of the amazing individual who toppled Jess Willard off his throne.

In this writer's opinion, Tunney wouldn't have lasted a round with Dempsey had he, instead of Willard, walked into the ring at Toledo. That particular Dempsey was the greatest heavyweight who ever lived—bar nobody!

Dempsey started a country-wide comeback tour and wound up in Chicago fighting King Levinsky, never better than a third rater. The Kingfish defeated Dempsey and then it was that Jack decided that he was through. When a fellow like the "Fish" could beat him, Dempsey wisely contended that he was finished, didn't belong, that his glorious career had come to an end.

I never will forget the morning at White Sulphur Springs, Saratoga, that Dempsey came out to start training for Tunney. That was before the bout was ruled out by the License Committee in New York State headed by the present chairman of the board, General John J. Phelan.

Having been with him day in and day out at Toledo, I know what a magnificent body he had. When the robe slipped from his shoulders at Saratoga, I couldn't believe that I was looking at the same man. Fat had crept over the muscles which used to dance in the sun at Toledo before the Willard fight. Those muscles were not completely covered by the smooth layer of fat. He looked like a trained seal. That's what time and a three-year layoff had done to a once superb athlete!

That's the Dempsey whom Tunney was lucky enough to catch napping! Jack was so sure he could knock out Tunney, that the matter of condition, his fattened muscles, never crossed his mind.

His legs were gone at Philadelphia and at Chicago.

* * *

NO matter how great they might have been, if they go to that old well once too often, they meet the fate of brave Tony Canzoneri. Tony seemed to have all his elusive cunning in his last stand. He pulled away from punches and he made Davis miss in ridiculous fashion. Even as the blows whistled around Tony's ears, you were conscious of the fact that sooner or later one of those burning haymakers would find a mark.

After a while, Tony wasn't escaping them by three inches. They began to glance off his head. That meant two things. Davis was getting the range and Tony's legs were not carrying him off range. When the left hook did land, Tony crumpled like a man built of cracker dough. He fairly exploded under the punch and when a second followed, a great little man had been blasted to oblivion.

Joe Gans made memorable stands to save his fame and his title at the finish. Battling Nelson ruined Gans at Goldfield. They insisted that Joe weigh in at 133, ringside, with all his fighting tack on. That ordeal hurried along the dread lung affliction, which had started to show on Joe long before the Goldfield affair. Nelson didn't whip the real Gans in San Francisco after Bat had lost the Goldfield fight on a foul. Twice he knocked out Gans after the Goldfield struggle which went to Gans on a foul.

The last time I saw the "Old Master" was in the old National Sporting Club in Twenty-fourth Street, New York, when he fought Jabez White of England. Joe had class enough left to outpoint Jamez yet the crowd thought that the once great Gans was "pulling" to White and they booed him. That was perhaps the most cruel thing ever inflicted on a genius of the ring. Gans was dying on his feet even then, and if he was doing any "pulling," it was to pull himself up out of the grave in which he had one foot.

* * *

JIM CORBETT always sang the praises of Peter Jackson. There was no question that Peter was a great fighter and the same thing went for the peerless Corbett. Boxing owes a lot to both of them.

Jackson forced Jimmy Wakeley to draw the "color line" for John L. Sullivan, though I always will believe that Sullivan would have fought Jackson because the Boston Strong Boy feared no living man.

It was good management, perhaps, to keep John L. away from

Peter, who would have beaten John L. like Corbett did.

I happened to see Peter's sad finish in the ring. Again dread tuberculosis had marked a brilliant ring warrior. They matched Peter with the powerful and young Jim Jeffries and Peter was finished in three rounds. Two days before that fight, which took place in old Woodward's Pavilion in San Francisco, I accompanied Bill Naughton, Sports Editor of the San Francisco *Examiner,* to Crolls Garden, across the bay from San Francisco, to see Peter wind up his training. I was handling a small camera for the paper, Naughton doing the story of the training.

Always will I be grateful to the memory of Peter Jackson for his uniform kindliness that afternoon. A rival photographer was taking a set of pictures of Peter and not wishing to crash in on the other fellow's poses, I waited until Peter was through with the fellow. Then he asked me with a smile if I were ready to shoot.

* * *

NEVER will I forget Peter's sparring that day. He wasn't the Peter which I had seen box with Joe Choynski while Peter was touring as Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Peter boxed with a fat little rough and tumble fighter named Patsy Corrigan, afterward a noted character on Broadway. Patsy gave Peter an awful going over and blood poured from Peter's nose in a torrent. A left-over middleweight, thrashing Peter Jackson in training!

When Peter pulled off the gloves, Naughton walked up to him, patted Peter on the shoulder and said:

"Wonderful, Peter—just as good as you ever were!"

Three nights later Peter Jackson was to meet his fistic doom. He had come to the end of the road which had brought him all over the globe as a fighting star.

To this day, I cannot understand why Naughton said those words to Peter Jackson. Naughton knew Peter. He had brought him over from Australia and he couldn't possibly have believed that he was looking at the same man who had gone sixty-one rounds with Jim Corbett!

Maybe Naughton knew in his heart it was to be Peter's last stand and that the money he was to earn in the fight with Jeffries was to take Peter back home to Australia, though, in fact, Peter had been born in the West Indies. Whatever was on Naughton's mind, and hark you, he was a wonderfully sympathetic man, Peter went to his end, a ghost of the man who had fought Slavin, Jem Smith, Corbett and the others. Indeed, Peter Jackson went to the well once too often.

* * *

BOXING always will have to respect John L. Sullivan because of his determination to remain in retirement after Corbett dethroned him at New Orleans. Modern fighters would have come back for another try. John was a proud champion, yet he knew when he was through. The struggle with Corbett had convinced John L. that his star had set and he never again tried to get into condition to fight. Corbett, like Tunney, was lucky in getting a man who was through.

Great as Bat Nelson was in a distance fight, he met his master. There are few records of a more savage licking than that which Nelson suffered at the hands of Ad Wolgast. In one of the rounds, around the twenty-third, I think it was, Nelson had Ad on the floor and Wolgast got back to his feet by climbing up Nelson's body.

When Eddie Smith led the blinded and helpless Nelson to his corner in the fortieth round, Nelson's day as a terror was done. Poor Wolgast, his mind shattered, is confined in an asylum. Nobody knows what shattered the boy's mind. Perhaps Nelson left his mark. Whatever it was, it was the end of Nelson. He made feeble attempts to come back and always he failed.

* * *

MICKEY WALKER, than whom there never was a greater stoic of the ring, made gallant tries to recover his lost titles and his fame. When Mickey finally had to surrender to the inevitable, it was said that he had been toughest of all the "iron men." What a sad brand for game men—"iron men!"

Tony Canzoneri, who takes his place with the great champions of other days.

The other day I was called upon to write the obit of Joe Grim, most amazing of all the "iron men." He wasn't iron! Time proved that he was made of putty. True Bob Fitzsimmons, Peter Maher Jack Johnson, Kid McCoy, Joe Walcott, and the other great hitters of his day failed to knock Joe out. Grimm spent many weary hours in an institution, his mind a wreck.

Iron Men! I hope this hateful label will disappear from boxing for all time because that's where the "iron men" wind up if they defy Nature. Walker, after he was defeated by Eric Seelig, quit the ring and no person was happier when he did it than this writer, who has always had a deep regard for the stout little man's courage and his ability as a fighter.

Jeffries, great as he was, thought that he could kid Nature about staying out of the ring and coming back to fight. Jack Johnson might have been able to whip Jeff the best day Jim ever saw. Nobody will ever know about that, though we do know that not even a giant like Jeffries could remain away from the game and expect to come back with all his fighting attainments.

Jeffries was battered about and finally collapsed from sheer exhaustion. He wasn't stretched out. He wasn't counted out.

They threw in the towel as he sat on the canvas, too helpless to pull himself afoot. I saw Johnson fight eleven times, before and after he was champion. He was an astonishing fellow on the defense. Could he have kept Jeffries off when Jeff was knocking out fellows like Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett? I hardly think so.

Johnson was never aggressive and Jeffries would have taken the decision because of his forcing. It is one of those dream fights which the world can only dream about. It never happened and it never will.

(Continued on page 43)

Veteran of the Ring

COMPARISONS are of value only to a small degree. Conditions at different periods of our fistic history differ so much that it is difficult to place a standard by which fighters of one era may be judged accurately with those of today. That is why I have frequently wondered on what basis one can come forth with so definite an assertion as so often has been made, to the effect that Joe Louis is the greatest fighter of modern times, placing the start of modernity back to the first heavyweight championship fight with gloves—that between James J. Corbett and John L. Sullivan.

There is no doubt in my mind that the Brown Bomber does rate with the best of all time. He can hit; he possesses cleverness; he jabs perfectly, and has courage and recuperative power. Those are assets which make for greatness, but add to that one of the most devastating left hooks, and you have the reason for the honors thrust upon the present king of the big boys.

On Thanksgiving Day I celebrated my eighty-eighth birthday. Quite a span, you'll all admit. During my long sojourn on this earth, it has been my pleasure to see fighters of all shades, all sizes—the bruiser, the mauler, the clever man and the knockerout. I have been in attendance at thousands of contests in all parts of America. I have seen gruelling bare fist battles; cutting skin-tight glove affairs; the masters of scientific boxing engage in skillful exhibitions, and the punishing, hard hitters fight it out on the dock, rat style, until one or the other fell from sheer exhaustion. In short, I have seen 'em all; have watched fighters perform in all styles, have been just a mere spectator and have attended contests in the role of scribe. In battles on the turf, in the barn, in the cellar, on the barge and in the ring.

I therefore feel, that if nothing more, I at least have a fair knowledge of boxing, past and present, by which I can gauge probably more accurately, the ability of our present day heavyweight king, as compared to the past masters. With all of my years of attendance at fistic affairs, I believe that the conditions under which the old-timers were forced to train and to fight, differed so widely from those in existence today, that no accurate gauge is possible.

* * *

BASED, however, on what I have seen, I should say that Joe Louis compares most favorably with the greatest heavyweights of all time. In all-around ability, I wouldn't class him with such famed ringmen as Bob Fitzsimmons or Jack Johnson, two fighters, who in my opinion, stand at the head of the class from Sullivan's time down to the present. Joe, as a hitter, can sock equally as hard as could Fitzsimmons or the terrific punching Jim Jeffries and Jack Dempsey. In cleverness, he rates high but certainly not as high as did Jim Corbett, Fitzsimmons or Johnson.

In shiftiness, he can't compare to Jack Johnson, Corbett or Fitzsimmons. In hitting from any angle, there never was a fighter who was the equal of Johnson. But in terrific, pile-driving blows, not even Fitzsimmons, Jeffries or Dempsey had anything on the Brown Bomber.

Comparing him with the great gladiators of the past, I place the laurels on his head, only because of his hitting powers. Masters of fisticuffs like Fitzsimmons, Corbett or Johnson, would have avoided much of Louis' punishment by standing him off with their cleverness, but Fitzsimmons would have done even more—he would have sunk that powerful left into the solar plexus time and again as he would have maneuvered about the slow-shuffling, slow-thinking Bomber, and it is my opinion, Bob eventually would have gotten his man.

I hold the same opinion about Jack Johnson, the master all-around fighter of modern times. There never was a ringman who could feint an opponent into knots as Jack. There never was a boxer whose jabs and hooks couldn't be stopped by the clever Jack.

He could maneuver an opponent into any position he wanted to in order to get across his stinging jabs and hooks. He was not of the knockerout school as was Jeffries, John L. Sullivan, Fitzsimmons or Dempsey, but boy, how he could cut a man up and make him feel dazed! His style was one of the most thorough I have seen in all my seventy years association with the sport, and such an assertion, naturally, hands Johnson the palm.

* * *

NEXT to Johnson, I rate Fitzsimmons the best of my time, and Louis I place behind the great Bob, no matter what his future might be. He has earned that high place, regardless of how he might fare from now on. A champion, every inch of him—that's Louis.

A title-holder—fearless, ever ready to defend his laurels against all comers, a champion who in the short space of two years has defended his title more often than any heavyweight king from Sullivan down, deserves a high classification even if for no other reason than the fact that he has been a fighting crown-wearer.

But he has earned his place for reasons other than that—for his splendid fighting qualities. Let's not belittle the Bomber, as so often I have seen fight fans and critics do. If you were in the sport as an observer as long as I have been, you would quickly change your mind about Louis. Make no mistake, he is a great fighter no matter on what qualifications you want to rate the heavyweights.

I have heard Jack Johnson, like Louis, belittled on many occasions, but I daresay that those who speak in such terms of the great Negro fighter, never saw him in action. If they had seen him, they would recognize the fact that "Lil Artha," when in condition, possessed the greatest defensive ability of any man I have ever seen in my long stretch as a fight fan.

Johnson was not only hard to find, but he could strike from any angle—cutting, bruising blows. He could hit with power with short punches and he could box like the best scientific boxers of all time—not excepting Jim Corbett.

He was game and he had a great temperament. He was a fast thinker and as agile, despite his enormous build and weight, as a lightweight. He never let a fight get the better of him. By that I mean that unlike other champions I have known, he never got cranky or crabby during a contest and therefore an opponent couldn't get his goat. He always carried a merry twinkle in his eyes and a smile that did much to upset his opponents.

That is a true picture of Jack Johnson in the ring. It illustrates why the man was a power in the roped square. It gives one a fine idea of all-around ability that has never been surpassed, in my opinion, in the roped square. Do you wonder now why I place him tops?

* * *

I HAVE often been asked, "Who was the greatest ring strategist?" Some have said that Kid McCoy was the master of that art and others have named Johnson. I name Fitzsimmons.

He invariably had his plan of battle well mapped out before he entered the ring. He studied his man, knew the style he would be asked to face, practiced in the gymnasium to meet that style and then put it all to the test in actual combat with the greatest of success.

He was what I term the master engineer of the ring. The nearest approach to Fitz along those lines was Gene Tunney, who like freckled Bob, always made a close study of an opponent and had his fight all pre-arranged. He did to Jack Dempsey exactly what he predicted he would do when they met in Philadelphia. Days before that contest, Gene, interviewed by the scribes, told of Jack's weak point, and declared he had his plan all set to take advantage of those weaknesses, and he did.

As for Fitz's hitting, I think he carried a far superior wallop to Johnson. He could hit hard, but not as hard as does Joe Louis. If hitting power alone were to be the sole gauge of a fighter's ability, I don't think we need go any further than the Brown

Staff Lauds Louis

A. D. Phillips, At 88, Sees Joe Among Greatest of All-Time and Supports His Judgment Strongly

By **A. D.** PHILLIPS

Bomber. Dempsey carried a hefty wallop. So did Jeffries and Fitz, but history will record the deeds of Joe Louis as the greatest in the heavyweight division in that respect.

If Joe could think as could Johnson, Corbett, Tunney and Fitz; if he could maneuver an opponent about the ring as could the Galveston Negro; if he could feint as could Jack, was as shifty as Fitz and Corbett, and could tear into his man as did Dempsey—he would be rated the greatest ring gladiator of all time. But as he stands today, the Bomber is in a class by himself, but still, in my judgment, below par so far as some of the great ringmen of previous years are concerned.

* * *

THOSE who recall Fitzsimmons' fights with Tom Sharkey, Jim Jeffries and Corbett, will find one thing in common between Joe Louis and Ruby Robert. Fitz, when stung, was a tiger. He was toughest when hurt. Louis in many respects is like that. True he was badly hurt in the first Schmeling fight and couldn't do much to retaliate, but in that battle he proved his gameness, and in the seventh round, if I recall correctly, he almost dumped Herr Max on the canvas in one last, dying effort. But that effort was not enough. Schmeling regained his strength, came back with a furious fighting streak and knocked out the great Bomber for the only defeat Joe has suffered as a heavyweight.

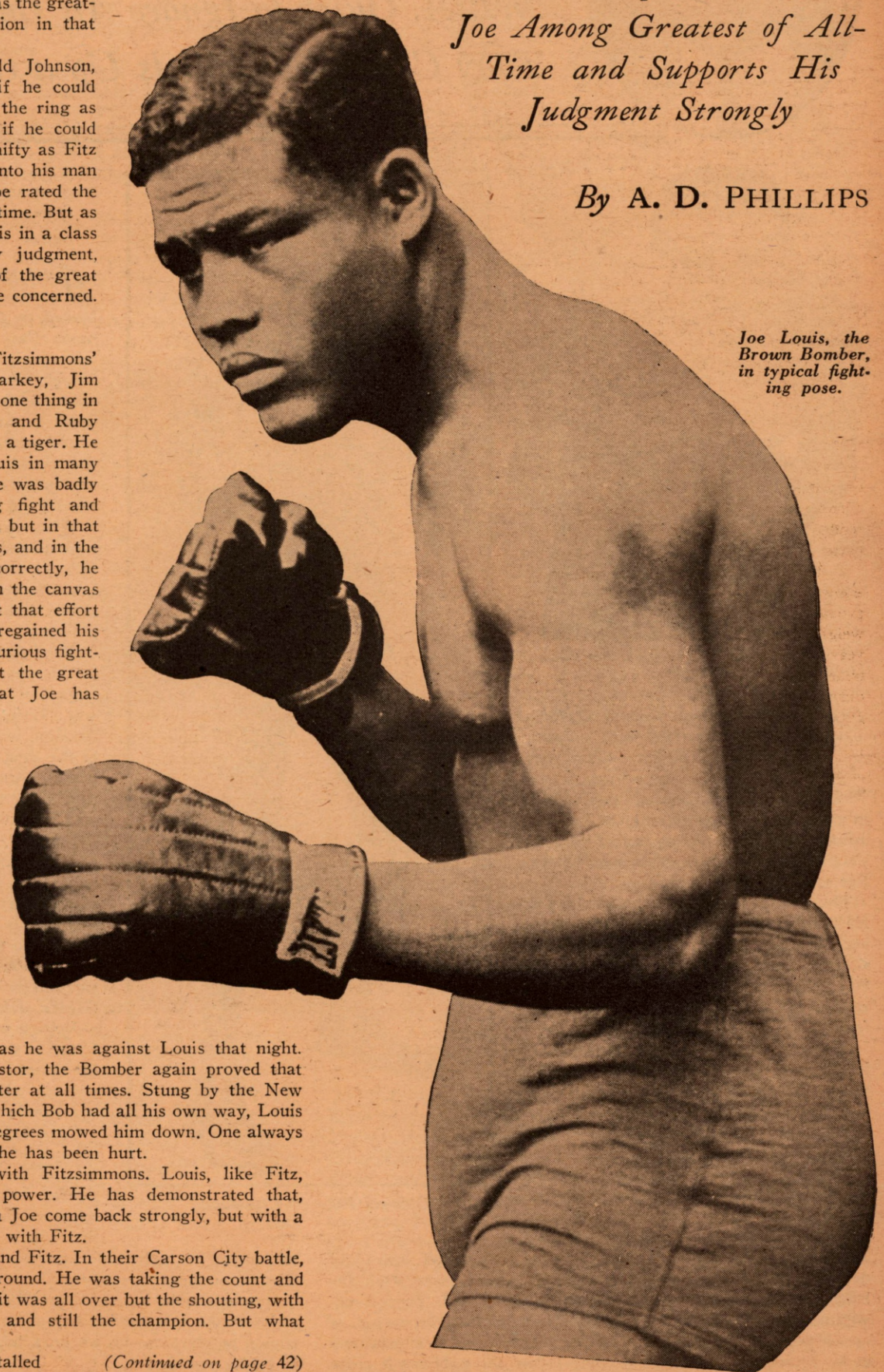
But let's see what happened in subsequent battles. Louis was dropped by Galento. Did he remain down? No, he jumped to his feet, nailed his opponent with lefts and rights and then handed Galento the worst defeat he has ever suffered. Roly Poly Tony to this day is suffering from the effects of that punishment. One eye is badly hurt and it is doubtful if he'll ever again be as good as he was against Louis that night.

In the fight with Bob Pastor, the Bomber again proved that he is a most dangerous fighter at all times. Stung by the New Yorker in the eighth round which Bob had all his own way, Louis sailed into his rival and by degrees mowed him down. One always should beware of Joe after he has been hurt.

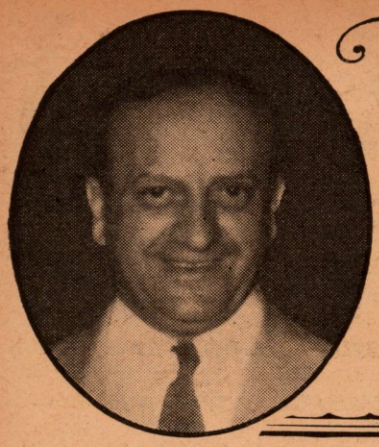
And that's how it was with Fitzsimmons. Louis, like Fitz, has wonderful recuperative power. He has demonstrated that, time and again. Not only can Joe come back strongly, but with a kayo wallop, as was the case with Fitz.

Take the case of Corbett and Fitz. In their Carson City battle, Fitz was down in the sixth round. He was taking the count and many at the ringside figured it was all over but the shouting, with Gentleman Jim the winner and still the champion. But what happened?

Fitz got to his feet. He stalled *(Continued on page 42)*

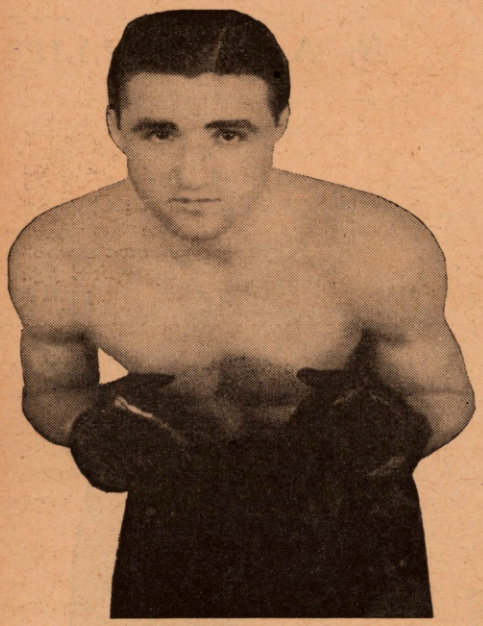


Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber, in typical fighting pose.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Tournament Must Decide Escobar's Successor
N. B. A. Quick to Ignore All But Georgie Pace
Tony Canzoneri Winds Up a Glorious Career



Lou Salica, former bantam king.

FOR some years THE RING has watched with interest, at times with pity, often with amazement, the efforts of the National Boxing Association to make itself a governing, or at least an influential, body in boxing in this country. THE RING always has been sympathetic. But too often astonished.

The biggest laugh perpetrated by the National Boxing Association is the naming of Georgie Pace of Cleveland the world's bantamweight champion, vice Sixto Escobar, who found making the weight too tough, and moved into the feather class.

It is true that Pace is a good fighter. But, according to THE RING, Tony Olivera ranks over him, and at least two other lads figure prominently into the picture as candidates for the vacated title—Kayo Morgan and Lou Salica.

However, we are not arguing the case of Olivera over Pace. We find it silly to announce that Pace is the champion when the rights of others thus are violated. The N.B.A. is going about its job the wrong way, and instead of developing into a recognized body, bids fair to make itself the laughing stock of boxing, not only here but abroad. Three times within as many weeks, the N.B.A. has become the target of attack because of its stand in boxing matters, and if it continues at its present gait, it won't be long before the public will cease paying any attention to N.B.A. edicts or statements.

Georgie Pace of Cleveland.

* * *

I WONDER whether the rating board of the National Boxing Association looked up the records before deciding to name Pace? How come that a fighter whose only contests this year took place in March, at which time he won a decision over Henry Hook, and on November 13, when he kayoed Bobby Docherty of Toronto twice, once in the first and again in the second, should be named without giving any consideration to half a dozen other good boys?

Why name him above Kayo Morgan, an outstanding bantam in America; Tony Olivera, the best bantam in California, a boy who beat Escobar in Sixto's last fight in that division; Lou Salica, former champion, who still rates tops, a fighter of high quality; Peter Kane, England's best boy at the weight, who unfortunately cannot engage in his profession because of the war; Little Dado, who, though the outstanding world flyweight, is equally good in the next higher section? We can also include Aurel Toma, Roumanian champion, who, though he lost two fights this year, one to Tommy Burns in Paris in ten rounds, his first defeat in four years, and the other to Ernst Weiss in Berlin, which was stopped in the twelfth because of an injury to Toma, is a fighter of the first rank.

He also should get proper recognition in any tourney staged to decide world supremacy. He beat Joey Archibald in the Garden, defeated Henry Hook, who holds a decision over Escobar, and beat Benny Lynch at the time Benny was a champion. He cleaned up on his visit to this country, winning all four contests handily. He is a worthy contender for the title.

Considering that Kane is out of it on account of the war, we still have a fine crop of lads who should have been considered by the thoughtless rating committee of the N.B.A. What good is a body that fails in its duty to those it is supposed to protect? A universal champion will be the winner of a fair elimination, and none other.

Hymie Caplin, manager of Salica has as much right to lay claim to the title for his boy as has the National Boxing Association to place the crown on a boy who has had only one fight in twelve months!

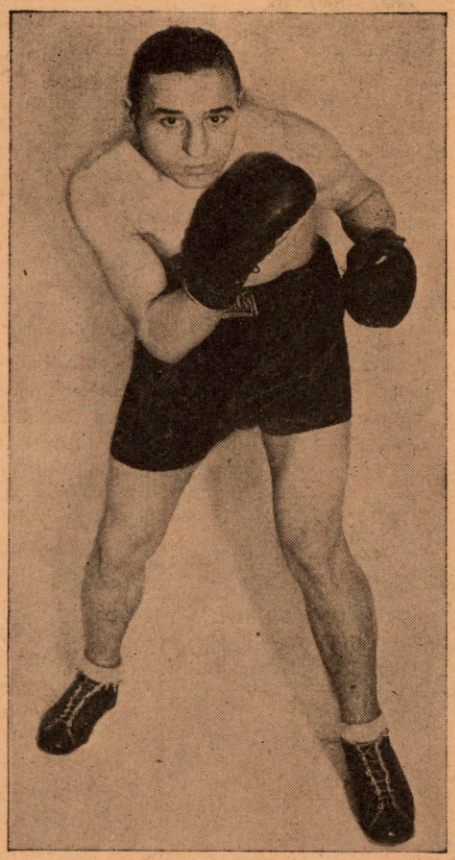
Harry Baxter, manager of Kayo Morgan, has more reason to proclaim his charge champion than has the N.B.A. to name Pace or Caplin to name Salica. Morgan's great battle against Escobar in Puerto Rico under most difficult conditions, and his splendid record this year and last, make him an outstanding man for the position, yet neither he nor Baxter has rushed pell-mell to claim the honor without offering to fight for the privilege of being called the king. If anyone deserves to be proclaimed king without an elimination, it is Kayo Morgan.

What about Olivera, N.B.A.? Did you ever hear of this sturdy Pacific Coast lad? Did you know that besides beating Escobar, Tony has a clean slate in thirty-two battles? He won twenty-eight of these and drew in four. Doesn't he deserve some consideration? How come that Pace is your choice without making him fight for such high honors? The N.B.A. certainly places little value on a championship!

THE RING Magazine, as in the past, stands ready to give a world championship belt to the successor of Sixto Escobar, but that successor will have to be the survivor in a tournament in which Tony Olivera, Kayo Morgan, Georgie Pace, Lou Salica and Toma are the contestants. There isn't a chance of Pace being recognized as champion merely through the nomination of the N.B.A.

The customary procedure when a title is made vacant is for a commission to name the outstanding boys of the division, the first four or six, and order them to fight it out for the right to wear the crown. Why did the president of the N.B.A. take such quick action in favor of Pace and ignore all other claimants? He could have waited for further developments.

The New York commission, in charge of boxing in the state where Escobar won the title, is the proper body to name the challengers who should fight among themselves to decide the champion, and I daresay that if such a tournament is staged, no matter where the bouts are fought, the survivor will be recognized universally the champion, regardless of the absurd ruling of the N.B.A.



Aurel Toma, a worthy contender from Roumania.

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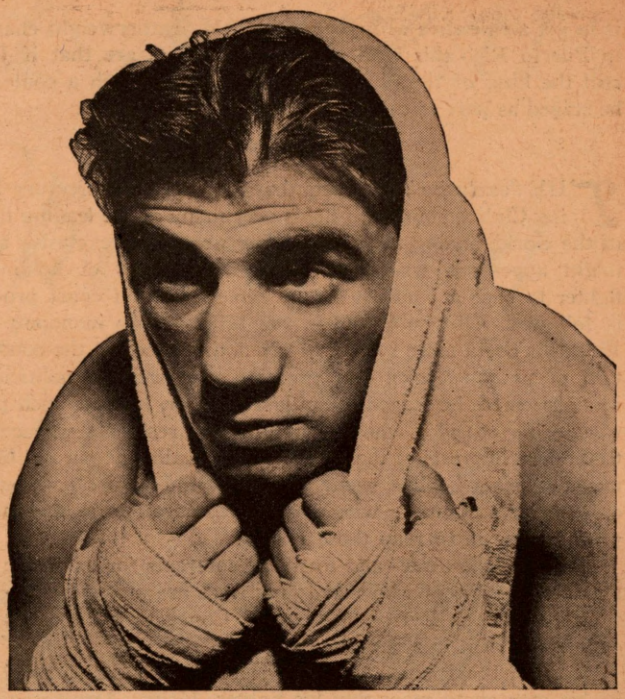
ESCOBAR'S retirement as world bantamweight king was not unexpected. The little Puerto Rican found it increasingly difficult to make the weight and still retain his full strength. Sixto is one of the few world champions of recent years who displayed a form reversal nearly every time he engaged in a titular contest as compared to what he showed in other bouts. As a contestant in a non-title mill, he displayed anything but championship form, but once his crown was at stake, he outclassed his opponent.

Three times I officiated as a judge in championship contests in San Juan, Puerto Rico, when Sixto was defending his crown, and on each occasion there wasn't any question about the winner. First he took Lou Salica into camp. The New Yorker, though beaten, gave Escobar the best battle he has had as a title-holder. Then Sixto faced Harry Jeffra, the man who had dethroned him in New York, and on that occasion Escobar broke Harry's jaw and battered him badly to regain the title. Then came the fight with another sturdy challenger, Kayo Morgan. Again Sixto, who previously had lost by a big margin to Kayo in a non-championship affair, rolled up a big lead to retain his crown.



Tony Olivera, best bantam in California.

But it was a different tale when Sixto faced his opponents in overweight matches. Nat Litfin handed him a lacing in the New York Hippodrome; Kayo Morgan took the verdict in Detroit; Henry Hook took his measure in Toronto; Al Mancini beat him in Washington; Frankie Bove outclassed him in Garfield, N. J.; Jimmy Perrin triumphed over him in New Orleans, and in his last contest, he lost to Tony Olivera in Oakland, Calif.

* * *

LOU BRIX, the man who brought Sixto up from nowhere to a world championship, attributed those setbacks to climatic conditions and to the weight problem. It was Lou's contention that Sixto was at his best in the hot climate of his native land and that even when he fought over-the-weight he still had to watch his step not to put on too much, and as a result, he lost the pep, the vitality that he always showed in Puerto Rico and he couldn't fight at his best. With the weight problem off his mind, both Sixto and his manager feel he can show true championship form, and that is why Escobar has moved up to the feathers.

Furthermore, Sixto has not been able to reap the returns he should have had as holder of the bantam crown. The class is minus good drawing cards, though the talent is there. Kayo Morgan, Georgie Pace, Lou Salica, Little Pancho, Peter Kane, Aurel Toma and Kid Tanner are fine fighters, pleasing performers, but they each lack what it takes to pack 'em in at the gate. Kane could do it abroad. It was hoped that Kane and Escobar would meet in England for the crown, as I was about to arrange for them, but the war ended that. They were practically matched for a title fight for October, but Kane entered the King's service when war was declared.

Now, with the Kane match off, that being the best attraction and the only one for which Sixto could obtain a good guarantee, Escobar has abandoned the bantam division. He can go back to Puerto Rico the same little hero he was as title-holder. He will be known henceforth as the retired, undefeated bantamweight king, regardless of how he might fare as a featherweight. His aim now

is to get a title shot with Joey Archibald, featherweight champion, in Puerto Rico this winter, and the chances are that if Joey is still the king of the division by next March, such a contest will be staged as part of the winter carnival in San Juan.

* * *

THE "exclusive" contracts that the Twentieth Century Sporting Club announced it holds over many of the leading fighters of the world, among them champions, are not as exclusive as they might appear in writing, because the chances of holding any fighter to such a contract are extremely slim, if court procedure is followed. All is not well in the Mike Jacobs monopoly camp. First, his chain-store system of promoting received the condemnation of newspapermen and promoters as well as politicians in sections where he staged fights last summer, because such promotion by an outsider who cut in on local residents was contrary to the best interests of the sport in that locality. It put out of commission men who had spent years in building up their business, only to have someone who was interested alone in the financial profits come in to reap those profits.

Now it is the three- and five-year contracts for exclusive services of fighters who make good that are attracting national attention. Even members of Congress have taken cognizance of it in recent months.

The first break came when Eddie Mead, who has a mind of his own about managing his fighter, Henry Armstrong, contrary to the agreement Mike Jacobs holds with Hank for the "exclusive" services of the title-holder, booked a number of championship fights. Then Mead came out with the announcement that he and George Parnassus, manager of Ceferino Garcia, had signed to have Armstrong and Garcia fight on the Pacific Coast for that portion of the world middleweight championship that is owned by Ceferino.

Uncle Mike raised the roof when he read that statement, as sent around the world by the various news agencies. "That fight cannot take place unless I say so. I hold a contract for the exclusive services of both the fighters and if and when such a fight is staged, you can bet your boots that Uncle Mike will promote it," he announced.

There can be no doubt that Jacobs has such agreements, but he is aware that those agreements would not hold up in court. They are contrary to the Federal Anti-Trust laws, and if Garcia and Armstrong wish to engage in a title fight in California, Missouri, Texas or any other place, there isn't a chance for Uncle Mike to stop the fight unless the principals wish it stopped. The anti-trust laws can be invoked and I have no doubt as to who would be the winner. The whole present monopoly system would be upset.

Parnassus informed me that the only time Uncle Mike will control Garcia's services is when he fights in New York, and Eddie Mead has expressed the same opinion to me. Both the chain-store system and the "exclusive" contracts are not conducive to the betterment of boxing and its prosperity, and those in the sport who are now controlled by the Twentieth Century Club are realizing it more every day.

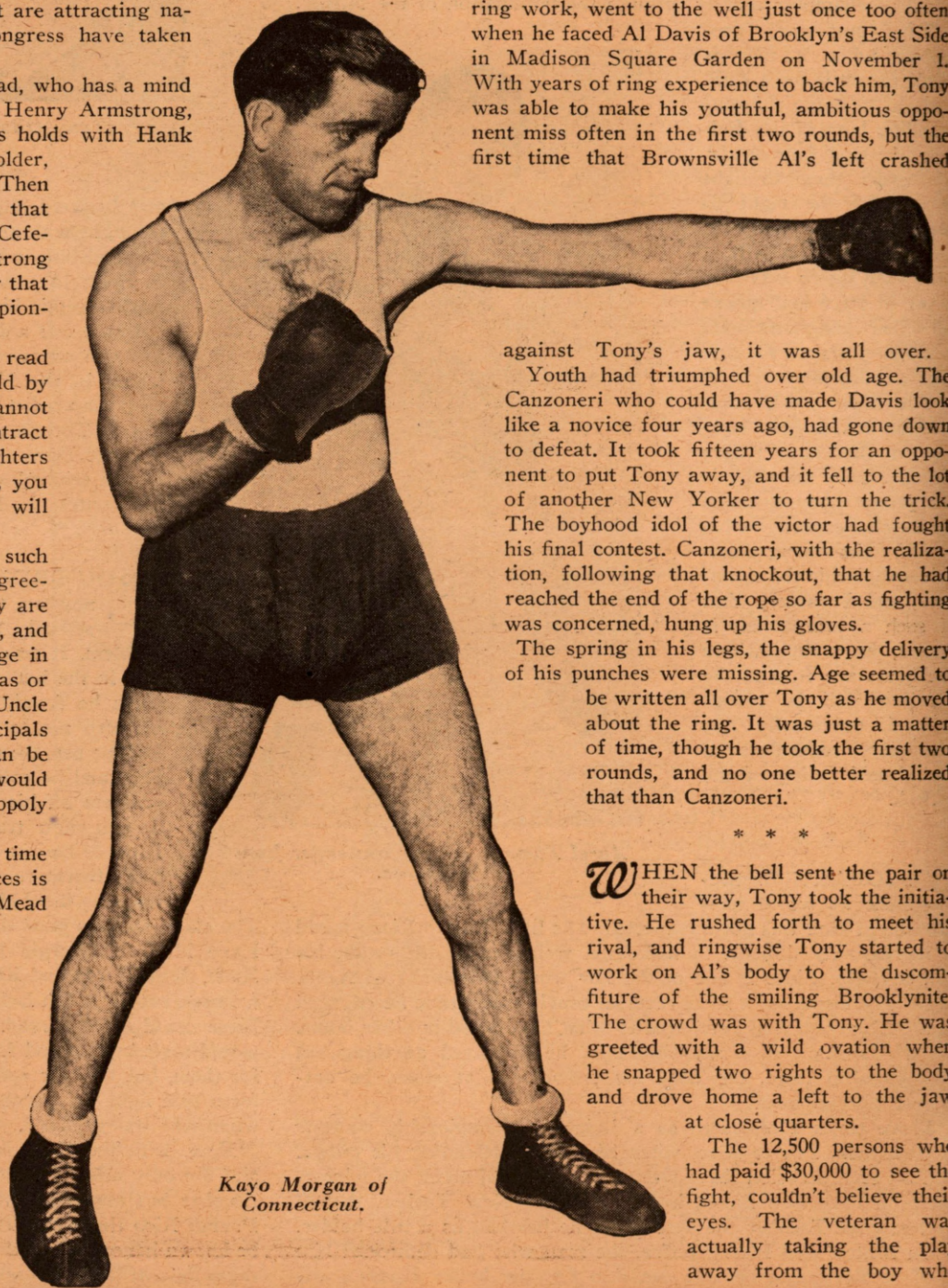
I note that many writers took issue with Armstrong for arranging fights he did on his recent tour in defense of his welter crown. While it is true that those he defeated were not the top-flight welters, the fact remains that the bouts were championship fights, nevertheless. I cannot see wherein Armstrong has done anything different from what Joe Louis, the heavyweight king, has been doing.

Fighting such men as Harry Thomas, Jack Roper and John Henry Lewis was not condemned by the scribes, hence why take it out on Homicide Hank for skipping the top boys, especially in view of the fact that he is matched with Lou Ambers in a championship fight after those tune-up battles?

Before winning any title, Henry was a tireless worker. He thrived on activity and since winning the championships, he has been kept so long on the sidelines that he has threatened to quit. Since Mike Jacobs was not in a position to guarantee Henry the number of fights he desired, and Hank has a right to pick up all the money he can while title-holder, he and Mead decided to ignore the "exclusive" contract Jacobs owns and went on tour on their own. The tour paid good dividends.

* * *

THE last stand of Tony Canzoneri, unlike that of Custer, was a pathetic one. The former holder of several championships, the veteran of fifteen years of efficient ring work, went to the well just once too often when he faced Al Davis of Brooklyn's East Side in Madison Square Garden on November 1. With years of ring experience to back him, Tony was able to make his youthful, ambitious opponent miss often in the first two rounds, but the first time that Brownsville Al's left crashed against Tony's jaw, it was all over.



Kayo Morgan of Connecticut.

Youth had triumphed over old age. The Canzoneri who could have made Davis look like a novice four years ago, had gone down to defeat. It took fifteen years for an opponent to put Tony away, and it fell to the lot of another New Yorker to turn the trick. The boyhood idol of the victor had fought his final contest. Canzoneri, with the realization, following that knockout, that he had reached the end of the rope so far as fighting was concerned, hung up his gloves.

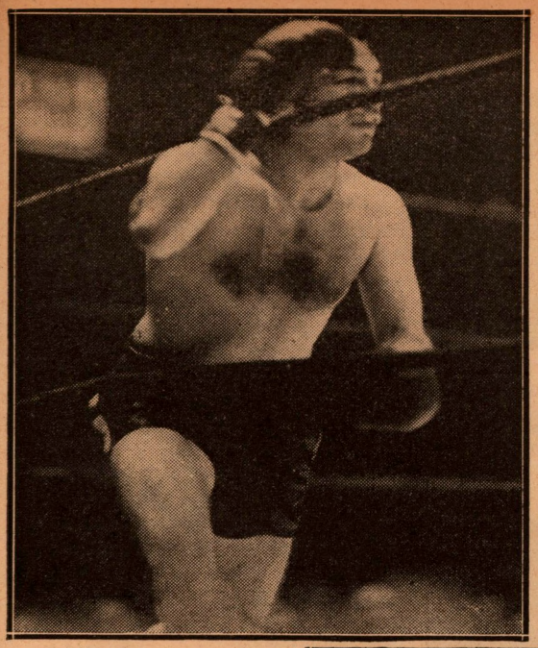
The spring in his legs, the snappy delivery of his punches were missing. Age seemed to be written all over Tony as he moved about the ring. It was just a matter of time, though he took the first two rounds, and no one better realized that than Canzoneri.

* * *

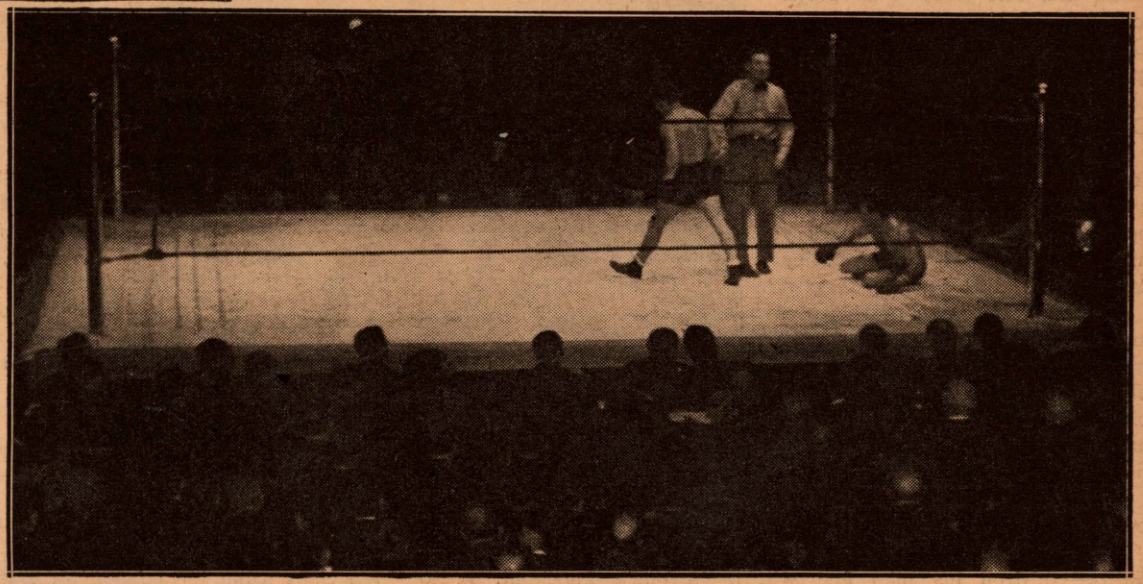
WHEN the bell sent the pair on their way, Tony took the initiative. He rushed forth to meet his rival, and ringwise Tony started to work on Al's body to the discomfiture of the smiling Brooklynite. The crowd was with Tony. He was greeted with a wild ovation when he snapped two rights to the body and drove home a left to the jaw at close quarters.

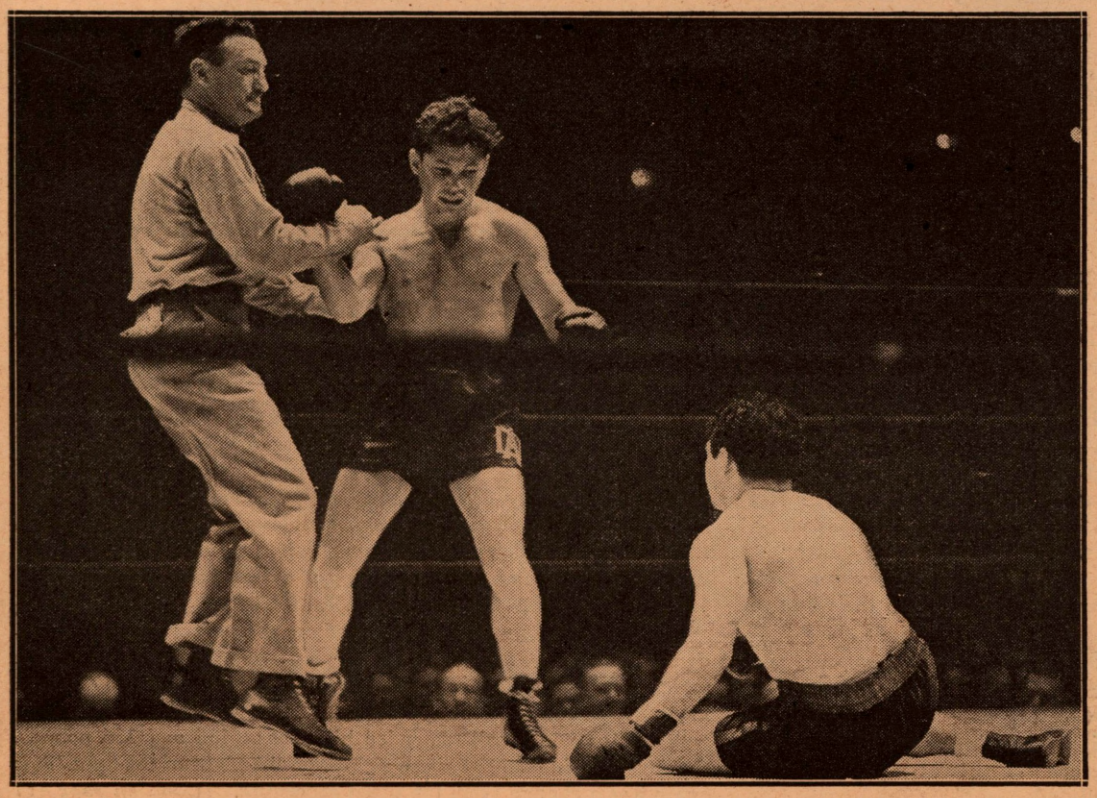
The 12,500 persons who had paid $30,000 to see the fight, couldn't believe their eyes. The veteran was actually taking the play away from the boy who

A Great Champion Ends Career



Tony Canzoneri, down for a count of four in the third round of his fight with Al Davis, New Yorker.





This is how the final knockdown looked to the fans who watched the fight's progress by television. The bout was telecast by the National Broadcasting Company and this picture is one of the prints showing the result.

This is how Tony looked as he took the count of six during the second and final knockdown. Unable to stand on his feet, Tony was saved from further punishment when Referee Donovan stopped the bout.

was a big favorite to win by a knockout. Tony himself went to the corner at the end of the round a much more confident fighter than he was when he entered the ring.

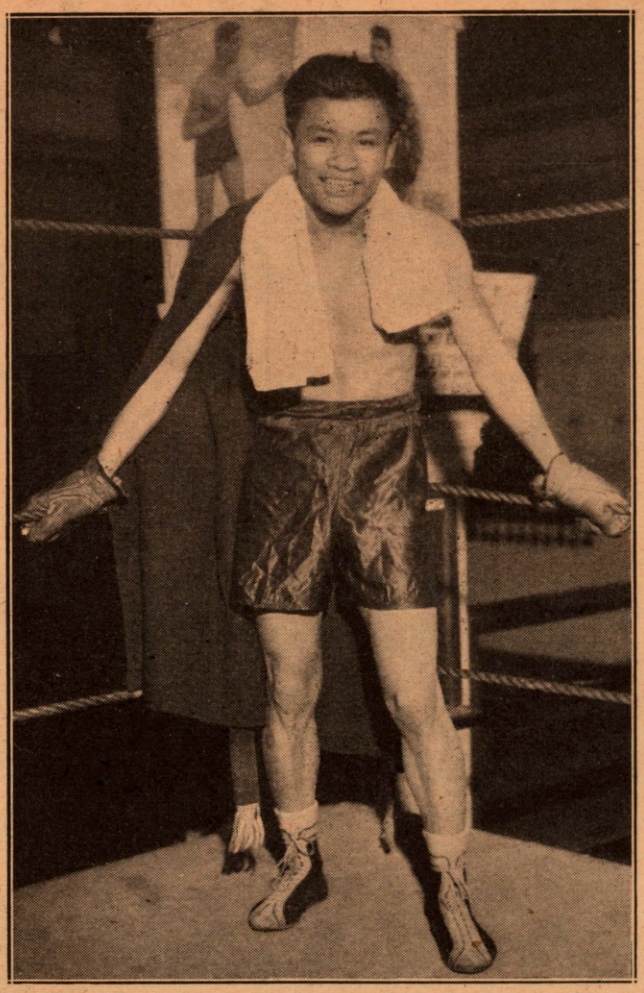
At close range fighting, he had all the better of it. He was teaching his opponent something that Al has not yet mastered in boxing technique, and the gathering, pro Canzoneri in sentiment, let out a wild round of applause for the popular veteran.

Tony, urged on by his followers, proceeded to play another tattoo on Davis' body as the second round got under way. Once, as Al dropped his guard, Tony shot two powerful rights to the chin that shook his opponent.

That's when Tony's spurt came to an end. The pride of Brooklyn lost his grin. He rushed toward Canzoneri, hooked his right to the mouth and cut Tony's lips. The blood trickled down the chin and Canzoneri became bewildered.

It was not like the good old days for Canzoneri. He tried to get away from the vicious attack of his opponent, but his legs couldn't carry him with the old spring. They seemed to be in his way.

He then attempted to side-step and duck, but Davis was on top of him and lashed him with severe blows to the jaw and head. As they clinched, Davis held with the right and shot across four beautiful left hooks that were painful.



Little Dado, classy flyweight and bantamweight.

Tony was arm weary and leg weary, though the fight had gone only two rounds. The end was now in sight for Tony.

Davis lost no time in the third round. He sailed in with one desire—to drop his man and win by a quick knockout. A steady bombardment kept Tony moving from rope to rope. Al battered the body, and then, as Tony tried to clear the ropes, a left hook crashed against the temple and down went the former title-holder. He seemed to be in a daze and apparently was, judging by the manner in which he rose at the count of five instead of taking a full count.

With legs rubbery, he could scarcely support himself as he faced the attack. A right to the head, sufficiently powerful to snap it back, was followed by another right and then a left and down went Tony for the second time.

He rolled to his knees and as the count of six was tolled off, he got to his feet. Though bleary-eyed, he faced Davis in fighting posture. But Referee Arthur Donovan mercifully interceded. He rushed to Tony's aid, tossed his arms around the beaten warrior, and ended the slaughter. Though he was all in, Tony tried to push Arthur away. He pleaded to have the fight continue, but Donovan mercifully called a halt.

A game, honest performer had reached the end of his career. One of the greatest little fighters of all time had made his last stand. Unlike other contests in which a thrilling knockout is scored, the cheers this time were for the victim and not the victor. Fifteen years of honest service to the ring patrons was well remembered by the throng as Tony crawled through the ropes to go to his dressing room.

* * *

RECENTLY I received a letter from Charles Evans Thompson of San Francisco in which he asked: Has 135 pounds always been the lightweight class limit? Did any of the lightweight kings of the past defend the title at a weight other than what we now have universally adopted?"

This query being of such interest to all in boxing, I have decided to incorporate the answer in these columns.

The weight has varied from time to time until boxing commissions, legalized by state regulation, adopted a standard weight. Some time ago, when I was Sports Editor of the New York *Morning Sun*, I wrote an article for the Sunday magazine section on lightweights, with particular reference to Benny Leonard, who then was in his prime.

William Muldoon, the Grand Old Man of Boxing, who was chairman of the New York Commission, took issue with some of the details. For the purpose of accuracy, he sent a letter to me.

"I read your article on Joe Gans with interest. It was a splendid article, with information that has seldom appeared in public print, but I regretted to see that you used the Britt yarn to the effect that in 1904, Gans refused to make weight, thus giving Britt an opportunity to lay claim to the world lightweight title.

"Britt and Gans, as you properly recorded, met in San Francisco on October 31, 1904. I saw that fight and let me tell you that Britt was taking an awful licking when he decided to drop out of the picture. He was glad to lose on a foul. He had received a sad trimming and that beating proved conclusively that Gans didn't have to refuse to make weight for Britt. Why should he have done so? I know that he didn't. Britt, as you know, lost on a foul after repeated violations of the rules.

"Joe Gans made 133 pounds for Battling Nelson in 1906, this being ringside weight, two years after Britt had lost to the Baltimore Negro. As a matter of fact, Gans, of whom I thought the world of as a fighter, did not refuse to make weight for anyone during his entire career.

"Just to prove that he had no fear of Jimmy Britt, Gans took him on again and on September 9, 1907, Joe knocked out Jimmy in six rounds in a ring in San Francisco, Britt's home town.

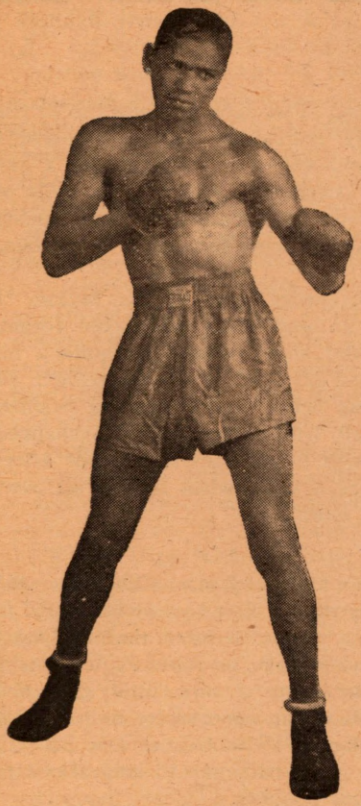
"It must be remembered, Nat, that in the days when Gans was champion, there were no Boxing Commissions to regulate the sport and there was no governing body of any kind to enforce weight and other rules. It was a matter of go-as-you-please, so to speak. The lightweight limit in Gans' days was supposed to be 133 ringside, but this was a mere supposition, because the title-holders dictated the weight at which they would defend the crown.

"I was present when Jack McAuliffe, a great fighter, defended his title against Billy Myer, the Streator Cyclone, in New Orleans. I saw Jack defend his title on a number of occasions, practically in every fight he had, and he varied the weight limit for defense as he pleased. He had a sliding scale that went from 133 pounds ringside to 137½ pounds when he fought Billy Myer in 1892 at the famous three nights carnival that ended with John L. Sullivan losing his title to Jim Corbett.

"Kid Lavigne, as great a lightweight as ever entered the ring, defended the crown at weights varying from 130 to 135 pounds, which was the weight at which he lost the title to Frank Erne in 1899.

"Erne, as you recall, defended his title at 135 and 136 pounds, the weighing-in being at seven o'clock on the night of the fight. This again was a change from the usual procedure. *(Cont. on page 41)*

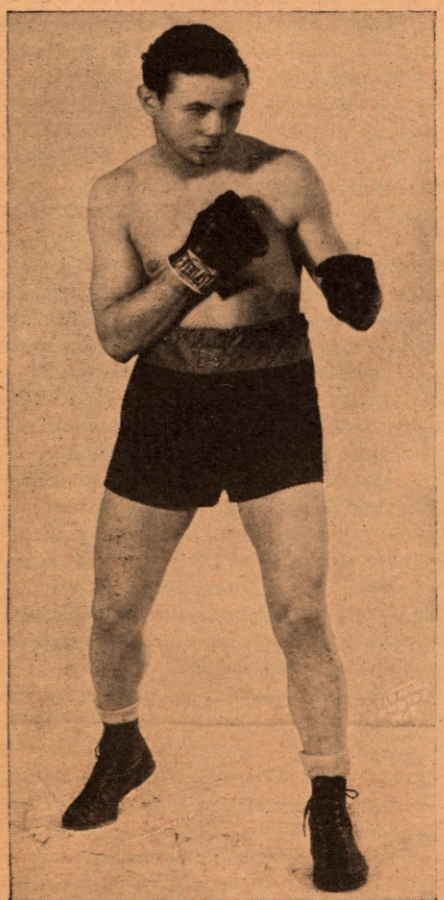
POPULAR EASTERNERS



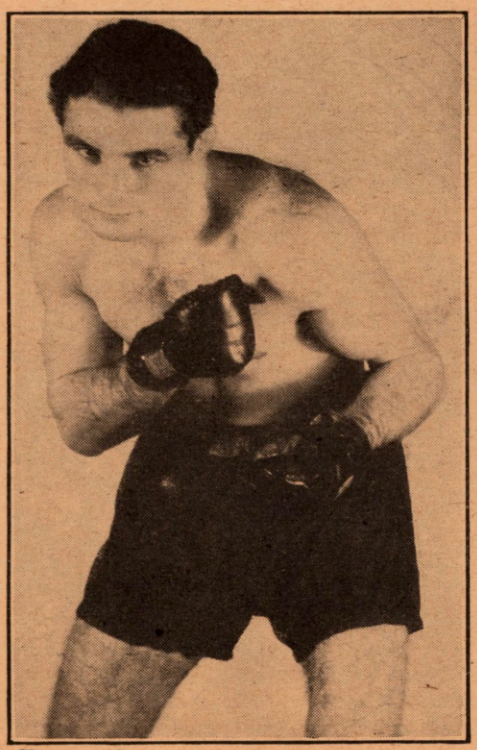
Cocoa Kid, New Haven welterweight, who holds his own among the leading welters of the country.

Mickey Farber, East Side's favorite lightweight, who is trying to carve a notch with the best in his class.

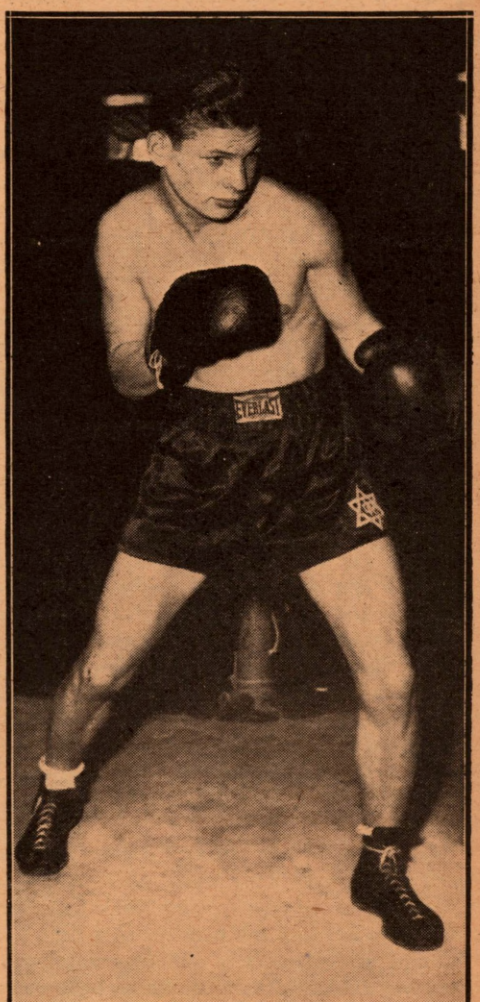
Pete Scalzo, New York's star featherweight contender, whose knockout of Herbie Gilmore in Providence in five rounds proved a sensation. Pete scored ten knockdowns before the bout came to an end.



Al Reid, one of the greatest club fighters that the featherweight division ever boasted.



Charley Gomer, two-fisted fighting lightweight from Baltimore.



Al Davis, Brooklyn's threat for welterweight honors. A coming youngster with an excellent future.

MAKING THE GRADE

By CROSS COUNTER

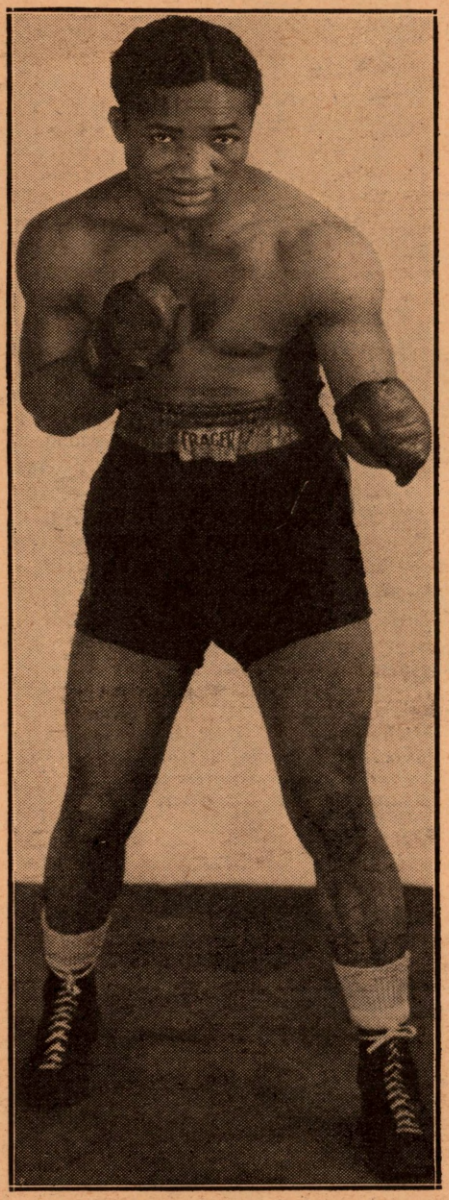
Maxie Shapiro, New York's star feather-weight, undefeated in thirty-four battles.

SOME boxing men stick to the theory that a fellow past twenty-one years who embarks on a ring career, has little chance of success in the game. Maxie Shapiro, 25-year-old New York East Side Hebrew-American, is a notable exception. Maxie is a featherweight and is unbeaten at this stage in all his thirty-four professional fights.

Shapiro never laced on a glove until 1936 when he was 23 years of age, yet today Shapiro is well on his road to fame in the squared arena. He's steadily moving closer toward his goal—a shot with Joey Archibald for the world's 126-pound crown.

The last two years have seen Maxie perform first in A.A.U. competition, where he won fourteen of sixteen starts and reached the finals of the 1938 Golden Gloves sub-novice featherweight division. One of the defeats since has been reversed.

Sixteen months ago, finding that it was becoming more and more difficult to secure opposition in the amateurs, Shapiro decided to cast his lot with the pros. Maxie has knocked out half of his thirty-four opponents in the pros. Only one rival, Carmine Fatta, was lucky to get a draw. All the others, sixteen, lost by decisions. Some of those Shapiro halted were Nickey Jerome, in the first round; "Texas" Lee Harper, in the second; Harold Valan, in the fourth; both Sammy Garcia and Jimmy Lancaster, in the seventh; Mickey LaMarr, Harry Gentile, Dominick Barone and Davey Crawford are only a few who have lost decisions to him.



Willie Joyce, Gary, Indiana, light-weight, who has beaten some of the best boys in his division.

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SHAPIRO is a colorful performer in the ring. He moves in constantly, firing away with either hand. His pet combination in the ring is a left hook followed by a right cross. "If that does not spill my man the first time I fire away with it, then I know my opponent is a tough one to beat and I try the harder to score the kayo," said Maxie, as he explained his Sunday punch.

Maxie is accustomed to fighting, although not always in the ring. The part of New York City from where he hails is a congested section where the multitude of underprivileged kids are bred fighting. "Fist fighting seemed to be one of the daily 'recreations' for the youngsters in the neighborhood and I never let a guy bully me," explains Shapiro as he tells of the numerous street battles common among children in the poorer sections of a big, busy city.

"A dozen years ago," recalls Maxie, "I met with an experience I'll never forget. Street battles were perking up quite a bit and a friend of mine dared me to fight all the kids my height and weight on Stanton Street. Well, believe it or not, I exchanged fisticuffs with fifteen lads in the one afternoon. I was a sight when it was all over, but it was much fun!"

* * *

IT was at St. James Children's Aid Society that he first became interested in boxing as a means to learn the manly art and perhaps engage in some A.A.U. tests. The society owns a nice little gym and afforded Maxie an opportunity to work out there regularly. Willie Grunes saw Shapiro box in the gym and began to help Maxie to pick up some pointers.

Irving (Whitey) Cohen has since joined Grunes in the management of Shapiro. Cohen and Grunes are native New Yorkers. During the past summer at Dexter Park, New York City, Shapiro figured in five star events and attracted a total of 30,000 fans. He has a big following.

His ability in the ring is best exemplified by the fact that a year after Maxie's debut in the pros, he advanced to the main event class! Some fighters spend three years in the game before they reach that lofty height and ambition of a young gladiator. Even Shapiro's advanced age proved no handicap.

Evidently Shapiro is destined for a career in sports. For a few years ago—1935 to be exact—he was given a baseball tryout by the New York Giants. He reported in fine physical condition. Bill Terry, the manager, liked Shapiro. He favored him because of Maxie's natural ability and because of his name, which Terry figured would work magic upon New York's rabid Hebrew diamond fans. "But son, you're not big enough physically and you certainly don't weigh enough for major league ball," said Terry to the 5 foot, 5 inches, 128-pound Shapiro. "I sure wish you were taller and heavier."

Terry's remark gave Maxie the idea that has resulted in following a ring career. It was then that Shapiro joined the St. James Society gymnasium to try his hand at boxing.

He was born April 12, 1914. Maxie flattened seven of his sixteen opponents in the amateurs. He graduated from Sewark Park (N. Y.) High School. He registered at N. Y. U. for special courses. He likes to dance to Will Osborn's tunes. His family objected to his fighting at the beginning, but they are now reconciled to Maxie's ambition. Shapiro is a busy campaigner who ranks among the best money-earners of the young featherweight crop. His winning streak holds little strain on him. It has not turned his head.

Benny Leonard is his idol. Although he has gone to the post fifty times, pro and amateurs, Maxie is unmarked. Before becom-

ing serious with boxing, Maxie's occupation was that of a clothing cutter.

* * *

THE youngest of four boys, Yoshio "Hank" Nakamura was not born in the Land of the Rising Sun, but in Honolulu. The date was November 16, 1918. There, in the Paradise of the Pacific, where the cooling Trade Winds blow across the Islands, Yoshio grew up. Honolulu, where Diamond Head stands solidly in imposing splendor; where the beach of Waikiki is repeatedly washed by rolling waves of the great Pacific and warmed by the tropic sun; where Aloha Tower rises impressively above the picturesque panorama—that's the place where Yoshio made his start.

When Yoshio was three, his father passed away. His mother and three brothers kept going, somehow. Although shy and reticent, Yoshio's boyhood was pleasantly spent—full of the happy recklessness and joyous abondon of youth. He played in the brilliant sunshine at Kopiolam Park; dived for coins off Aloha Pier and climbed feathery-topped palms and cocoanut trees. Sometimes he would sit quietly by himself and listen to a Kanaka singing plaintively and strumming softly on a guitar.

Golden days rolled into weeks, months, years. Yoshio Nakamura grew up. He graduated from public school and entered McKinley High, where he took up boxing for recreation. Yoshio then entered an amateur boxing tournament—and won first prize.

Thus encouraged, he competed in several more—with similar results. He won seventeen out of eighteen bouts in Honolulu and in 1935 annexed the flyweight championship of the Hawaiian Islands. For a short time, after graduating from high school, Nakamura worked in a pineapple cannery. Then, inspired by the statue of King Kamehameha—who is the beloved hero of almost every native Hawaiian—the placid-faced Hawaiian-Japanese youngster boarded a steamer which sailed to San Francisco, working his way as laundry assistant, and finally arrived at Los Angeles.

* * *

YOSHIO secured a job at a fruit market where he worked daytimes. Evenings he trained at a local gym. Pretty soon he was licking amateur flyweights and bantams around Los Angeles, Burbank, Pasadena, Van Nuys and surrounding towns—winning all of his eighteen battles.

Then he became restless. One morning in 1936 Nakamura threw his scant belongings into a battered valise and, by the time the morning sun spread its glory over the city, he was on his way to Alaska. He worked in a salmon cannery at Bristol Bay for several months, returned to Los Angeles, fought about a half dozen times, and left once more. He landed in Arizona where he hopped bells at Hotel El Tovar. After a time, back he went to the Golden State—arriving in Oakland.

"Hank"—as someone who could not remember, or pronounce, Yoshio Nakamura—was training at Duffy's gym when Sid Belle, New York colored trainer, saw him. The speedy boxing style of the Japanese youngster rang a bell in Sid's mind—telling him that he was seeing a boy with real fistic talent.

So, after completing arrangements, Belle brought Nakamura East with him. That was in May, 1938. Hank kayoed Joey Gatto in one round at the Ridgewood Grove in his first pro fight here. In trimming boxers like Sonny Reitman, Petey Della, Harry Gentile, Dominic Barone, Tony Novello and others, Yoshio showed class and promise. Most of the local matchmakers wanted to use him. Nakamura could box, was game and had a punch—the sort of fisticuffer the fans always like to see.

Anton Christoforidis, Greek middleweight, now in New York.

Then hard luck began to hound him. First, a busted finger kept him from fighting. Several months later, a badly cut eye kept him idle for a while. Some time later, it was a nose injury. Even so, he managed to win several hard fought contests. Just as Nakamura was beginning to make rapid strides in his division, he tore a ligament in his ankle. Now, "Hank" is okay again and doing fine work. More mature, he's stronger and more aggressive. He walks into his rivals with punches that carry plenty of sting. He's had twenty-seven pro fights—every one of them a thrilling fistic event. Among those Nakamura has fought are: Joey Fontana, "Texas" Lee Harper, Vince Dell 'Orto, Al Reid and Maxie Shapiro—also defeating several lightweights.

Yoshio Nakamura is managed by Eddie Reilly and Jimmy White—and is being carefully trained by his discoverer, Sid Belle. Hank hasn't been as successful this year as he had hoped, but he is a good, pleasing fighter and should do much better now that the jinx has left him and he has fully recovered the form he showed when he first came to the States for his professional campaign.

* * *

FIVE years ago a lad arrived in Paris, from Greece. This kid answered to the awe-inspiring name of Anton Christoforidis. He was, at that time, seventeen years of age and full of ambition to be a fighter. He had left behind him, at that time, five years of work as a bellboy and rooming clerk, for which he had lost his appetite, and some experience as an amateur boxer.

In the finer points of the boxing art, Anton was entirely lacking. What he had was plenty of heart, and the urge to win. His success in Paris was instantaneous. His whirlwind attack enabled him to climb swiftly. Jeff Dickson, upon his arrival in New York, told the scribes that "Christo," in his opinion, was one of the best fighters in his division.

In rapid succession, Anton defeated the champions of most of the European countries. Annett, middleweight champion of Belgium and ex-European title-holder; Casadei, Italian champion; Gustave Eder, champion of Germany; and Carmel Candel, French champion. Candel had just boxed a draw with the then world's middleweight champion, Marcel Thil, and Christoforidis kayoed Candel in eight.

After whipping the above, Anton journeyed to Holland, where he defeated, in fifteen rounds, the Dutch and European champion, Bep van Klaveren. *(Continued on page 44)*

Yoshio Hank Nakamura, Japanese featherweight, who though not a world beater, is a good attraction.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Mervin Tompkins, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Are the fiights which Henry Armstrong has just had with Howard Scott, Al Manfredo and Ritchie Fontaine, each of whom he knocked out, listed as championship fights?

A.—Yes, they are all listed as for the world welterweight title, despite the fact that none of the contestants measures up to a contender. The fact that Henry made the weight and that his opponents scaled within the class limit, makes each a championship bout.

Frank Suarez, Mexico City

Q.—If Joe Louis goes through with his exhibition bouts and he is knocked out, would the winner be declared the world title holder?

A.—My answer is yes. A heavyweight takes the risk of losing his title every time he enters the ring. If he were knocked out, the cry would be raised that the champion engaged only in an exhibition, but I daresay that the average fight fan would think little of that.

Manny Schwartz, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Why isn't the New York State Athletic Commission a member of the National Boxing Association? Would such an affiliation help the sport in the Empire State?

A.—Because the Walker Law under which New York operates, forbids an alliance in which rules and regulations other than listed in the law of the state, and in which the control of the sport rests under a body other than the commission appointed by the Secretary of State and Governor, would be necessary. If New York joined, then the commission would be subject to the regulations of the N.B.A. and that would violate the law. They can form a working agreement, however, in which each would respect the suspensions of the other. That was done when James J. Farley was the Commission head of New York.

I don't think New York would benefit as the state operates better than any other state of the Union. The N. Y. Commission makes errors of judgment at times for which I have criticized the members, but as a body there isn't another in the Union to compare to that of New York. It so far surpasses the N.B.A. or its individual members, that it stands out by itself as a law functioning body on boxing.

Charles Webster, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Was Tommy Maloney of championship calibre?

A.—He certainly was. One of the best heavyweight prospects New England had produced in many years.

Justo Raminez, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—I note that Arturo Godoy is represented in the publicity sent out when he signed for the February fight with Joe Louis, as the South American heavyweight champion. Isn't this a misstatement?

A.—Yes, it is. Godoy, contrary to reports, won from Lovell, then lost to Lovell in a return bout for the South American crown and then also lost to Valentin Campolo, brother of the Campolo who did well around New York after Gene Tunney's retirement. On Sunday, October 22, Campolo and Lovell clashed for the South American crown and the bout was called "no contest" after the boys had bumped their heads and Campolo's skull was fractured. He was removed to a hospital and the fight was halted.

Mannie Wexler, Birmingham, Ala.

Q.—What has become of Petey Sarron?

A.—The former world feather king has definitely retired.

Charles Hoffstra, New Haven, Conn.

Q.—If a champion is billed for a championship fight, weighs in and fails to make the weight limit, does he lose the crown automatically?

A.—My answer is yes, if he cannot make weight after being given one or more opportunities to do so. Once the champion weighs in, his title is at stake, rulings to the contrary by commissions, notwithstanding.

Martin Chestleworth, London, Ontario

Q.—I have a brother in England who heretofore has been getting The Ring from the newsstands but is now having difficulty getting his copy because of the war restrictions on American magazines. What is the best way to get the magazine?

A.—I realize the difficulty. Many of our readers have written telling us that they want to send the magazine to the boys at the front, but cannot get copies. My suggestion is to send a subscription direct to The Ring, Madison Square Garden and we will send the copy by mail. Copies by mail are being received, but the bulk shipments to agencies are being temporarily held up but will get there eventually. We cannot guarantee the time whereas by mail, through a subscription, we can send the book direct to the war zone without fear of having same held up.

A subscription for foreign countries would cost you 23 shillings for one year or four dollars in U. S. currency.

Art Dunphy, Waterbury, Conn.

Q.—Is Tom Sharkey alive?

A.—Yes, very much so. He worked all summer at the World's Fair in California.

Ken Neri, Talcottville, Conn.

Q.—In what round did Dempsey knock out Firpo?

A.—Dempsey scored the kayo in second round.

John Soroka, Arnold, Pa.

Q.—Will you please send me the addresses of Lou Ambers, Henry Armstrong, Sixto Escobar, Gus Lesnevich, Ceferino Garcia, Melio Bettina, Fred Apostoli and Solly Krieger?

A.—Ambers, Armstrong, Escobar, Garcia, Apostoli and Krieger can be reached at Stillman's Gym, 919 Eighth Ave., New York City. Lesnevich and Bettina are at the Pioneer Gym, 344 West 44th St., New York City.

Louis Plenzio, Hartford, Conn.

Q.—What do you think of Jimmy Leto and Marty Servo's chances of getting to the top? Who do you think would win an Armstrong-Battalino fight when Battalino was in his prime? Can you give me the addresses of Billy Conn and Lou Nova?

A.—Leto is a top-notch welterweight and Servo looks like a fine prospect. Armstrong. Conn can be reached in care of Johnny Ray, 5427 Howe St., Pittsburgh, Pa., while Nova may be reached through Manager Ray Carlin, Dauphin Hotel, New York City.

Jonas Dickson, N. Y.

Q.—Can you tell me who fought the night of July 26, 1928, at the Yankee Stadium?

A.—Tunney scored a technical knockout over Tom Heeney in 11 rounds that night.

A Ring Reader, South Africa

Q.—For which country is Maurice Strickland fighting? Is Strickland a good prospect? How much is a dollar in English money? Where can I obtain July, 1938, copy of The Ring?

A.—New Zealand. Very good boxer. 5 shillings at present. The Ring Book Shop. Madison Square Garden, price would be 1 shilling, six pence at this writing.

Harry Lange, New York

Q.—Was Harry Greb Jewish? Where was he buried? How did he rate as a middleweight and as a heavyweight? Was he better than Ketchell? On what do you base your opinion? Is squeezing a ball good exercise for developing the grip?

A.—Greb was a Lutheran. His name was Berg. He was buried in Pittsburgh. He was rated tops as a middleweight. He was a middleweight and light-heavyweight though at times he fought heavyweights. I wouldn't rate him as a heavy. Undoubtedly he could have taken the measure of many. Yes, squeezing a hard ball is excellent exercise.

Arthur Schimmel, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—If a fighter is knocked down and then gets up at the count of four, and before fighting can be resumed, he falls to the canvas again, isn't the referee required to start the count all over again?

A.—Under the conditions, the referee resumes where he left off. In this case he would start at the count of five. Such was the case in the Sharkey-Carnera fight when Carnera went down without being hit, and referee Gunboat Smith resumed the count.

Max Sirouto, Harrisburg, Pa.

Q.—Is height considered in the classification of the various divisions in boxing?

A.—No. Only the weight. Size makes no difference.

Charles Fleming, Saratoga, N. Y.

Q.—What is the best time for a gymnasium workout when in training—morning, afternoon or evening?

A.—Afternoon, between 1 and 3 o'clock.

Matthew Hordes, Atlanta, Georgia

Q.—In a state where rounds and not points are the deciding factor in the award of a bout, can a referee swing a fight to the man who is behind on rounds won, but who has displayed greater all-around ability?

A.—Yes, he can do that in New York and elsewhere. If a fighter has rolled up a big advantage in several rounds or even in one round and the fight is even, for example, on rounds won, that fighter could be declared the victor. Likewise, if one scored several knockdowns, finished the stronger, yet was behind a round, he could still win the fight on ability.

Ring Reader, Jamaica, B. W. I.

Q.—Taking them at their prime, who would have been the final winner of a fight between the two victors of a Sullivan-Dempsey, Johnson-Louis tourney? Who were the best 3 welterweight, lightweight and featherweight champions up to the present time? Was Kid McCoy ever a world's champion? How many times was Harry Wills beaten? Name his two best conquerors? How many times did Sullivan, Jeffries, Johnson, Willard, Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer and Braddock defend their titles? Is Simon Chavez a colored boy?

A.—Johnson would have been final winner, in my opinion. Welterweight: Walcott, Tommy Ryan, Britton. Lightweight—Gans, Lavigne, Leonard. Featherweight—Dixon, Attell, McGovern. Kid McCoy was world's middleweight champion. Wills lost 5 decisions, and was knocked out twice. His two best conquerors were, Sam Langford, and Jack Sharkey. Sullivan defended the title 8 times; Jeffries, 5 times; Johnson, 5 times; Willard, once. Schmeling lost it in his first defense as did Sharkey, Carnera, Baer, and Braddock. Chavez is a colored boy.

Roy Ignatoff, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Can you give me the record of K.O. Freddy Kelley? He has been fighting 11 years and is from San Francisco?

A.—No record of Kelley. He is unknown here as a headliner.

Joe F. E., St. Joseph, Mo.

Q.—Have you a record of Wild Bill Bryant or Schreffler? Did he ever fight Primo Carnera? How was Wild Bill rated in 1919?

A.—No record on either. Carnera never fought him. Fair.

Matthew Sanders, Montclair, N. J.

Q.—What is the age of Pat Comiskey, the latest Irish heavyweight prospect? Is he likely to make the grade?

A.—Born in Iowa on October 17, 1921. Yes, he is likely to make the grade. He possesses the grit, courage, fighting qualities of a good heavyweight.

Eugene Ardleigh, Mackay, Australia

Q.—Who would you class as the five best fighters the world has ever seen in their order? Which is the best position to adopt when fighting flat-footed or on the toes? I am 17 years of age and am 5 feet 7 inches. Can you tell any way of increasing my height? What causes cauliflowered ears? What chance would Gene Tunney have had with Joe Louis?

A.—Jack Johnson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Joe Louis, Jack Dempsey and Jim Jeffries. On the toes for boxers and the flat stance for rugged fighters or punchers. Stretching exercises might help. Neglect after the cartilage has been broken. Care should be taken to reduce the swelling. Louis would be favored to win.

Chas. F. Chabot, South Plainfield, N. J.

Q.—What is the real name of Jack Dempsey? Where was he born? What nationality is he?

A.—Jack Harrison Dempsey. Born in Manassa, Colo. Scotch-Irish-Indian-Hebrew descent.

Roger Craig, Lisbon, N. Y.

Q.—Will you kindly send me the addresses of Billy Conn, Lou Nova and Fred Apostoli?

A.—They can all be reached in care of Mike Jacobs, Brill Bldg., New York City.

Donald Cook, Medina, N. Y.

Q.—Where can I reach Ceferino Garcia, Sixto Escobar and Tony Galento? How much is 10 stone 7 pounds?

A.—Garcia, Main St. Gym, Los Angeles, Calif. Escobar—Stillman's Gym, 919 Eighth Ave., New York City. Galento—his Tavern in Orange, N. J. 147 pounds.

Ra Fray, S. Rhodesia, South Africa

Q.—Do any of the Dusek brothers wrestle for titles? I mean do they wrestle other men? Where was Lou Nova born and where did he first start his boxing career? Who is his manager? When I was still a school boy down Congo way, I took up boxing. I was doing quite well until I got rheumatic fever and when I recovered, I had a weak heart. I do not box any more but I am looking for a book telling me how to do some light exercises to strengthen the heart. Could you please tell me where I could get such a book and what price?

A.—Ernie wrestles for a title occasionally. Nova was born in Los Angeles but he started his career around San Francisco. His manager is Ray Carlen. There is no book on exercises for the strengthening of the heart. You must not exercise. The more rest you get, the better for your physical condition.

Harry Pfund, New Brunswick, N. J.

Q.—A says that Tunney fought Carpentier at Polo Grounds and knocked him out in the seventh. B says Polo Grounds is o.k. but round is incorrect. Who is right? B says also that Carpentier fought only once in U.S.

A.—Carpentier and Tunney fought at Polo Grounds and Georges was stopped in fifteenth round. Carpentier fought many times. He engaged in bouts with Dempsey, Tunney, Levinsky, Loughran, Eddie Huffman.

Q.—Did Carpentier meet Tunney in an exhibition or was it for a purse?

A.—All of Carpentier's fights were for purses.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

Lou Salica

BORN in Brooklyn, N. Y., November 16, 1913. Italian-American parentage. Attended public school at Coney Island. Was active in school athletics and took a deep interest in boxing. Johnny Dundee was his idol. Took boxing lessons from Gaspar Marino and soon became sufficiently proficient to engage in amateur bouts. Fought for First Avenue Boys' Club and soon became prominent as a flyweight boxer.

Won the Metropolitan championship by defeating Jimmy Martin for title in Madison Square Garden. Following year again beat Martin in Metropolitan championship tournament, and same year lost a hairline verdict in New York State championship bout to Charles Villareale. Later Lou gained his revenge by beating his conqueror for Golden Gloves title.

Copped the "Nationals" by defeating Jimmy Perrin of New Orleans, thus qualifying for the Olympic tryouts at San Francisco. In first battle, outpointed the champion of Canada. In second, defeated champion of Germany, and in semi-finals, met a setback at hands of Steve Enekes, champion of Hungary, but regained prestige when he defeated Enekes in Madison Square Garden in return bout, his last as an amateur.

Turned professional in 1933. He knocked out Damasco Seda to start, in two rounds, then rolled up a string of victories. In 1934, he defeated Julie Katz, lost to Midget Wolgast then held Wolgast even, and was outpointed by Speedy Dado, but those setbacks were offset by other good performances that resulted in triumphs.

The following year, California and Illinois commissions recognized Lou as bantam king following Salica's victory over Pablo Dano at Olympic Club of California. He floored Pablo four times. The N.B.A. and Montreal Boxing Commission recognized Escobar as champion, and to settle the matter of supremacy, New York's commission arranged a fight for Dyckman Oval between the boys with Salica being returned the winner.

Verdict was cause of considerable dissension. They met in a return bout in the Garden. Escobar gained the verdict, the title changing hands. They fought a third time in San Juan, Puerto Rico, and again Escobar won, retaining the title.

Coming back to New York, Salica started a new campaign. Found little encouragement in New York but was a hit in California. Fought ten-round draw with Pancho Leyvas, his last bout in 1937.

In 1938 had a most successful year. Engaged in seven fights and won them all, including three knockouts. Took part in seven bouts this year, four of which he won.

When the N.B.A. recently named Pace world bantam king, Hymie Caplin, Lou's mentor, declared his boy title-holder.

His record for the last two years follows: 1938—Ernst Weiss, Brooklyn, N. Y., won (8); Jimmy Urso, Brooklyn, N. Y., won (8); Fillo Escheveria, Havana, Cuba, K.O. (9); Emilio Magna, Hollywood, Calif., K.O. (9); Pablo Dano, Hollywood, Calif., won (10); Joe Roche, San Francisco, Calif., K.O. (8); Katsumi Morioka, Brooklyn, N. Y., won (10).

1939—Little Dado, Oakland, Calif., draw (10); Richard Lemos, Hollywood, Calif., won (10); Little Pancho, Hollywood, Calif., won (10); Little Dado, Hollywood, Calif., lost (10); Jackie Jurich, Hollywood, Calif., K.O. (9); Manuel Ortiz, Hollywood, Calif., won (10); Little Dado, Hollywood, Calif., draw (10).

Georgie Pace

LIKE his colored hero, Joe Louis, was born in Alabama. Saw the light of day on Lincoln's Birthday, 1916, at Lexington. Moved to Cleveland, Ohio, when a boy and has been a resident there since. Started his amateur career in that city, winning the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* Golden Gloves tourney title in 1933.

As a simon-pure, he engaged in sixty-four fights and carried off the honors in all but four. When financial conditions made it necessary for him to earn a living, he decided to turn professional and met with success almost from the start. For two years he has been recognized by THE RING as one of the world's outstanding contenders for the bantam crown. Tried hard to get Sixto Escobar into the ring with him in a championship fight, but without result. Deposited $2,000 with New York Commission to bind challenge.

Is a clever fighter, but lacks the color necessary to draw well and that was given as cause for Escobar's refusal to meet him. As a professional, won thirty-nine fights, seventeen by the kayo route. Has been inactive this year, having had only one fight, last March, against Henry Hook in Canada, whom he beat.

Some of the fighters who were beaten by Pace via decisions were Indian Quintina, Baby Yack, Henry Hook (three times); Katsumi Morioka (twice); knocked out Nat Litfin in the first round; Frankie Martin, former Canadian bantamweight champion, in six rounds, and fought a tough battle with Kayo Morgan, a no-decision affair.

Pace has been named by N.B.A. as successor to Escobar, but RING Magazine rating places him as one of the four leading challengers who must fight it out for the title. Had Pace been more active in 1939, he would have entrenched himself more firmly for the post to which the N.B.A. has named him, but his record shows only two contests since November of last year, insufficient to gain him such high place without fighting for same.

Pace is a graduate of the Cleveland public schools. He is an excellent cartoonist. Attends art school and hopes, after quitting ring, to make art work his vocation. Is an excellent sign painter, and is equally good with pencil and brush.

Is managed by Tom Stanley and his Eastern representative is Billy Roche. Pace is not a hard hitter, but is one of the cleverest boys in the profession. He can take a punch and is a fearless fighter.

Engaged in nine contests in 1938 of which he won all. During that time he eliminated several of the leading contenders, among them Johnny Gaudes of Toronto. His only knockout was scored over Jackie Lavders at Lorain, Ohio, in two rounds.

Pace can make the weight easily. Seldom scales more than 116 pounds. Is always in trim, despite his inactivity, due to the refusal of other contenders to meet him.

His record as a professional follows: 1938—Katsumi Morioka, Toronto, won (10); Johnny Gaudes, Toronto, won (10); Katsumi Morioka, Cleveland, won (10); Henry Hook, Toronto, won (10); Indian Quintana, Toronto, won (10); Baby Yack, Toronto, won (10); Jackie Landers, Lorain, O., K.O. (2); Nat Litfin, Cleveland, K.O. (2); Henry Hook, Toronto, won (10).

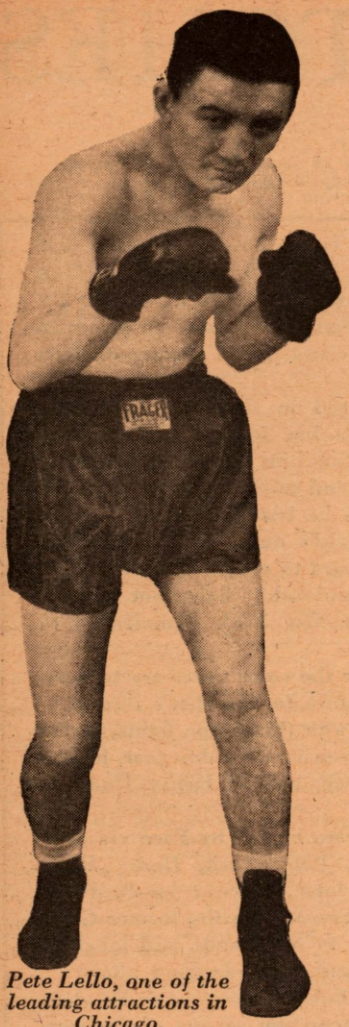
1939—Henry Hook, Toronto, won (10).

Though Pace has been named N.B.A. title-holder, he won't be recognized as such until he eliminates K. O. Morgan, Olivera and Lou Salica, the other contenders.

Mill Worker Makes Good

Pete Lello, Gary Steel Plant Worker, Has Made Rapid Strides in Fisticuffs—Climbed the Rocky Road to Pugilistic Heights

By GENE KESSLER



Pete Lello, one of the leading attractions in Chicago.

LELLO, folks. Introducing Peter Paul Lello, a 23-year-old kid from the Gary steel mills. He's as tough as the pigiron itself and all business with his fists inside the ring. Pete Lello has moved near the front of the lightweight division in the past few months, riding high on a wave of knockouts that includes such redoubtable victims as Lew Jenkins, Billy Hodges, Varias Milling and Johnny Penna.

One of the hardest workers in the game, Pete has climbed the rough and rocky road to pugilistic heights the slow, hard way. After four years he has reached the point where he can "see" inside the ropes and is a finished fighter.

The last mill whistle had emitted its low moan and the smoke was settling on Gary's residential homes one brisk evening in 1933. The Lellos grouped around the dining table with Pa Lello, invalid father, at his usual place, and Tom, eldest son, nominally head of the family. Tom looked at kid brother Pete's florid cheeks and said: "Pete, why ain't y' goin' in for boxing?"

"Dunno," answered Pete between swallows, "guess I ain't big enough. Coach said I ain't big enough to play football."

"Well, yer big enough to fight. Y' know, that's one thing I wanted to do most badly, an' I never got a chanct. Can't practice boxing an' work all day in a mill."

Pete didn't take up boxing that year, but he gave it much thought. He went out for track and ran the hundred in close to ten seconds. He played basketball and made the Gary high team. But when the fall of 1934 rolled around and big brother Tom again asked Pete: "Y' goin' out fer boxing this year . . . . maybe make the Golden Gloves?" Pete said, "I'll give her a try."

So Pete went down to the Gary "Y" where Mike Dudak was teaching boxing and pulled on the gloves. He was a willing, game pupil and before that winter was over had won the Gary Golden Gloves lightweight title. He went to Chicago and won two fights in the gigantic gloves tourney there.

In 1935 Pete repeated in the Gary sectional meet and won three fights in the Chicago tourney. Then, in 1936, he hit the jackpot, winning titles at Gary, Chicago and New York.

Issy Klein, trainer of the Baers, handled Pete in the Golden Gloves intercity meet at New York, and saw in the blond Gary kid a potential lightweight champion. Issy took over Pete's management.

Lello fought his first pro bout on his twentieth birthday, June 29, 1936, knocking out Hank Melody in the first round. Followed a string of five straight kayoes and Lello attracted attention as a good prospect.

When Klein went to Europe that year with the two Baers, Max and Buddy, he left Lello in the skillful hands of Sam Pian and Art Winch. They brought the kid through twenty straight victories, then matched him with Sammy Angott in a Chicago natural. Pete was doing all right until a deep cut opened over his left eye when the two met head-on in the fifth round. The fight was stopped and a T.K.O. registered against Pete Lello.

Pete staged a comeback and ran up another streak which he climaxed with a clean-cut decision over Billy Marquart, who had chastised Angott. Then Issy took Lello to New York and Pete splashed sensational fists with a one-round knockout over Penna in the Garden, January 7, 1938. On his second trip to Gotham, Lello was outmaneuvered by clever Nick Camarata, losing the duke. He returned to Chicago and hit another winning stride.

* * *

NOTED at the time as a left jab exponent, Pete began to punch with a sharp inside right hand. He floored Milling nine times in scoring a spectacular kayo in Chicago and steamed into a natural showdown with Davey Day, October 26, 1938. This proved too big a jump for the Lello kid. He held his own with Davey for five rounds, then ran into a lot of leather and finished the scheduled ten heats a beaten man.

That was Lello's last setback. Since then, Pete seems to have found himself. Boxing faster and with more precision, he has become a veritable threat. He stopped Mike Delgado in two rounds in a Texas biff, then took on Jenkins in a Chicago South Side club last winter.

Pete had too many guns for Lew, outboxing him for six heats, then scoring an impressive knockout in the seventh. Since the same Jenkins has become a whiz in New York, this stands out as the high water mark of Lello's chin hunt.

Klein took Pete to Milwaukee where he bowled over Billy Hodges, a colored lightweight, who had been rated highly in the Cream City. And now it looks as if Milwaukee would match Lello with Henry Armstrong for the annual New Year's afternoon sockeroo, which has been a coveted spot for several years.

And now that Pete has reached the money circle, he has relieved his older brother of the burden of supporting the Lello family. Also, Pete has hired specialists in an effort to cure his father, who has been a cripple since sustaining a foot injury while working in a mine more than a decade ago.

Pete's latest victim was Mickey McIntire, THE RING correspondent. Mickey was kayoed in Chicago in the tenth.

N.Y. Makes Amends

By Edward Merrill

BACK in the early days of the World War, a young, sturdy fighter from Australia came to America to show his wares, only to be halted by those who erroneously accused him of being a slacker. Les Darcy was his name. He was the middleweight king of the Antipodes, and by many experts was said to possess the fighting qualities that only champions are made of. He begged and pleaded to be given a chance, but the door was closed to him and he died of a broken heart. His name is legion in Australia where the fans think of him in terms of greatness—and rightly so.

Today, with another war upsetting the sport world, another good fighter has come to our shores from Down Under, Fred Henneberry, former middleweight champion of Australia. Fred, eager to get a chance for world honors, went to England to seek Jock McAvoy as an opponent, but the war prevented that bout from taking place. Henneberry, however, fought three times before the gates were shut to all boxing matches because of the air raid danger. He stopped George Davis in three rounds, was disqualified in three in his bout with Dai Jones and won a decision in twelve rounds from Ginger Sadd.

Then he tried to enlist. He made every effort but was turned down as no boys from any of the British Colonial possessions were wanted until such time as a call for extra volunteers came. With nothing to do and his desire to serve his country turned down temporarily, Henneberry decided to come to America by way of Canada. A visit to Mike Jacobs was rewarded with a bout. He appeared in the semi-final of the Conn-Lesnevich world championship light-heavyweight bout. Thus America made up for its blunder in the savage attacks on Les Darcy, the lad whose memory is honored in the land of his birth.

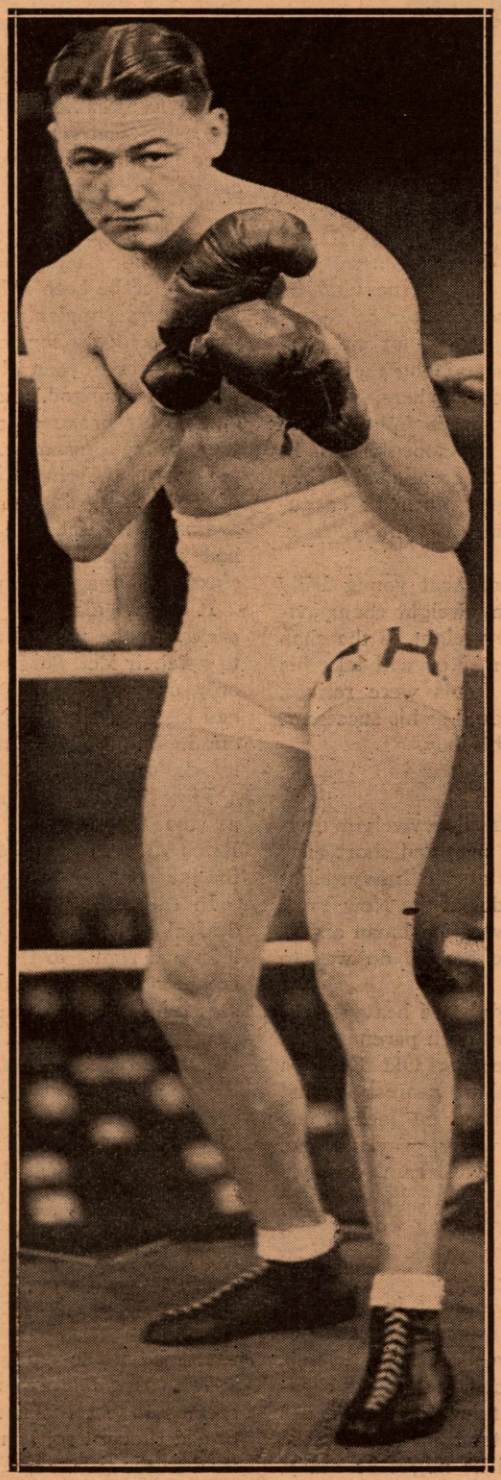
Henneberry's father, "Mick," was the champion bareknuckle fighter of Australia. He was 6 feet, 3 inches tall and weighed 240 pounds. He never was beaten. Fred's brother, Frank of the Australian Light Horse, was a light-heavyweight. Three other brothers, "Yank," Vince and Ned, were boxers.

Henneberry, one-time welterweight champion of Australia, has had 73 fights, won 61 of them, 32 by knockouts. He declares that Dave Shade was the cleverest man he ever met.

* * *

AUSTRALIA is the birthplace of many great fistic heroes, among them Young Griffo, Frank Slavin, Dan Creedon, Young Pluto, Shadow Maber and the great Peter Jackson, in addition to being the adopted country of Bob Fitzsimmons, but it is doubtful if any of these have a stronger place in the hearts of Australian sportsmen than Les Darcy. Here was a fighter who was destined for big things in the roped square, but Fate ruled against him and he died of a broken heart, a much misunderstood boy, down in Memphis, Tennessee, thousands of miles from the dear ones he left behind.

Having cleaned up the cream of the talent, American, English and Australian in his home country, Les Darcy engaged passage to the United States during the World War and the story of the attacks on this boy for so-called slackerism, is too well known to require further comment here, except to say, in his defense, that he was so unjustly accused by the American public and took the treatment so to heart, he became too feeble to resist the attack of pneumonia that ended his life.



Fred Henneberry, claimant of Australian middleweight championship.

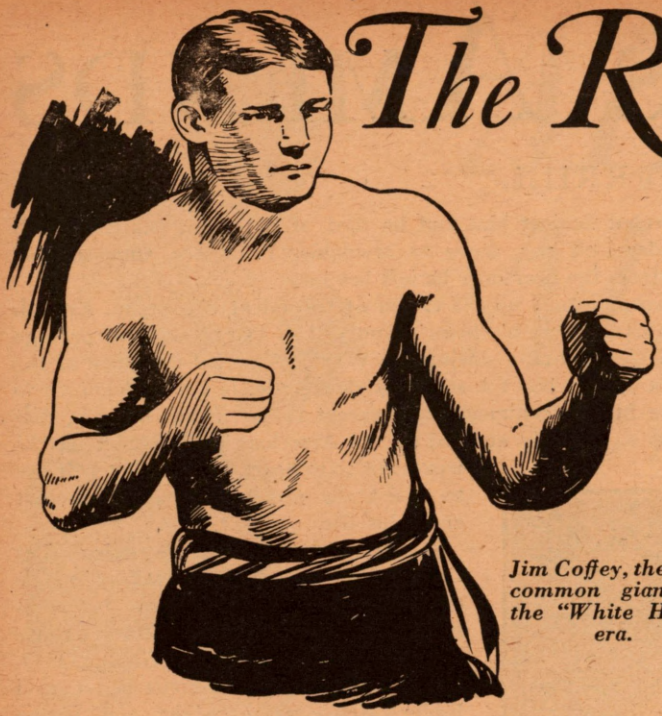
Before embarking to America, Les Darcy knocked out George Chip in nine rounds; beat Jimmy Clabby twice in twenty rounds; knocked out Buck Crouse in two; won twice from George K.O. Brown in twenty-round contests; stopped Eddie McGoorty in eight and fifteen rounds; lost to Jeff Smith in five and won on a foul in two rounds; won from Frank Loughrey in twenty and knocked out many lesser lights. His record, it will therefore be seen, entitled him to a high ranking among the middleweights.

Darcy's case was indeed one of the tragedies of the ring. We'll never forget the reception he received at the old Madison Square Garden on the opening night of the six-day bike race in 1916. Matt Wells, the great English lightweight, was with us that evening and when the fans almost tore the roof off the historic building in a welcoming shout as Darcy was introduced, Matt, looking down through the shower of newspapers thrown from the balconies, mumbled almost to himself, "Lucky lad, 'e'll make a bloomin' fortune if they 'andle 'im right!"

But "they" didn't handle Les right. "They" told him that he should fight no one but Carpentier, and though the gallant Frenchman was then fighting for France in the real Big Battle of the Century, "they" assured Darcy that "they" would fix it with the French government to get Georges a leave of absence and bring him over here for the match. "They" told Darcy to pass up all other bouts and accept a vaudeville proposition that had been made. "They" had the 21-year-old youngster so bewildered he knew not where to turn and when he was about ready to get off on the right track, Governor Whitman of New York State notified him that if he really wanted to fight he could go over to England and join the soldiers of his native land who were fighting under the Union Jack in France. Other states followed the lead of New York and Darcy, crushed in spirit, died of a broken heart in Memphis, Tenn.

Les Darcy was a really great fighter. Just how great America never learned, but when he was fighting his way up the ladder in the Antipodes he took on all comers and scored many knockouts.

The ROSCOMMON



Jim Coffey, the Roscommon giant of the "White Hope" era.

TWO names stand out prominently in the general discussion of boxing these days, Joe Louis, the king of the heavyweights, the most discussed fighter of recent years, the man who has created a record for title defenses, has stirred up a new interest in boxing among the young heavyweights of the world. Here, there and everywhere, in every nook and corner of the universe where the sport is followed, the search is on for a young lad who might be developed into a fit opponent for the champion. The same search that was made when Jack Johnson dethroned Tommy Burns and later clinched all arguments about supremacy by taking the measure of Jim Jeffries, is now on in earnest.

Here in America, there is a strong feeling that young Billy Conn, the man who holds the world light-heavyweight championship, and who is rapidly growing into a heavyweight, is the chap who eventually will either dethrone the Bomber or will take his place should he retire. At this writing, if Louis were retired, there could be no doubt but that Billy Conn would be his successor. That is why the Irish are so het up over this boy.

* * *

BACK in pre-World War days, when the heavyweight division was full of excellent prospects, big men and short men, sturdy fighters who were seeking a chance at the heavyweight crown held by Johnson, Jim Coffey was the idol of the New York sons of Erin. His name was on the lips of every Irishman and if anyone wanted to see a Donnybrook, all he had to do was to belittle the ability of Coffey.

The Irish have tried desperately to develop a good heavyweight since Coffey passed out of the picture. Sons of Irish parents, boys born in this country, have succeeded in keeping Old Erin on the fistic map in the heavyweight ranks, but the nearest Ireland came to building up a white hope of its own was in Jack Doyle who, when given an opportunity to show his wares, proved a dud. Gene Tunney, Jimmy Braddock, Jimmy McLarnin, Mickey Walker and Tommy Loughran all did their share to keep the Shamrock in the front rank of pugilism by annexing world titles, but since they retired the Irish have given way to the Negro and the Italian in fisticuffs.

Now Billy Conn has come to revive the interest in his race. He is a clever, beautifully built fighter who in his style resembles Loughran and Tunney, and who, if he had a more hefty wallop, would be ready now to take his place as a contender for heavyweight honors. But he lacks a punch, something Joe Louis has and without which no man can hope to stand up against the Bomber. Give Billy Conn another year, and he might be ready, but whether he is or not, at least he is a fighter of whom the Irish can be proud.

TRULY Ireland needs a good heavyweight. Every fighting Irishman of today would welcome one. They thought they had one in Jack Doyle, but here was a heavyweight who turned the unexpected by knocking himself into dreamland. Gosh, man! Shades of old Peter Maher, and Tom Sharkey, too! Lord, if they were only here today!

Galway had its Maher, and Dundalk may still point with swelling pride to one of the greatest fighters that ever donned a glove—Tom Sharkey. Though only 5 feet, 8½ inches tall, Sharkey's name will ever live in American prize ring history. Little wonder it is that the truly great Jim Jeffries classes him as the wonder of his time—the man who gave him the hardest battle of his brilliant career! And little wonder it is, too, that Jim Corbett, when champion, refused to fight the great Peter Maher.

Well do I remember when Johnson took the title from Jeffries. That was after he had beaten Tommy Burns, who claimed the title after Jeff had retired, in the days of the White Hopes. Fighter after fighter came forward in a vain attempt to bring the crown back to the white race again. Yet it availed them nothing!

* * *

AS for Coffey, he might have gone far as a "White Hope" had he been able to get by Frank Moran. Like Moran, Jim was a very popular fighter who packed 'em in. Especially was he popular with the sons of the Emerald Isle. There are two fights by which I like to remember him most—in one, Jim rose to the heroic figure of demigod, and in the other he fell like a ton of bricks and nearly broke poor Billy Gibson's heart. Gibson at the time was Coffey's manager.

I sat at the ringside in Madison Square Garden on the night of May 5, 1915, when Jim scaled the heights. He was pitted against Al Reich, the Adonis, the finest looking heavyweight I had seen other than Jim Corbett. The gigantic Coffey looked clumsy alongside the physically perfect Reich.

It was a gala night for the Irish of New York. All who could pack into the famous arena, about 12,000 of them, were on hand to see their idol. He had been coming along like a house a-fire, and only one little setback had marred his record. Soldier Kearns had knocked him out in 1912, but in 1914, Coffey knocked Kearns out in one round. Coffey, when he fought Reich, had eighteen knockouts to his credit.

They got into the ring and from the very start, it was fireworks all the way. It was a sensational battle. Coffey all but put Reich away in the second round with a terrific right hook to the jaw, but the bell came to his rescue.

In the third, while the mob cheered Coffey in a maddening, deafening chorus of cries, the Roscommon Giant whipped in lefts and rights to the jaw until Reich was dizzy. Then a sledge-hammer left to the stomach doubled Al, and a right to the jaw sent him tumbling to the floor. It was all over!

It was a great night for celebrating. How the Irish did go wild! Hats, canes, kerchiefs, even coats were hurled into the air and the Garden looked like a hall in which St. Patrick's Day was being celebrated.

* * *

THE least pleased, the least enthusiastic, was Coffey himself, as he watched Reich's handlers removing him from the ring. He refused to take a bow until he was assured that Reich had fully recovered. Jim had pity, humaneness in his heart. He proved it then.

All that summer the big fellow from Ireland rollicked in the popularity that was his. He smiled and bowed into the hearts of the fans and how they did boost him and root for him.

With that admiration for him, Jim's fighting went blooey. He seemed to get the notion that he could conquer the world. The crowd thought so, hence why not he? He felt that he was on the road to the title.

They were talking about Coffey meeting big Jess Willard. Then along came Frank Moran with his famous "Mary Ann."

GIANT

The Rise of Billy Conn, Recalls Deeds of Another Famous Irish Fighter, Jim Coffey, One of the Original White Hopes

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

He had to be overcome first, before Jim could get a match with Jess, and Moran and Coffey were paired.

The bout was the talk of America. The Irish in New York were prepared to hock everything they possessed to see the bout and those who could afford it went out to bet on the contest. It was Jim Coffey wherever Irishmen congregated.

But it wasn't in the stars. It was on October 19, 1915, that 12,000 frenzied fight fans saw Moran's "Mary Ann" suddenly crash against the jaw of the Roscommon Giant, and down he went face forward and struck the floor with his chin.

Referee Bill Brown, who is now a New York State Boxing Commissioner, counted up to six amidst a din that could be heard a block away, and up came Coffey. Jim couldn't lift his arms to defend himself, but he was no quitter. He wouldn't give in while he was still conscious. Moran clouted him with a powerful right that stunned the Irishman.

He stood facing Moran, who by this time was all primed for the kill. As Moran rushed forward to land the haymaker, Bill Brown stepped between the men and just saved Coffey from getting the blow, which glanced harmlessly over his head. Thus passed Jim Coffey, a great idol, one of the really good "White Hopes" of an era when many fine ones were in the field!

As I write now, across the span of years, I can see the gloom and sadness of the Irish faces as we left the Garden that night. Much money had been wagered and staked, and a fortune was lost by the Irish. Moran and Coffey fought a second time, on January 7, 1916, and this time Coffey was knocked out in the ninth round.

Jim fought a little after that last Moran bout, but accomplished nothing. A Galway boy named Bartley Madden knocked him out, also Martin Burke, now a New Orleans fight promoter. Coffey's star had set, but he had been much wiser than most pugilists who eventually wind up in the bread lines. Jim left for Ireland, and is today doing well and good.

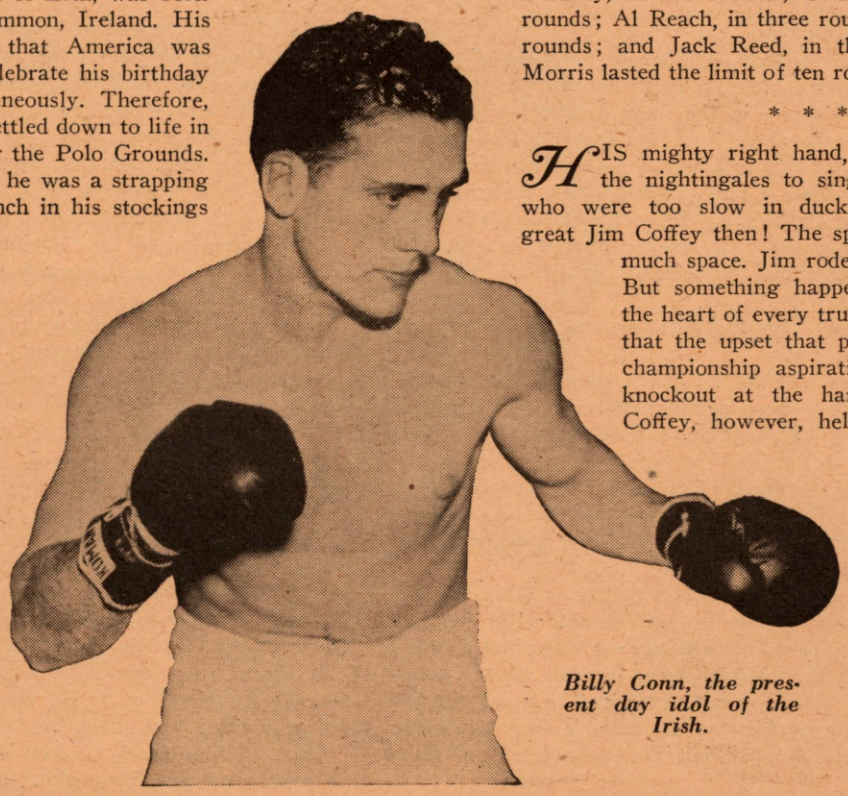
And like Coffey, old Peter Maher is still hale and hearty, nearing the seventy-year mark. He still works as a doorman in a fashionable club in Philadelphia. Coffey, Sharkey and Maher—three great Irish gladiators!

* * *

JIM COFFEY, the tall son of Erin, was born on July 4, 1891, in Roscommon, Ireland. His parents naturally decided that America was the place in which he could celebrate his birthday and Independence Day simultaneously. Therefore, he was brought over here and settled down to life in Harlem, in New York, up near the Polo Grounds. When he attained his majority, he was a strapping big fellow, standing 6 feet, 1 inch in his stockings and scaling 210 pounds.

Came the year 1912, and we find Jim Coffey employed as a motor man on a street car in New York. He came to the attention of a few sporting men there who admired the fine specimen of Irish youth and brawn. He was invited to go down to the gymnasium, and when he did, Jim became another hope.

However, not just another White Hope, for Jim Coffey amazed them. This Irish lad made such an impression, that the shrewd Billy Gibson, then dean of managers, took him under his wing. And from then on, the former Irish street car worker skyrocketed upward, leaving in his wake a trail of battered and beaten opponents.



Billy Conn, the present day idol of the Irish.

He started his knockout career in the first year of his professional boxing—1912. He stopped Nick Muller in six rounds, Al Benedict in eight rounds, Larry Williams in two rounds, Soldier Kearns in one round, Jack Roan in four rounds, Tim Logan in six rounds, Fred McKay in five rounds, Soldier Delaney in three rounds and Billy Ryan in one round.

Although none of the victims of Coffey's punch were top-notchers, still they were all in the thick of the heavyweight struggle in those days, and not easy marks by any means.

* * *

IN the following year, 1913, Coffey continued to stop a majority of his opponents, although it was in that year he was checked by Jim Flynn and Battling Levinsky, each of whom went ten rounds to no-decision.

Among those he flattened were Ray Simmons, two rounds; Arthur Pelkey (the man who was in the ring with Luther McCarty when that fighter collapsed and died), three rounds; Jack McFarland, five rounds; George Rodel, the Boer, nine rounds; Whitey Allen, one round. Then came Levinsky and Flynn, each of whom stayed the limit of ten rounds with honors easy.

Coffey finally put Fireman Jim Flynn among his knockout victims in 1914, flattening the Pueblo man in four rounds. The strong Coffey also dealt sleeping potions to Jack Lester in six rounds, Tony Ross in six rounds, Soldier Kearns in one round, Terry Keller in nine rounds and Jack Connors in one round. Among those who lasted the route in decisionless contests were Battling Levinsky, in ten and six rounds; Tom Kennedy, in 10; Charley Weinert, in six rounds; and Gunboat Smith, in ten rounds.

Coffey engaged in eight bouts in 1915, six of which he won by knockouts. The recipients of the settling blows were Jack Twin Sullivan, in five rounds; Arthur Pelkey, in two rounds; Soldier Delaney, in two rounds; One-Round Davis, in three rounds; Al Reach, in three rounds; Jim Flynn, in ten rounds; and Jack Reed, in three rounds; and Carl Morris lasted the limit of ten rounds, almost to a draw.

* * *

HIS mighty right hand, once it connected, set the nightingales to singing in the ears of all who were too slow in ducking. Surely, it was a great Jim Coffey then! The sports columns gave him much space. Jim rode the crest of the wave. But something happened and gloom struck the heart of every true Irishman. It was then that the upset that put a crimp in Coffey's championship aspirations was recorded, the knockout at the hands of Frank Moran. Coffey, however, held the opinion that his knockout was accidental and due to carelessless on his part. Therefore, he arranged the return engagement with his conqueror, and as already told, Coffey did considerably better in that encounter as he managed to

(Continued on page 41)

Son Relates Thrill of Edgren's Career

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Bob Edgren, who recently passed away, was a powerful factor for good not only in boxing, but in all American sports. As Sports Editor of the old Evening World, he fought stanchly for the cleaning up of conditions in New York fisticuffs. He was quite a boxer himself, a great weight thrower, a fine writer, one of the best sports cartoonists of all time. The Editor asked Bob's son, who for some time has been a contributor to these columns, to write the story of his dad's career.*

Jack Dempsey and Bob Edgren on a hunting trip in the Rocky Mountains shortly after the Manassa Mauler won the world championship.

CARSON CITY, Nevada, can be cold. The snow was two feet deep and ice hung from the eaves of the gymnasium in which James J. Corbett, champion of the world, was training for Bob Fitzsimmons.

It was March 2, 1897, fifteen days before the fight. Corbett's training was in full swing. For an hour he had played handball while spectators huddled in the chill of the big court to watch. Then he put on the gloves with his sparring partners.

The first man to go on with him was a young giant from Los Angeles, Jim Jeffries. After a few minutes, Jeff's face was red from Corbett's jabs. At the call of "Time!" Jeff returned to the dressing room. Manager Billy Delaney followed him to the door, looked over the remaining sparmates, and barked: "Edgren! You're next."

That was Bob Edgren's introduction to boxing. He didn't have much time to think about it.

"Hurry up!" snapped Corbett. "I don't want to catch cold."

Illustrating his desire to keep moving, the champion advanced and let fly a left that knocked Bob's head back. The crowd haw-hawed.

Then followed a little incident which shows the difference between the training methods of 1897 and modern ones. The champion stepped back, dropped his hands to his sides and scowled at the crowd.

"The next man that laughs," he declared, "goes OUT."

Not being entirely sure what Corbett meant when he said "out," the citizens lined around the sides of the room and watched the rest of the sparring in respectful quiet. In those days, a training camp was a place where a fighter retired to work himself into shape with as little interference as possible from outsiders. Spectators were to be tolerated, but not encouraged and certainly not entertained.

NEWSPAPERMEN, too, were treated differently. When the champion decided to have a hard workout with Jeffries, press and spectators were both barred. Jeff slammed Corbett against the wall so hard it shook the entire building, but the reporters weren't allowed to know what had happened.

Bob Edgren, however, was accepted as one of the members of the camp. For one thing, he already had a reputation as an athlete. The year before he had broken the world's record for the hammer-throw, with a mark of 148 feet 5 inches. There weren't many record-breakers among western athletes in those days. Corbett, who was a westerner himself, was friendly on that account.

For another thing, it was expensive to hire sparring partners. Bob had been assigned to the camp by his paper—the San Francisco *Examiner*—so his services didn't cost the champion anything. If he didn't know anything about boxing, he was big, quick, and very strong. They took his measurements at camp. Here they are, placed, for comparison, opposite the measurements of Joe Louis at the same age—twenty-three:

Edgren—weight, 205 lbs.; height, 6 ft. 1½ in.; chest normal, 45¾ in.; chest expanded, 51½ in.; waist, 34 in.; biceps, 16 in.; forearm, 13½ in.; thigh, 25 in.; neck, 17½ in.; calf, 17 in.

Louis—weight, 202 lbs.; height, 6 ft. 2 in.; chest normal, 41 in.; chest expanded, 44½ in.; waist, 34 in.; biceps, 14½ in.; forearm, 12½ in.; thigh, 22¼ in.; neck, 16½ in.; calf, 15½ in.

Corbett looked the young reporter over and made a very peculiar remark. "You're big and strong," he said. "I want you to box with me every day. If you don't know how to box, it won't matter. You'll be clumsy, like Fitzsimmons."

* * *

THAT was how Edgren happened to be in the ring with the champion.

Every day left-jabs rained on Bob from all angles. Occasionally there was a right cross mixed up with them. They were sharp, jarring blows; not dazing but bruising. As a result, his face was swollen out of shape and his lips were cut in so many places he wondered whether they would ever heal up again.

It was almost impossible to hit Corbett. "Of all the times we boxed," Bob told me, "I hit him only one solid punch—and that one only made him shake his head."

On the other hand, Corbett disclosed to Jeffries and Edgren his great weakness. He couldn't power-hit.

Late Cartoonist-Writer's Experiences Are Told By Bob, Jr.—How His Dad Boxed With Corbett

By
BOB EDGREN, JR.

On that day when press and spectators were barred, Corbett and Jeffries had a private set-to, to test Jim's punch. Charlie White had coached Jeffries to lead a right for Corbett's body. This was a trick; a false move for the purpose of forcing Jeff to expose his chin.

As Jeff led, Corbett landed a smash to the jaw with every ounce of strength he possessed. It drove the boilermaker back on his heels.

Stung, Jeffries plunged ahead with a growl, slugged Corbett into a corner, where the champion tried to hang on.

To make him break, Jeff grabbed him with both bearlike paws, picked him up and threw him against the side of the building. Nearly through it, in fact. It was only wood.

Delaney and the seconds, yelling "Time! Time!" at the top of their lungs, jumped in and hauled Jeff off.

"That's enough today," Corbett ordered.

* * *

CORBETT was a proud man and it hurt him to think that he couldn't punch. His best effort had only made Jeffries angry.

He tried his Sunday punch on Big Bob, with similarly disappointing results. He sparred around until the opening was just right, and whang—shot in a vicious punch as hard as he could. Then he stepped back, and in quaintly formal English for a heavyweight champion, asked: "Does that distress you? Does that distress you?"

The answer was "No."

The trouble was that Corbett hit while he was moving away. It took sting out of his blows. But on the other hand, he could jar you and get away without being hit himself.

With this style of fighting, he depended on the other man's exhaustion to help him put over a knockout. Consequently he kept himself in marvelous physical condition. It was his custom in training to box six minute rounds, rather than the ordinary three minute sort. This double work never seemed to tire him.

It was Bob Edgren's duty to cover Fitzsimmons' camp as well as Corbett's. He soon went over to interview the wily Cornishman.

He put on the gloves with Fitz. It took him only about a minute to discover that the challenger was very different from the champion.

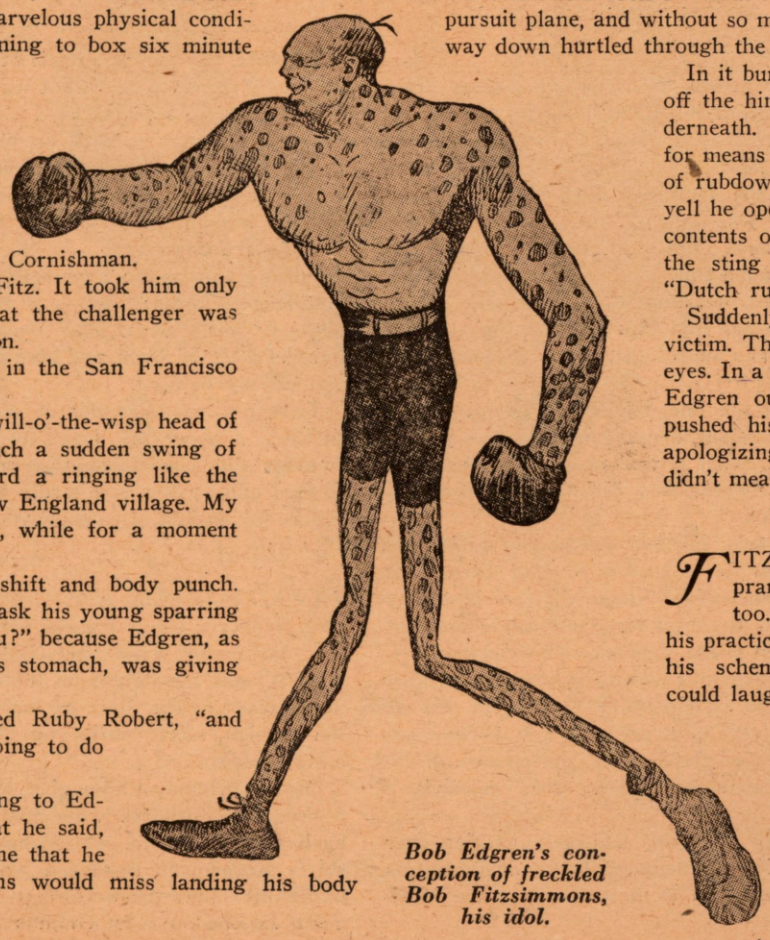
The story of this discovery, in the San Francisco *Examiner,* said:

". . . as I led hard at that will-o'-the-wisp head of his he landed upon my jaw such a sudden swing of his good left arm that I heard a ringing like the church bells of a good old New England village. My knees weakened and gave way, while for a moment everything turned dark . . . ."

Fitz later demonstrated his shift and body punch. There was no need for him to ask his young sparring partner: "Does that distress you?" because Edgren, as he sat on the floor holding his stomach, was giving plenty of evidence of distress.

"You go back," said freckled Ruby Robert, "and tell Corbett that's wot h'I'm going to do to 'im."

There was no doubt, according to Edgren, that Bob meant just what he said, and my dad, years later, told me that he was confident that Fitzsimmons would miss landing his body blow often.



Bob Edgren's conception of freckled Bob Fitzsimmons, his idol.

THERE was more to see of that day's workout, however. Fitz punched the bag for 41 minutes, and wrestled several opponents. It was customary for boxers to be well-trained in wrestling in those days. He struggled with Edgren on the mat, and although outweighed 40 pounds, and possibly outpowered, he threw the young hammer-thrower, downing him with a half-nelson. Ernest Roeber, a prominent professional grappler who coached Fitz, said:

"Fitzsimmons is one of the best mat men I ever worked with. He could stop fighting right now and be as good a wrestler as any of us."

The wild Cornishman was always up to some unpredictable prank. Years afterward, when Bob Edgren had done a lot of boxing with Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Sharkey, and Ruhlin, and was getting pretty clever with his mitts, he decided to put something over on old Fitz in return for all the rough jokes that had been played on him. He planned and planned until he thought out a way to land a solid smash on Fitz's chin.

The two men were sparring one day in an upstairs gym, when Edgren saw the exact opening that he had been waiting for. He let go with the right and held nothing back. The punch landed flush on Fitz's jaw.

"Oh boy!" thought Big Bob, suddenly realizing what the consequences would be when Fitz moved in again. "Here's where *I* leave!"

He turned and jumped over the ropes and scooted down the stairs. There was a landing halfway down, where the stairs made a hairpin turn, and opening onto the landing was a bathroom. He could hear Fitz's feet pounding the floor in wild pursuit. He jumped into the bathroom and slammed the door.

Fitzsimmons took off from the top of the stairs like a fast pursuit plane, and without so much as touching a step on the way down hurtled through the air towards the door.

In it burst with a crash, tearing right off the hinges, and pinning my dad underneath. Grinning Fitz looked around for means of revenge and spied a bottle of rubdown beside the bathtub. With a yell he opened the bottle and poured its contents over Edgren's head, adding to the sting of the liniment a vigorous "Dutch rub" with his knuckles.

Suddenly there was a bellow from his victim. The liniment had run into Bob's eyes. In a flash Fitz changed. He hauled Edgren out from under the door and pushed his head under the water tap, apologizing: "H'I'm sorry . . . . H'I didn't mean to 'urt you! . . ."

* * *

FITZ, although continually playing pranks, enjoyed a joke on himself, too. This took the sting out of his practical humor. Occasionally one of his schemes would backfire, but he could laugh at himself.

He had a habit of coming up behind friends unexpectedly and slapping them on the back with a blow nearly hard enough to break them in two. One day he hid in the main entrance of the Evening World *(Cont. on page* 41)

Feathers Fly Again

RECENT activity among the featherweight boxers brings back memories of the days following the retirement of Johnny Dundee as featherweight champion of the world. Not since 1925 when the bouncing Italian relinquished his 126-pound laurels, have the feathers stirred up so much activity, both in the ring and in the press. At that time the situation in the 126-pound division was greatly similar to the state of affairs among these little battlers who are active today.

True, we have a generally recognized champion today in Joey Archibald, but the Providence, R. I., boy is being generally harassed by a horde of capable little fellows, any of whom is quite likely to relieve him of his title.

When Dundee stepped down almost fifteen years ago, a veritable bevy of busy-fisted little battlers buzzed about his vacant throne like a swarm of bees about honeycomb. Included among them, were outstanding featherweights like Louis Kid Kaplan, the Meriden Mauler, one of the all-time stars of the division, who eventually won the tournament that decided the championship; the thunder-fisted Philly southpaw, Danny Kramer, a real hitter if ever there was one; Jimmy Bronson's fire-eating Mexican Indian, Bobby Garcia, whom many still claim received none the better of the decision given Kaplan over him in the tourney; Jose Lombardo, the punching Panamanian, apple of Papa Bob Levy's eye; and the stylish beautiful boxing Babe Herman, the California Portuguese.

All these high class mittmen combined to give the featherweight division one of the most impressive arrays of crack boxers any class has ever boasted at one time. They were all tossed into the featherweight tournament to decide the rightful wearer of Dundee's discarded diadem and Louis the Kid emerged the final winner when he stopped Kramer in the ninth round on January 2, 1925, in old Madison Square Garden in New York City, amid the cheers and plaudits of an anxious crowd.

* * *

THERE have been outstanding featherweights since then, of course, notably the electrifying Kid Chocolate, the capable Freddy Miller, rugged Andre Routis, Tony Canzoneri, a great feather as well as a great lightweight, iron-chinned and iron-hearted Bat Battalino, and the Homicide Kid himself, Henry Armstrong.

Not since 1925, however, have there been so many high class 126-pounders around at the same time as there are today. While the champion, Joey Archibald, does not rate with some of his distinguished predecessors he, like Bantamweight Champion Sixto Escobar, becomes a changed man when he steps into that ring with the title at stake.

When he lays that title on the line, the Rhode Island college boy becomes charged with new vigor, his punches pack new power, and his skill becomes keener. So, it is well not to sell Archibald short in the Featherweight Sweepstakes despite his rather unimpressive record as champion.

Of his recent accomplishments, number one honors as leading featherweight contender must be conceded to that little Tan Tornado of the Tropics, Venezuela's Simon Chavez. Not only the champion, Archibald, but the ranking American contender, Petey Scalzo, has fallen victim to the Venezuelan's vicious vollies. Just how the clouter from Caracas will fare away from the rarified atmosphere of his native land is something else again, for as Sixto Escobar points out, it takes quite some time to become acclimated to the high altitudes of the Venezuelan plateau. Sixto should know, as he is also numbered among the Venezuelan's vanquished foes.

Climate or no, no one can disregard Chavez' victories over the champion and the leading challenger. These achievements clearly entitle the South American to first crack at the much coveted crown.

CLOSE on the heels of Champion Archibald and pressing Chavez for first crack at the title-holder's crown are Petey Scalzo, pride of New York's West Side, and Harry Jeffra, the rejuvenated boy from Baltimore. A good many people have regarded Scalzo as the rightful wearer of the crown ever since he thoroughly and completely flattened Archibald in two rounds in a non-title match, but now Chavez has whipped Petey. Scalzo's record is most impressive—one well worthy of a champion. He has only dropped three decisions in his career, all of them disputable, even his last one to Chavez.

A post entry in the featherweight scramble, Harry Jeffra, barged right up with the leaders after his recent title match with Archibald in Washington, D. C. Fight followers have to go back a long ways in boxing history to dig up a decision that aroused as much controversy as the verdict that retained Archibald's crown for him last month in his title fight with the Baltimorean.

It is not the purpose of this piece to debate the merits of this widely disputed "duke" here; more attention should be paid, it seems to us, to the remarkable comeback the Marylander has made since his jaw was cracked in his bout with Sixto Escobar in Puerto Rico last year.

The former bantam champion remained in drydock for repairs so long after this one it seemed certain that his days as a top-flight fighter were done. But with that uncanny knack of bouncing back into the limelight that all good fighters have, here he is again apparently as good as ever. A lot of credit should go to Manager Max Waxman for having the good judgment to convalesce his injured warrior thoroughly before sending him into action following the break. Max did not make the mistake so many short-sighted mentors do, by rushing an unrecovered boxer back into the thick of things before his hurts are healed. He carefully bided his time until his boy was ready, with the happy result that here is Jeffra back again, as good as new.

* * *

SOME mention was made of Dave Castilloux in the last issue of THE RING, and what was said of him then still goes. Like many good feathers of the past, the Canadian champion featherweight has to pick on lightweight opposition. Combining a wallop with great counter punching abilities, and a keen fighting brain, the swarthy French Canuck's kayo of good Leo Rodak has put him in the "poison" class as far as his fellow featherweights are concerned.

In his offices at the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, Manager Nat Rogers sits and stares at his potential champion with tear-dimmed eyes. "O, O, O," wails the sorrowful Nat, "the bad fighters are kept busy, and here I am with the best in the business and nobody to fight."

Taking a quick gander at Nat's woeful countenance, Mushy Jackson, a co-worker, burst into tears, too. Soon Broadway resounded with cries of anguish as the entire office force bewailed Rogers' plight. Nat can hardly be blamed for his tears, for Castilloux is a fighter of championship qualities if ever there was one.

* * *

SAILING along in the same boat with Castilloux is Eddie Walker's rangy colored clouter, Chalky Wright, who makes 126 pounds easily, but is also forced to mingle with heavier lads. Wright rates right up there as a title contender. He adds a lot of class to the division, and is one of the main reasons for the present high quality of the class as compared with the other weights.

Other performers who give the 126-pound class the most imposing array of talent it has had in a long time are Jackie Wilson, ageless Pittsburgher, who dazzled the Australian fans with his shifty boxing and rapid fire hitting; Jimmy Perrin, one of the numerous "over-the-weight" conquerors of Bantam Champion Sixto Escobar, a New Orleans *(Continued on page 44)*

JEFFRA
SCALZO
CHAVEZ
CASTILLOUX
ARCHIBALD
WRIGHT
...MAKING THE "FEATHERS FLY!"

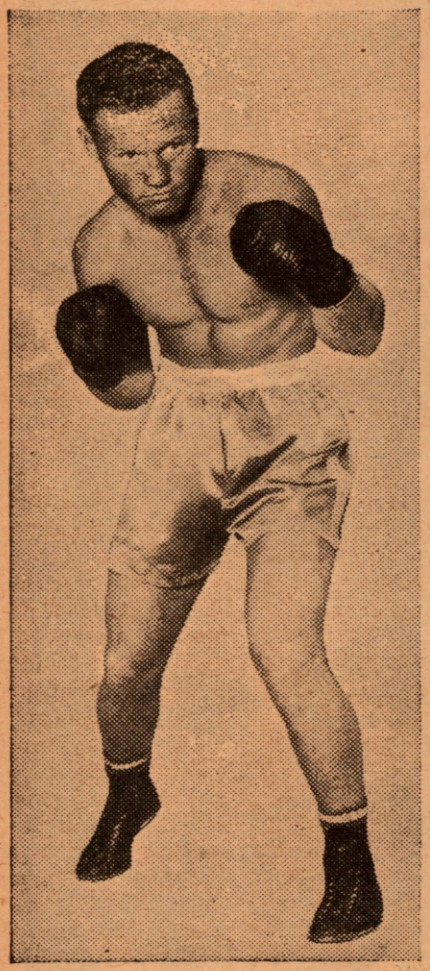
NEW FACES

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Making Good—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices

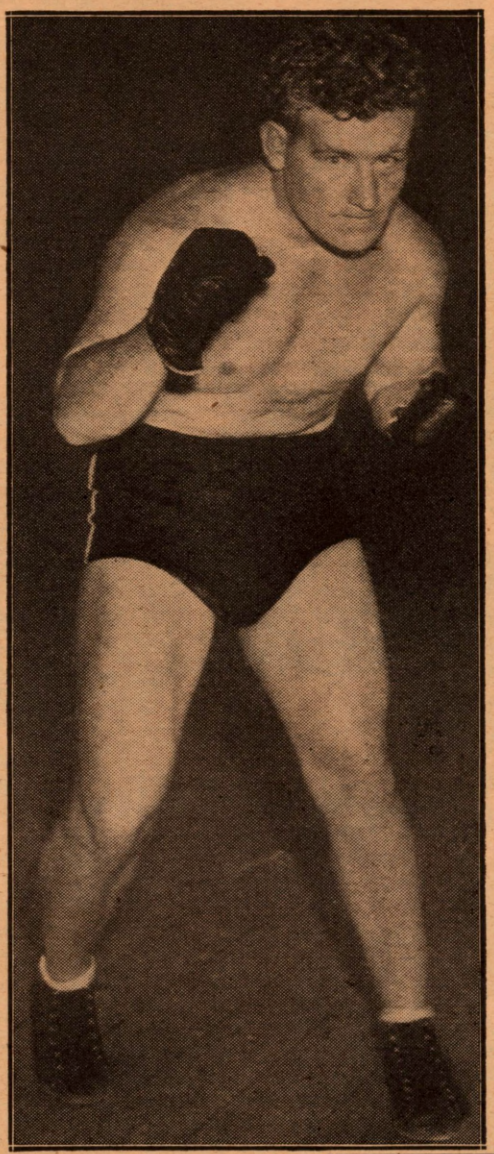
By

RIGHT CROSS

PETE MORAN, Philadelphia's hustling fight manager, has a big fellow in tow who may yet develop into a good heavyweight attraction. His name is Dan Hassett. Dan acted as a sparring mate for Lou Nova when the Californian was in training for his bout with Tony Galento and went 45 rounds with Nova. In addition, he fought a six-round draw with Lou three years ago. It was on December 18, 1936, that Lou and Dan exchanged wallops when both were in the "freshman" period of boxing and after that contest, Hassett withdrew from further ring activity while Lou went on to become a heavyweight of note, before he was turned back by the mauling Galento.



Red Green, "The Signal Kid," a California welter who spent a fortnight in New York.



Dan Hassett, Philadelphia heavyweight who looks like promising material.

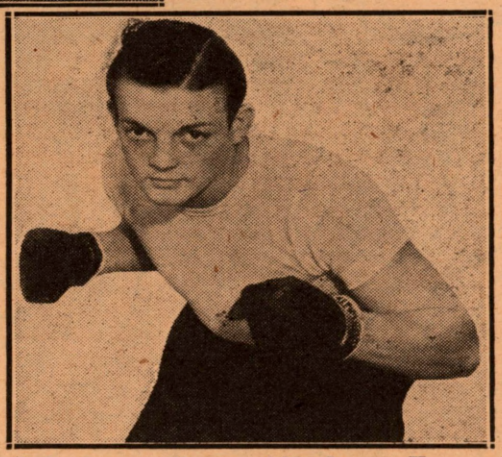
It was Nova's climb to fistic fame that caused Hassett to return to the ring. He decided to take another fling at the game and figured that the best way to get going again, was to act as a sparring mate for the man with whom he had fought a draw.

Nova's best workouts, his keenest competition in camp during his priming for Tony, was furnished by Hassett. Hassett asked for a chance to come back, had his request granted. He went on to win the decision in one of the preliminary bouts to the Galento-Nova fight. This test was against Sunny Jim McVey, of Pittsburgh, a rugged experienced heavyweight whom Hassett clearly outpointed.

Everything is different now. Hassett believes in himself as a fighter. He's back in the ring to make a "go" of it and has instructed his manager, Pete Moran, to get him another chance against Nova, or for that matter, any heavyweight. If the old fighting spirit counts in these days of ups-and-downs in the ring, Dan Hassett, 25 years old, weighing 190 pounds, 5 feet 11 inches tall, will go places.

* * *

JOE MARINELLI, Ohio State featherweight champion, is now residing in New York and anxious to box Joey Archibald for the world's title. Joe is a stablemate of Buddy Knox, heavyweight contender. Joe has had 48 fights and lost only his first fight to Fankie Jarr in Indiana. Two draws and 26 kayo wins are on Joe's splendid record. Joe has 27 straight wins.

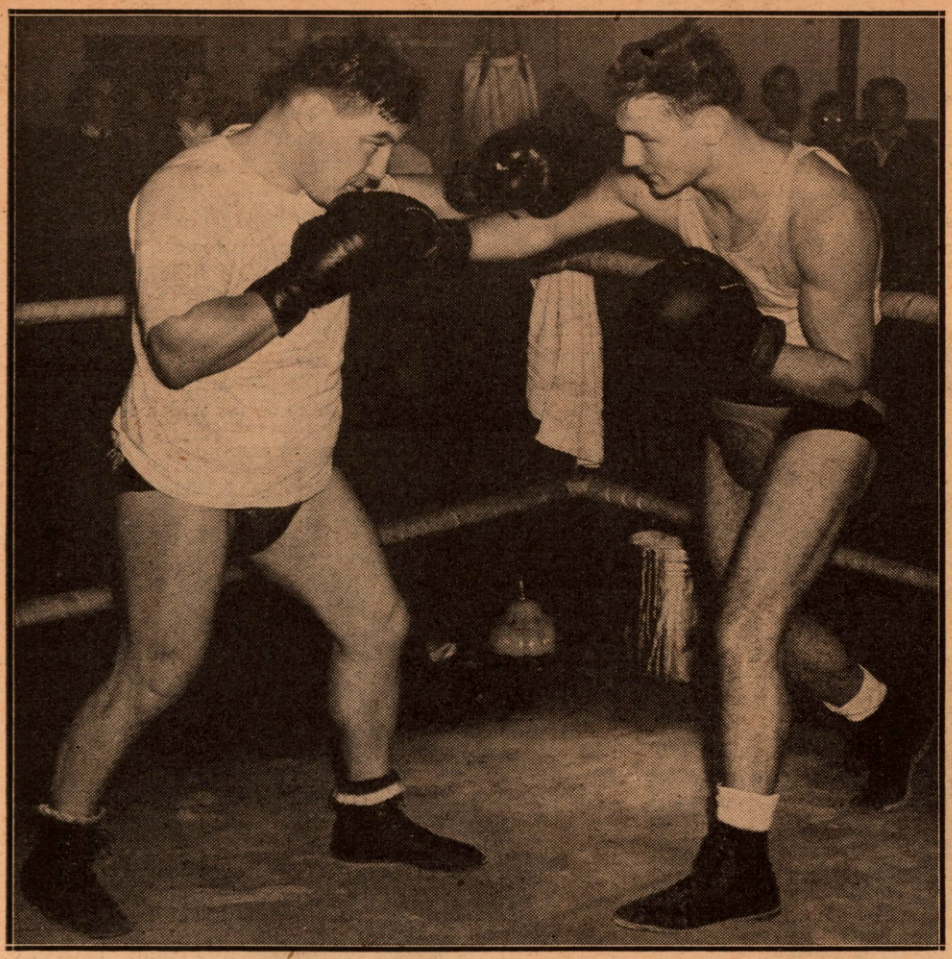


Baby Quentin Breese of Manhattan, Kansas.

Marinelli could have come to New York a year ago, but preferred waiting until he was more experienced and ready for any kind of opposition. Joe has mixed with Herb Gilmore, Lloyd Pine, Jimmy Buckler, Ray Sharkey and others in his Ohio territory, before hitting other spots.

His first fight away from home was in Newark against Dom Barone, tough New York featherweight. Joe dropped him twice to win a one-sided victory. Then he was matched against highly-touted Havana Kid in Detroit and scored a sensational two-round kayo.

Joe reached New York on October 16th, and boxed Minnie Demore, colorful Pittsburgh featherweight. Joe won a thrilling fight. Now he is in line to meet Allie Stoltz, Pete Scalzo and

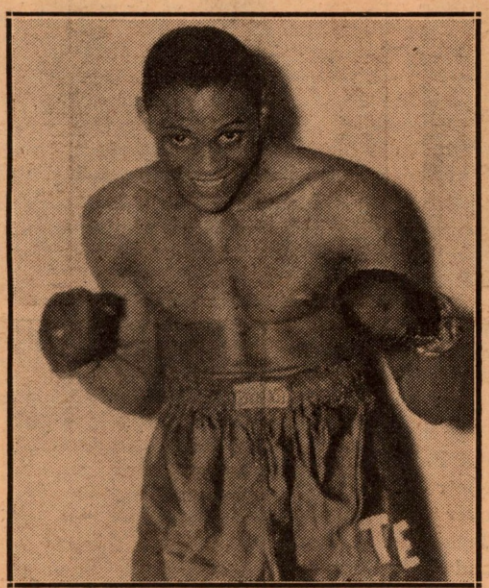


Charley Ketchuck, (right), promising New York State heavyweight and his stablemate, the veteran Joe Banovic. Both are managed by Jersey Jones of Madison Square Garden.

others. He is a hard worker, thinks more of the advice given him by Benny Leonard, than anything else in the world. Joe promised friends in Dayton he would return home with the world's featherweight championship.

* * *

IN New Orleans, the colored folk are mighty proud of two men who have been keeping boxing alive in that vicinity. They are Paul Gray, matchmaker of the Crescent Athletic Club and Young Polite, a boy who is said by his followers to be even a better fighter than are Nick Camarata and Jimmy Perrin, the two outstanding lads in the lighter divisions there. Gray will be recalled as the man who brought out Wesley Farrel, one of the best attractions in recent years in the Crescent City.



Tilton Edgehill, a welterweight from Atlantic City.

When the combination split owing to a difference of opinion in the making of matches, Gray decided to devote all his time to matchmaking and so successful has he been, that the 1,200 members of the club think he is the best at the game in the South. Gray also was instrumental in developing Lucius Fleet who has been a sensation as a welter in California. Gray is now working for Martin Burke and according to the former heavyweight fighter, his matchmaker is aces high in that line.

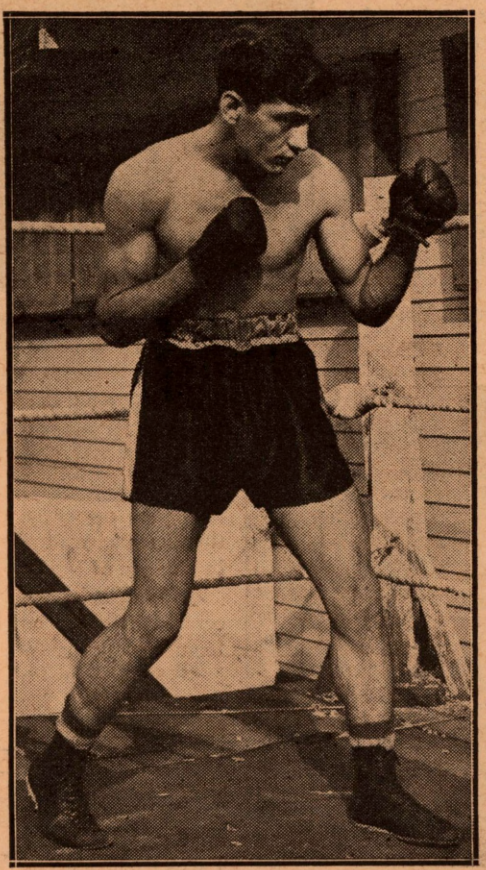
Polite is a fine two handed fighter. He can toss a good wallop and is fearless. He has a record of seventy victories in New Orleans and is the outstanding Negro fighter in Louisiana. Martin Burke says that if negro and white boys could mingle in the ring, a natural in New Orleans would be Polite against Camarata and against Perrin. No club in New Orleans would be big enough to hold the crowd.

The best Negro boys in New Orleans besides Polite are Fast Black, Gene O'Dell, Roland Brown, Al Broome, and Herbert Jones. The most popular out of town lads who have made hits in the city are Holman Williams, Tommy Mollis, Chalky Wright, Cocoa Kid, Harris Blake, Dave Clark and Charley Burley. New Orleans is now a hotbed for boxing and the colored boys are playing their part in the revival of the sport in that city.

George Dawson is president of the Crescent Athletic Club. He is a great hustler.

* * *

HARRY WINKLER, THE RING'S correspondent in California, paid a flying visit to New York during the latter part of October to see the World's Fair and to take his first vacation in many moons. Harry as our California readers know, is interested in publicizing fights and fighters, in promoting and managing. With fighters whom he handles, Wesley Sellers, a classy Irish youth, a former amateur who is making good in the pro ranks and Red Green, the "Signal Kid," also a former simon-pure.



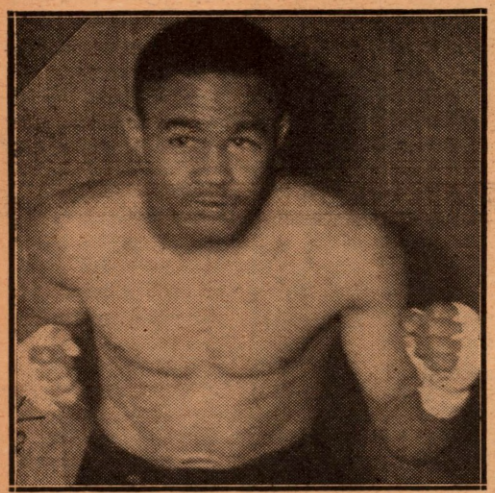
Frankie Wills, a welter who fights in Washington, D. C.

Sellers and Green were thrilled by the sights of New York. While in the Big City, they visited the gymnasiums where the boxers do their training and it was with difficulty that Winkler had to restrain them from donning the togs and doing their bit while on the visit. Had they not been in such a hurry to get going to Boston and then to Florida before making their return, each would have been given a chance to show his wares at the Coliseum by Jimmy Bronson. Sellers is

Jose Estrada, Mexican welter who has been fighting in the South.

bidding for heavyweight recognition with another Binghamton boy, 19-year-old Charley Ketchuck, considered one of the most promising big fellows in the ring today. Ketchuck (pronounced "Keet-chuck") is of Russian parentage, was an outstanding football player in high school, and declined six offers of college scholarships to try his luck in the professional prize ring.

He turned pro last July, and scored six straight victories, four by knockouts, before encountering his first setback on a questionable decision to the more experienced Dan Merritt of Cleveland in one of the preliminaries to the Joe Louis-Bob Pastor championship bout in Detroit.

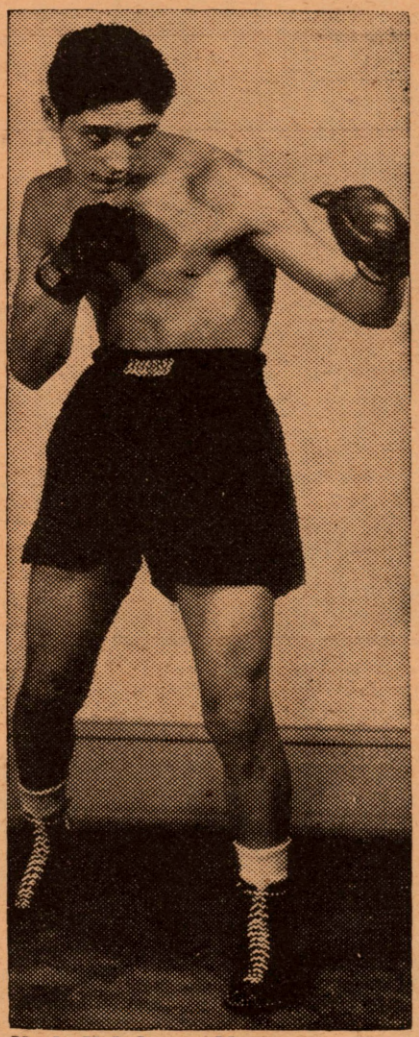


Young Polite, New Orleans colored star who is a big drawing card in the Crescent City.

a lightweight and Green is a welterweight.

* * *

A DECADE ago Jersey Jones came close to winning the light-heavyweight championship with a Binghamton product, Bingo Joe Banovic. Now Jones is



Noah Valadez, a Mexican featherweight who lives in Texas.

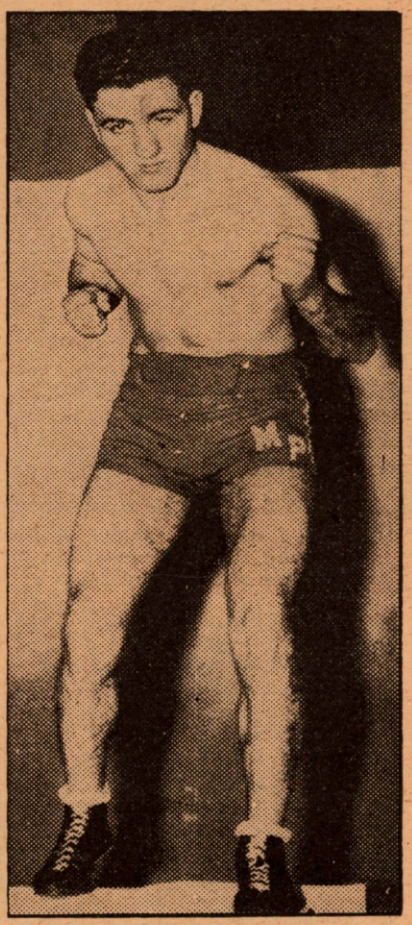
For a heavyweight, Ketchuck is fast, certainly knows how to box, and he packs a thunderous wallop in each fist.

Ketchuck is receiving instructions from Banovic who is trying for a comeback. Joe for several seasons has been Joe Louis' chief sparring mate. The picture which appears with "New Faces," shows Joe Banovic, (left) and Ketchuck, sparring.

WITH a record of 34 knockouts in the 51 bouts in the three years he has been a professional boxer, Baby (Quentin) Breese of Manhattan, Kan., is the latest sensation among the lightweights. It was only recently that he really found himself, just as did Benny Leonard the night he knocked out Joe Mandot at the Harlem Sporting Club, New York. Many critics pegged Breese a "second Jimmy McLarnin."

Breese, called the "Kansas Cyclone," despite his baby-face and good looks, is rough in the ring. He is what is termed as a "smart fighter." He has speed, cleverness, is a hard hitter, game, has plenty of endurance and is ready to meet anybody his manager, George Ades, selects. He has fought men as heavy as middleweights.

The Westerner is of Irish descent. He is 20 years old. The only fight he has had so far which would give one a line on his true ability is that which he had with Joey Alcanter. Baby rocked that battler to sleep in two rounds.

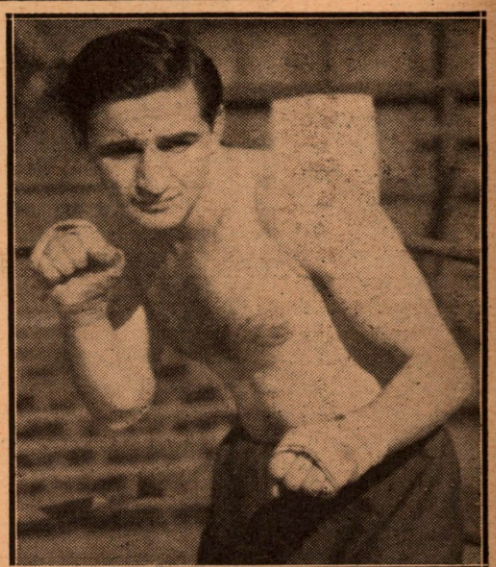


Mickey Page, Providence junior lightweight champion.

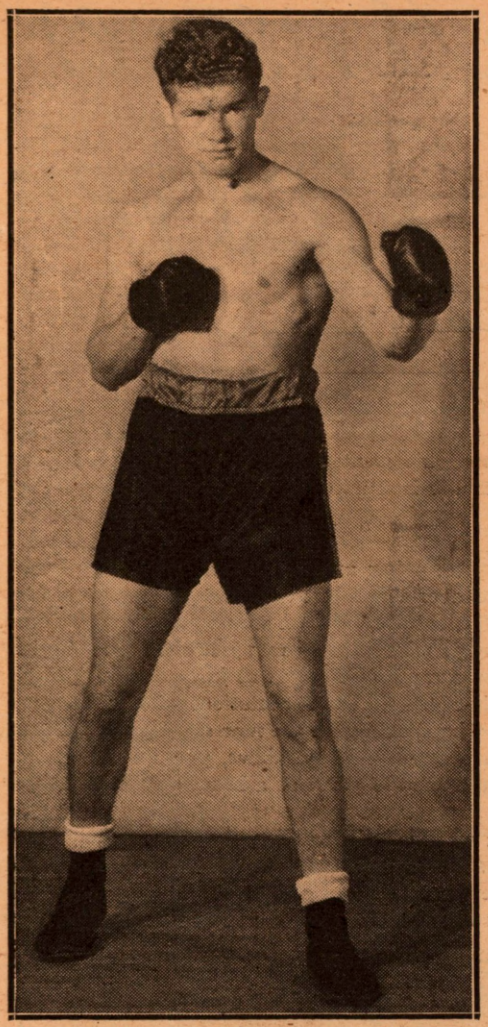
The blonde-haired, blue-eyed, typically Irish-type lad says he acquired plenty of speed and endurance while playing for his high school basketball and football teams back in Manhattan, Kan.

In order to make himself nationally known, Breese has fought in every section of this country. He was a big hit in Los Angeles where he not only knocked out Babe Nunez in one round but won over such stars as Jackie (Kid) Berg and Andy Scrivani.

In Miami he put Joie Ramon to sleep in one round and in Milwaukee he knocked out Harry Booker in two and defeated Indian Billy Lee. In Chicago he put away Meyer Alpert in three heats, knocked out Joe Hernandez in two



Joe Marinelli, Ohio State featherweight king.



Jackie Donovan, former star Buffalo amateur who is making good in pro ranks.

rounds in Kansas City and in the same city flattened Joey Alcanter in two rounds. Last year he scored seven knockouts in 16 contests. He has scored victories over Tony Marteliano and Jimmy Murray.

* * *

JACKIE DONOVAN, sensational young Irish boxer from Buffalo, New York, was born in that city on November 18, 1919. He first began boxing as an amateur in the winter of 1935 in the flyweight division. He won the 112-pound flyweight Golden Gloves title in his second battle. Since then he has defeated 34 amateur boxing champions, including Steve Kukol, 1937 National Golden Gloves lightweight champion, Billy Joyce, 1937 National Golden Gloves featherweight champion, Edgar Waling, 1937 National A.A.U. Senior 126-pound champion, and Jimmy Tygh, Philadelphia champion. Tygh and Joyce have been going great guns in the professional rings since Donovan defeated them.

Donovan, noted for his cleverness, is under the tutelage of Billy Michael, former Naval Academy instructor of boxing at Annapolis, Md. Michael was also trainer for Frank Erne, former lightweight champion of the world from Buffalo, Tommy Ryan, former middleweight champion from Syracuse, and Rocky Kansas, another ex-lightweight titlist from Buffalo.

Young Donovan has won 40 of his 42 amateur battles, losing two decisions, reversing them in return bouts. In four pro bouts, Donovan has knocked out Steve Buccellato, decisioned Irish Joe Nealon and Tommy Tedesco, a former United States Olympic representative, and drew with Harris Blake, recent conqueror of Tony Canzoneri. Donovan has been tabbed the "Irish Imp" by boxing scribes because of his all around cleverness. Old-timers say he is the best boxing prospect Buffalo has turned out in 35 years. Jackie was raised in the old first ward of Buffalo, the toughest place in the world on the west side of the Bowery. It is the same neighborhood Jimmy Slattery, ex-light-heavyweight champion came out of.

* * *

LEONE EFRATI, the Italian featherweight champion, who made a hit in the mid-West last year, has returned to these shores from abroad and is out gunning for the king of the featherweights. Leone is a good fighter and that's why he feels that the king of the division is what he eventually will become.

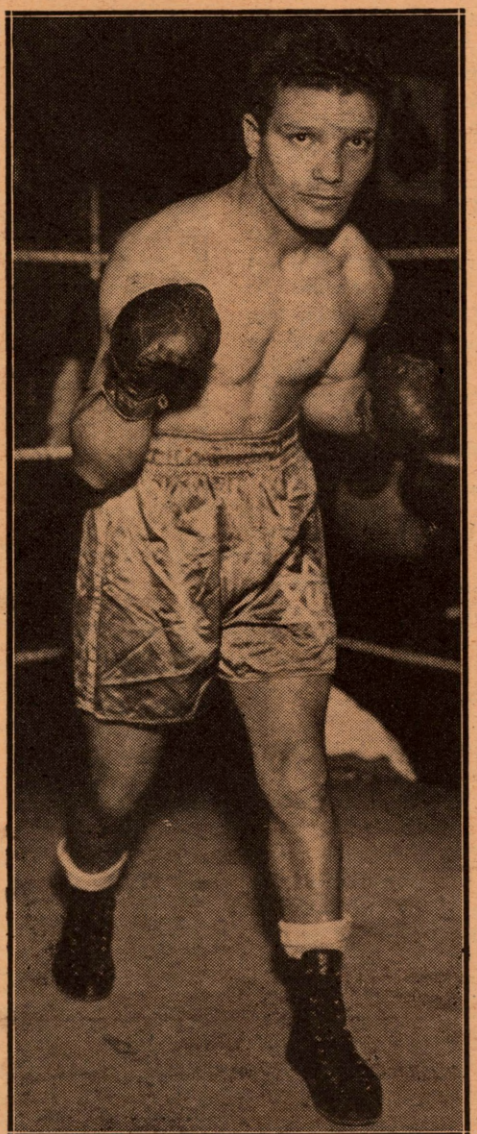
When Promoter Bill Rand of Chicago imported Efrati here last year, the little Italian created quite a furor in and around Chicago, where he took part in 10 contests, losing only one. In that contest the verdict was not received with favor by the fans, who thought that Efrati had won. Among the boys who fought this little fellow were: Leo Rodak, Frankie Covelli, Pete Lello and Eddie Dempsey. All outstanding boys in the Middle West.

Leone Efrati is being handled on this second invasion of the U. S. by the popular mid-Western manager, Emil Nanny. Promoter Rand is hopeful of matching Efrati with Harry Jeffra or Joey Archibald. Efrati is a natural featherweight. He is different from most Italian fighters, as he is a puncher and fighter in place of the boxer. Efrati is a Jewish-Italian refugee. He will be handled in any New York appearance by George Lawrence and Joe Woodman.

* * *

DOWN in Florida they are singing the praises of a welterweight, Jose Estrada, who is cutting quite a figure in the boxing game. Jose, a Mexican lad, is one of the four claimants to the Southern welter crown, his claim coming from the fact that the others refuse to fight him because of his toughness. Only recently Estrada fought a great scrap with Sammy Magro for Jimmy Erwin at Birmingham, with the crowd voicing its approval of the Mexican's ability but the scribes giving Magro the decision. In a return engagement with Magro, the newspaper boys called the bout a draw. Estrada then was brought back to fight Battling Burroughs and won that one. Irish Johnny Dean was next in line, losing to Estrada in Miami, as did Wishy Jones in Birmingham in ten rounds.

During the past three years Estrada has engaged in 49 fights and has never been on the floor from a knockdown during that time. In all his career he has never been knocked out. Of these 49 fights he has lost nine decisions and has fought such boys as: Jimmy Garrison, Pete Galiano, Sixto Morales, K. O. Johnny Stevens, Sammy Magro, Battling Burroughs, Wishy Jones, Irish Johnny Dean, Chino Alvarez, Johnny Cruze, Ceferino Midget Mexico, Baxter Hardy, Stumpy Jacobs, Frankie Saia, Johnny Higgins, and lesser lights during these past three years. In his last fight on October 23, he lost to Kenny La Salle in ten rounds.



Leone Efrati, Italian-Hebrew refugee, who has returned to the States to campaign for the featherweight title.

* * *

TEXAS has a young Mexican featherweight who looms as a splendid prospect. His name is Noah Valadez and his manager is Eddie Davis of San Angelo, Texas. The boy was the hit of the show in which Max Baer knocked out Babe Ritchie. According to Baer, who watched the

(Cont. on page 45)

Billy Duffy, who thinks he has a champion in Benny Morosz.

May Be Answer to Prayer

By NAT FLEISCHER

WILL Joe Louis retire undefeated? Will the Brown Bomber continue to mow down white opponents until, realizing he no longer can find a suitable one, he'll hang up his gloves and call it quits? Will the search for a heavyweight white hope be a successful one?

These are just a few of the queries that one has fired at him whenever fight enthusiasts get together. I have been doing a little thinking of my own on this subject. I have done considerable traveling to see if I could find a heavyweight who might be considered good timber as a prospective opponent of Joe Louis.

I started sectional heavyweight tournaments in various parts of the country and even in Canada in the hopes that out of these at least one young man would eventually find his way into the top rank of contenders. But there were so few heavyweights available that after staging four fights, the tournament came to an end.

However, I came across one heavyweight who seemed to measure up to the standards of a real fighter, a young man from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, who, though the tallest fighter and the heaviest in captivity, looms as the best heavyweight prospect it has been my pleasure to see since I got my first peep at Jack Dempsey. The young man's name is Ben Morosz. He fought on the Nova-Galento card and impressed the big gathering by the manner in which he took the measure of Bill Kettles, a big, brawny fighter of promise, who hails from Mount Vernon, N. Y. Morosz scored a knockout in the fourth round after terrific heart blows, both straight and uppercuts, weakened Kettles to the point of exhaustion.

* * *

I LIKE Morosz because he possesses what it takes to make a good heavyweight. Here are his assets as I see them:

1. He is the largest fighter in the game today. He stands 6 feet, 8 inches in his bare feet.

2. He is the heaviest fighter in the sport. He scales 285 pounds.

3. He is well proportioned, possesses a physically perfect body, has a reach of eighty-eight inches, a chin that can take a punch and is as hard as nails.

4. He has a good fighting stance, moves about the ring like a middleweight, possesses a perfect, stinging jab and can hook a right to the heart like the best of 'em.

5. He is not cocky. He is a willing pupil. He does as he is told. He has ambition and loves the fight game.

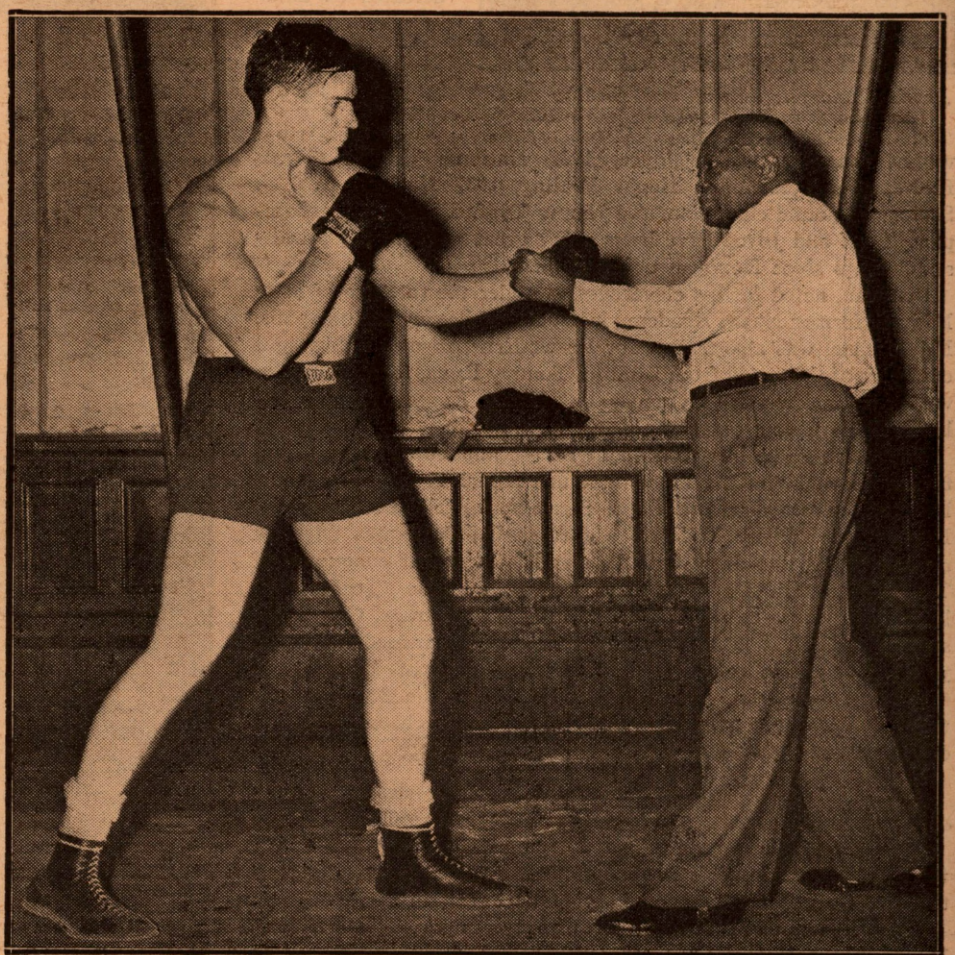
6. He is only nineteen years old, though because of his height and general build, he looks much older.

7. Unlike the giant Carnera, the newcomer is not a freak. He has entered the fighting field to make good on his ability and not on the advertisement that he might receive as the tallest, heaviest fighter in the world. If he cannot make progress on his merits, he has informed his mentor that he will drop his ring career and go back to the iron mills.

* * *

NOW analyze these points and you will soon see why I am so enthused over this latest heavyweight prospect, the first real "white hope," if such we might call him, since Joe Louis came through with a bang to upset the heavyweight equilibrium. Ben may prove in the long end just another fighter, but I feel confident that he'll fill the expectations of his manager, Bill Duffy, and those who, like myself, are now singing his praises. It takes all that I have outlined in the above, plus an abundance of courage, for one to make the grade as a heavyweight, and Ben Morosz has all that.

If the mistake that was made in building up Primo Carnera is not made with Morosz, he'll go a long way. He must not be fed with set-ups, because he is too big and strong, too powerful a hitter over the heart to be given such opponents, and an injury



Benny Morosz, giant of the roped square, taking stance instructions from Jack Johnson, the master of boxing science.

Bill Duffy's Giant, Benny Morosz, Six Feet 8, Scaling 280 Pounds, Is the Most Promising of All White Hopes —Is Fast, Handles Himself Well and Packs a Wallop

Towering six inches over 'Lil Arthur, Benny Morosz poses with outstretched arms to prove he has a greater reach than Jack Johnson. He has—his reach is two and a half inches more.

to a set-up might become a great hazard in Morosz's future. Yet he must not also be thrown against first class talent while still a raw novice, if he is to be developed into a prospective title-holder—such as I think he is. His rise should be along a progressive line, with better talent facing him as he advances. Even a defeat now and then, which I think will be his share when he tackles the tough 'uns, won't affect his standing. He has had only two professional fights at this writing, both victories, the first with Kettles as his opponent and the second at the Royal Windsor Club with Young Hippo from Scranton, the victim, and in each the fans acclaimed the big boy. He stopped Hippo in the second round.

He still has much to learn, but he is getting the finest of instruction from three great teachers of boxing—Jack Johnson, Phil Kaplan and Bill Duffy. There isn't a thing about the finer points of boxing this trio doesn't know. I was watching peerless Jack Johnson teach Morosz the proper stance and how to toss a straight blow with the full effect of the shoulder behind the toss, and it was a pleasure to see the young giant follow the instructions to the letter. In Phil Kaplan, the fistic world had one of the shrewdest boxers in the game a few years ago, and the tricks of the trade that are imparted to Morosz by Phil are making of Ben a finished fighter.

As for Duffy, he is of the old school, wise in the ways of fisticuffs, a keen student of boxing. There isn't a move his charge makes during a training session that isn't closely watched by Bill, and then comes the "blackboard" drill on errors committed. That's the kind of schooling that Morosz is getting, and that's another reason why I think he'll make the grade.

At this writing this boy seems to be the answer to the prayer for a "white hope" to come to the front. Two years of coaching and fighting against the proper type of opponents, bouts to be fought on their merit—not like the phonys engaged in by Carnera, should bring Ben to the point where he will fit in as the opponent for Joe Louis or anyone else holding the crown at that time.

Who is this Ben Morosz? Where does he come from? How did he get started? How come he hasn't been heard of up to now? Well, here's the story:

* * *

BENNY MOROSZ comes from Ukrainian stock. His mother and father were born in Ukrainia but Benny was born in Philadelphia. His grandfather was seven feet tall, and his grandmother six feet, nine inches. Benny is only an inch shorter than his grandma.

Benny is being handled by Al Nelson and Bill Duffy. When Morosz was sixteen years old, he approached Nelson, a Philadelphian, and asked Al to teach him how to box. When Nelson learned that the boy was only in the second year at Central High School, he told the lad to finish school first and then come back two years later.

Benny accepted that advice, went back to school and joined the football squad. The coach of the team was unable to obtain shoes large enough for Morosz and that kept the kid on the sidelines. His size also proved a big handicap to himself in his classes. He found himself kidded so much that he decided to quit school.

Benny found a job as stevedore the first day he went looking for work. Then he became a laborer, and with natural strength, it didn't take long for him to become master of the tough 'uns.

He joined an amateur club and went back to Nelson for instructions, Al being quite proficient in the art of fisticuffs. Benny was groomed for four months, then entered the *Daily News* Golden Gloves tournament, which he won readily. With that title under his belt, he got the urge to turn professional, but was persuaded to continue for a while as an amateur, and he did. He was entered in the Silver Gloves tourney and won that also, then turned pro.

Nelson and Duffy watched the boy's progress. They decided to keep him under cover for a year, during which time they kept drilling him in the finer points of the game. For fourteen months he was not given an opportunity to show in public. That long period was the schooling period. Then came the big break.

* * *

MOROSZ, though well cared for by his mentors, didn't like the idea of being kept on the sidelines and protested. He said he wanted some kind of a job to keep him busy. His request was granted. He received a job at the Midvale Steel Works and there he worked for six months. That was the hardening period. When he left the job, he was hard as nails, ready for his pro test.

While working at the steel mills, his mentors kept feeding him fistic knowledge. They tried hard to get sparring mates for the big boy, but without success, so Nelson took the bull by the horns, and each night after the work at the mills was over, Al would go to the basement of the Morosz home and give Benny special lessons.

Duffy and Nelson soon thought their charge was ready for a public showing and matched him with Bill Kettles. In his debut, Benny won by a knockout in four rounds.

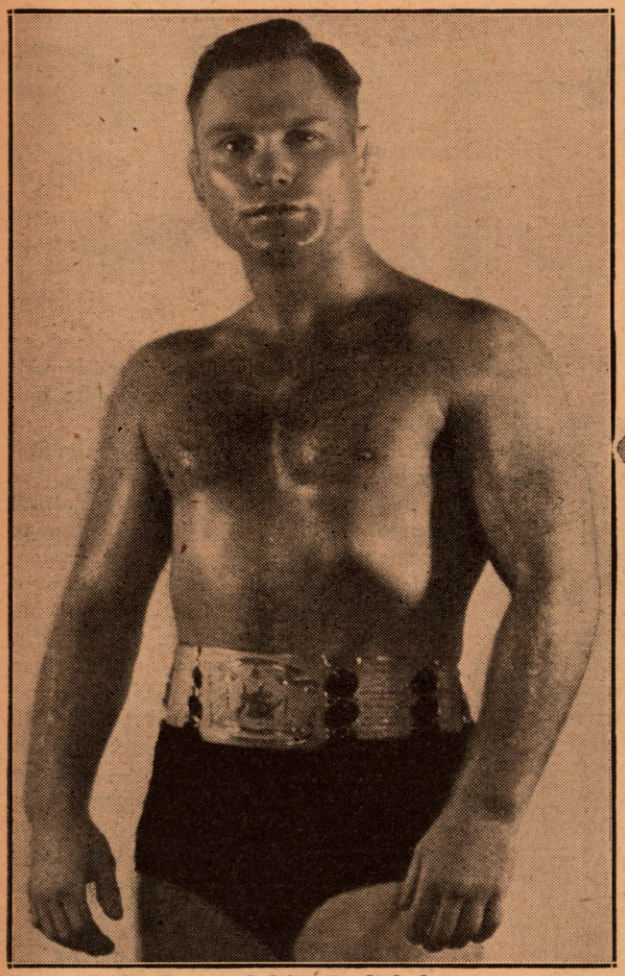
With that victory under his belt, Duffy decided to take Benny to New York for additional schooling. Each day, with excellent sparring mates to give him a good workout, George Brescia among them, Morosz is seen in the ring of Charley Doeserick's Pioneer Club on West 44th Street and Ninth Avenue.

With Duffy as chief of staff, Jack Johnson and Phil Kaplan, his aides, the big fellow is put through his paces an hour more than any other boxer in the Pioneer Gym. Long after all have left, Benny is still on the job. He likes the work and is keen about his future.

Duffy and Nelson have also taken over the reins on Ossie Stewart, who just returned from a successful tour of Australia.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

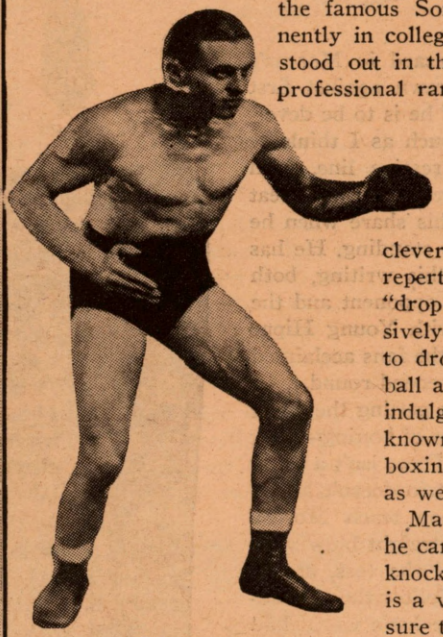
By AL MAYER



Wild "Red" Berry, California light-heavyweight champion.

NO wrestling promoter pays more attention to the introduction of new mat talent each season than does Jack Pfeffer, who for close on sixteen years has been importing them from every corner of the globe. There was a time when Pfeffer used to devote his time searching for mat freaks. Those were the days when fans clamored for pachyderms of all types and the bigger they came and the uglier they were, the better they liked them. But times have changed. Fans no longer go for that sort of stuff. Today they want to see young, well trained, clever and speedy athletes in action. That's why Jack has a bunch of young, well-conditioned grapplers in tow. With the indoor season in full blast, it may be well to look over the new faces and get acquainted with them. Let us start with:

MAURICE BOYER. He is a Frenchman who was born in Paris 23 years ago. He has been over here only a short time. Exceptionally well educated, he studied at the Lycee Champolion, Grenoble, and finished his education at the famous Sorbonne in Paris. He figured prominently in college sports—football and wrestling. He stood out in the latter sport long before he joined professional ranks.

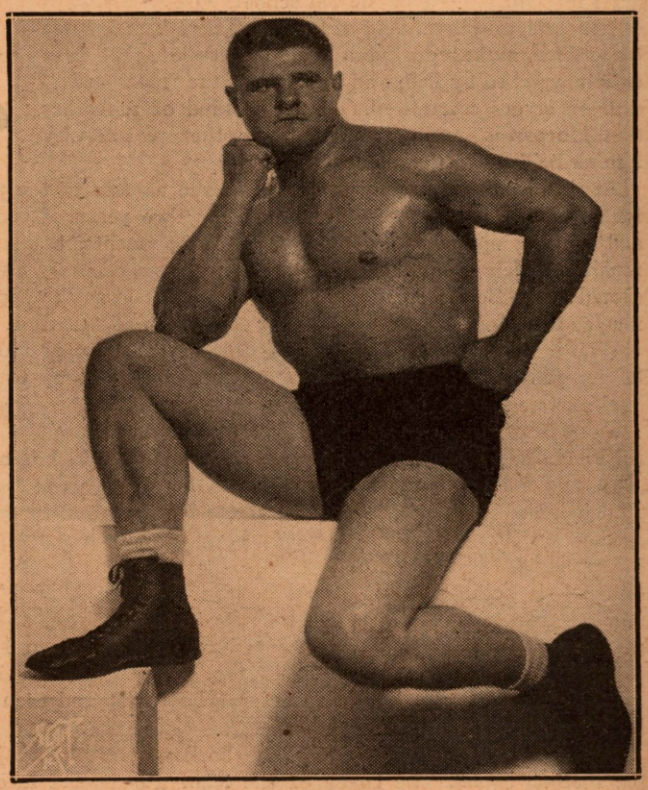


Otto Wallick, a German, now performing on these shores.

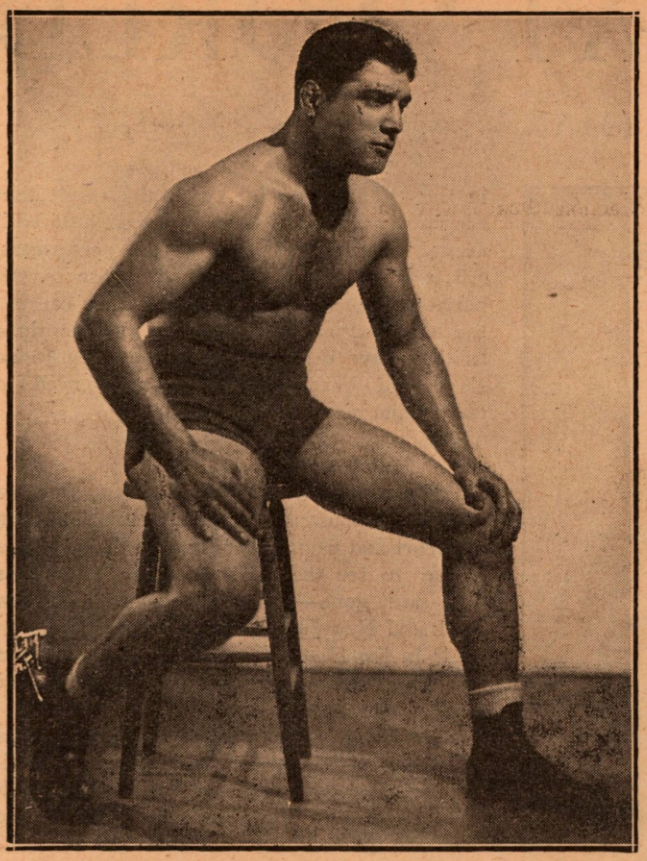
Before he had been here many weeks, fans tagged the nickname of "French Glamor Boy" after his name, because of his good looks as well as his classy performances. Maurice is clever and knows the holds. He has a repertoire of his own, including the famed "drop-kick" heretofore considered exclusively American. Maurice says he learned to dropkick in France while playing football as it is played in Europe, and also by indulging in that exclusive French sport known as "La Savate," a French style of boxing in which the boxer uses his feet as well as his hands.

Maurice is so adept at the dropkick that he can kick a man right on the button and knock him out cold. Yes, the Frenchman is a very spectacular athlete, a boy who is sure to make a big hit with fans. He stands 5 feet, 10 inches, and tips the scales at 196 pounds.

Maurice Boyer, French wrestler, an all-around athlete.



Benny Rosen, 6 feet, 3 inches, Jewish heavyweight.



Gino Martinelli, Italian light-heavyweight wrestler.

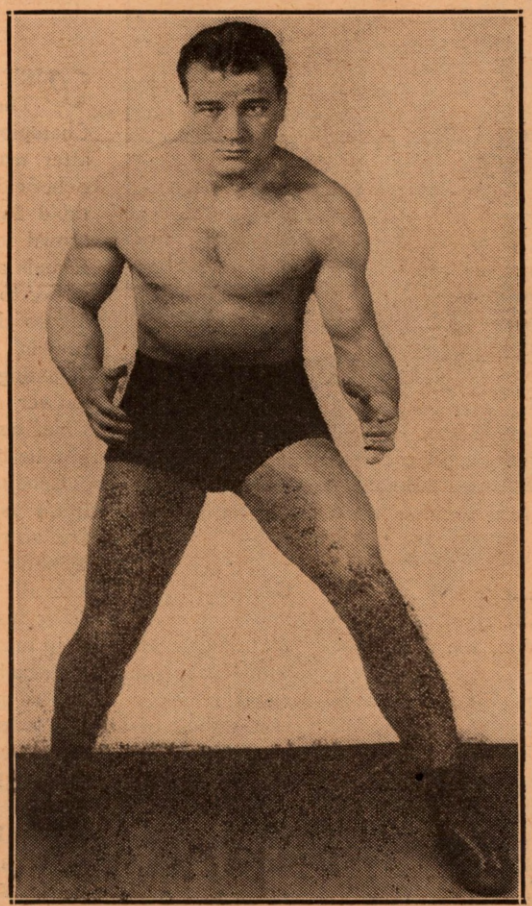
ABE ROTHBERG. A new Jewish wrestler who because of his dapper appearance is known as "Gentleman" Abe Rothberg. When we say that Rothberg is new, he is in these parts, because it is the first time he has shown his wares in New York. But in the Middle West and West he is a well known wrestler, a man who has engaged the best matmen in the country and is a standout.

Rothberg is 25 years old. He turned pro immediately after leaving college. He stands 5 feet, 9 inches, but is very muscular and strong but not muscle-bound as are so many strong wrestlers. He moves fast, is aggressive and believes in the scientific wrestling. Rothberg doesn't go in for rough stuff. He likes to match his strength and cleverness against an opponent who understands the wrestling art as well as he does.

* * *

OTTO WALLICK, is Jack Pfeffer's latest importation from Germany. Wallick arrived here several months ago and was picked by Jack to make the trip because of his excellent work in European wrestling tournaments. Otto made the trip across just before the present European unpleasantness started.

Wallick measures up with the best German wrestlers who have come to this country in the past. And when we say that, we are paying the young 23 years old star a compliment, if you consider the top matmen Germany has developed in the past.



Lou Kesz, heavyweight from Budapest.

* * *

LOU KESZ. He is 22 years old, 5 feet, 10 inches and weighs 194 pounds. He was born in Budapest. According to experts who have seen him in action, this boy Kesz is going to be a big attraction over here. He has everything. There isn't a flaw in his wrestling armor. Speed, courage, ability to take it and some of the cleverest mat tricks seen in any ring are possessed by him.

Jackie James, young Greek star.

Tremendous shoulders, strong legs and sturdy arms are among his assets. He has the speed of a track star and a quick thinking head. Lou Kesz is a real WRESTLER—make no mistake about that!

* * *

GINO MARTINELLI. Gino Martinelli is 26 years old. He is well known to mat fans around here. He was the most popular Italian light-heavy in the game two seasons ago when he starred in every prominent club in New York and vicinity.

He now returns after an absence of two seasons. Italian fans who dote on this boy will be there rooting for him strong to come through. He stands 5 feet, 11 inches, and tips the beam at 202 pounds.

* * *

BENNY ROSEN. He is the biggest Hebrew wrestler to join mat ranks in years. He stands 6 feet, 3 inches, tips the scales at 240 pounds *(Continued on page 44)*

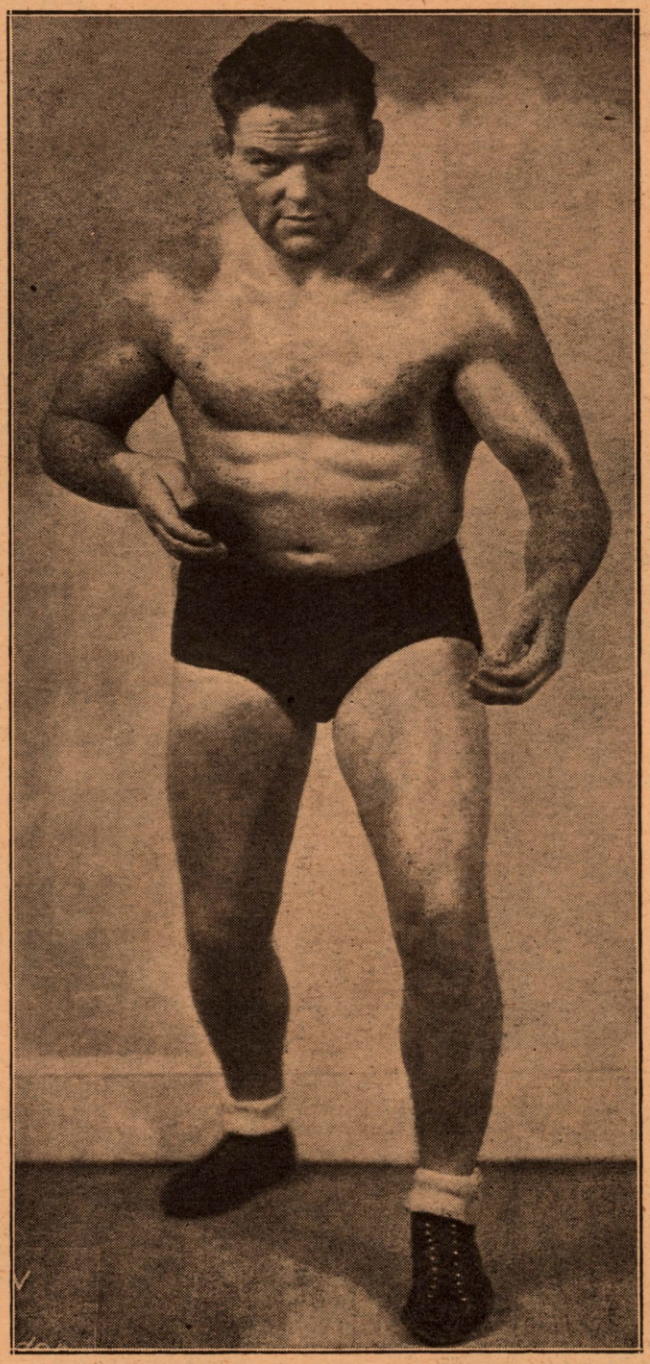
NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By "THE MATMAN"

THE battle for supremacy in the East between Jack Pfeffer and the forces aligned against him is getting hotter and hotter. Rudy Dusek, one of the greatest showmen in the mat sport, is the New York representative of the faction headed by Paul Bowser of Boston and Ray Fabiani of Philadelphia, while Pfeffer is paddling his own canoe with no help whatsoever in the East but in working agreement with Tom Packs in the Mid-West.

It seems that the sport will continue to suffer until such time as the rival factions make peace, something that can be done and should be done if the followers of wrestling ever hope to see the sport back where it was a few years ago.

What is needed is the appointment of a Judge Landis of Wrestling, a man who not only knows the game from A to Z but whose business acumen would enable him to handle a tense and most complicated situation with kid gloves to the satisfaction of all promoters. If the promoters could be gotten together and agree upon such a man, there is no reason why the prosperity that should go with honest-to-goodness wrestling matches wouldn't come back. But so long as the cut-throat competition continues, with the rival promoters going at each other in hammer-and-tong fashion, the mat game will remain in a dormant state.



Dean Detton, who is a popular wrestler in California.

With the home-coming of many stars from England, South Africa and Australia, Bobby Bruns, Jack Sherry, Jim Londos, among others, the field is ripe now for big doings. With the Dusek boys as popular as ever, Yvon Robert, Casey and O'Mahony doing their stunts before the New England fans, a combination that would leave the field open for all hands to compete, would pack 'em in again.

There is no reason why the promoters can't get together and permit the best men of their group to have it out with the best in the Pfeffer combine, with the result that the fans could be treated to real contests with evenly matched grapplers as the performers. All it needs is a little common sense on the part of the promoters and I hope they can see the hand-writing on the wall if they continue as they have during the past year. A Judge Landis of Wrestling is what we need to clarify the situation.

* * *

WRESTLING was once a vast empire with thousands of ardent fans following the sport and paying a million or more dollars a year to see the stars in action, but those days are gone—at least temporarily. New York and New Jersey, which were the strongholds in the East, are now catering only to a handful compared to what was in attendance in the past.

The fans have become sick of the squabbles and the wrestlers and promoters are the sufferers. A get-together is needed and with it a complete clean-up. Real wrestling should take the place of grunts and groans. The sectional territories must be merged. The promoters must toss aside their fishy champions and place the title where it means something —in open competition.

THE RING has done its share to elevate the sport, but won't continue to give its valuable space much longer to phony wrestling.

* * *

WRESTLING News from Hawaii, by Theodore Yamachika follows: World's Champion Jim Londos left for the mainland after making his farewell appearance at the Schofield Bowl before a record crowd of 9,000 rabid fans. Incidentally, this was the largest crowd to appear at a wrestling show in the Islands and is indicative of the great drawing power to the popular Greek. Wrestling according to the Australian rule of six ten-minute rounds, Londos encountered no difficulty in defeating Thunderbird, who was unable to answer the gong for the fifth round. The Chief was badly hurt when the champion threw him head first after an airplane spin.

Londos proved to the satisfaction of Honolulu's fans that he is a fighting champion and afraid of no one. His victories over Chief Thunderbird, Oki Shikina, Vic Christy and George Pencheff were all very impressive. Never once was he in any danger of losing his crown. He could have demanded a Hawaiian championship match with Oki Shikina and undoubtedly would have won it, too, had he so wished. But while here, he demanded little and showed much. When he left, it was with the best wishes of all the ardent wrestling fans. Previously Londos had planned a round-the-world honeymoon trip but the war in Europe made him change his mind. We do hope he returns to Honolulu again some day.

Londos told Promoter Al Karasick that Ignacio Martinez, the 263-pound, 6 feet, 5¾ inch Portuguese Man O' War, as he is called here, is a very fine grappler. Martinez is only twenty-four years old, was born in Portugal and came to the United States

George Zaharias, the Crying Greek, who is barnstorming in Honolulu after a successful invasion of Australia.

after appearing in main events in Madrid and Paris. He has an enviable U. S. record. He has appeared in almost every large city and has won over 95% of his bouts. Right now he is clamoring for a Hawaiian championship match with the defending champion, Oki Shikina. The Portuguese fans now claim Martinez as their champion although there is a possibility that Al Pereira, who is still in Honolulu, may come out from retirement and challenge the claim.

After a successful tour in Australia, George Zaharias, the Crying Greek, is back barnstorming in Honolulu. He is still as popular as ever. He battered Danny Dusek into a helpless heap and won the only fall by hefty kneeing of Danny's tummy. He also pinned Chief Thunderbird, two out of three falls, and easily subdued Paul Boesch of Brooklyn.

* * *

JACK DARO'S tournament in Los Angeles will end with his winner facing Jim Londos in what is to be advertised as a bout for the world title. The best wrestler on the Pacific Coast is Lee Wyckoff, and a championship match between him and Londos, with no strings attached to either, would be one worth seeing. Remember the Wyckoff-Strangler Lewis bout in New York? Each wrestler more than two hours without a toss, and the bout showed the merits of Lee as a first class wrestler.

Out in California the cream of the grapplers are performing, among them Sammy Stein, Lee Wyckoff, Nick Lutze, Hans Steinke, Vincent Lopez, Hardy Kruskamp, Dr. Len Hall and Leo Numa.

Cowboy Carl Davis is a showman who has a good following on the Pacific Coast. Sandor Szabo, when not on the movie lot, is performing on the mat. There is no more popular wrestler in the country than the Hungarian.

* * *

Lee Wyckoff, star matman, who is to meet Jim Londos for the world heavyweight title in California.

MARK HOSELY, raised on a farm in Wisconsin, is a one-time big game hunter. Hosely made trips to Africa and Asia in quest of the jungle beasts. He is an expert with the rifle. He has hunted successfully big game. He is a rattling good wrestler, as well as a hunter. He says that his love for hunting caused him to become a wrestler so that he could travel the world at the expense of the promoters to places where he could wrestle and hunt.

* * *

Ernie Powers started out studying for the priesthood, but turned to wrestling, in which sport he has made good.

* * *

With the four Dusek brothers in action and the four Garibaldis again on the warpath along the Eastern shore, the promoters are finding it lucrative to bill the rival troupes. On several occasions it has been Rudy, Ernie, Emil and Joe Dusek vs. Gino, Ralph, Tony and Chick Garibaldi, respectively.

* * *

Wrestling again around the Middle Atlantic States sector is that Texas Terror, Rebel Bob Russell. Reb is of the rough, tough school.

* * *

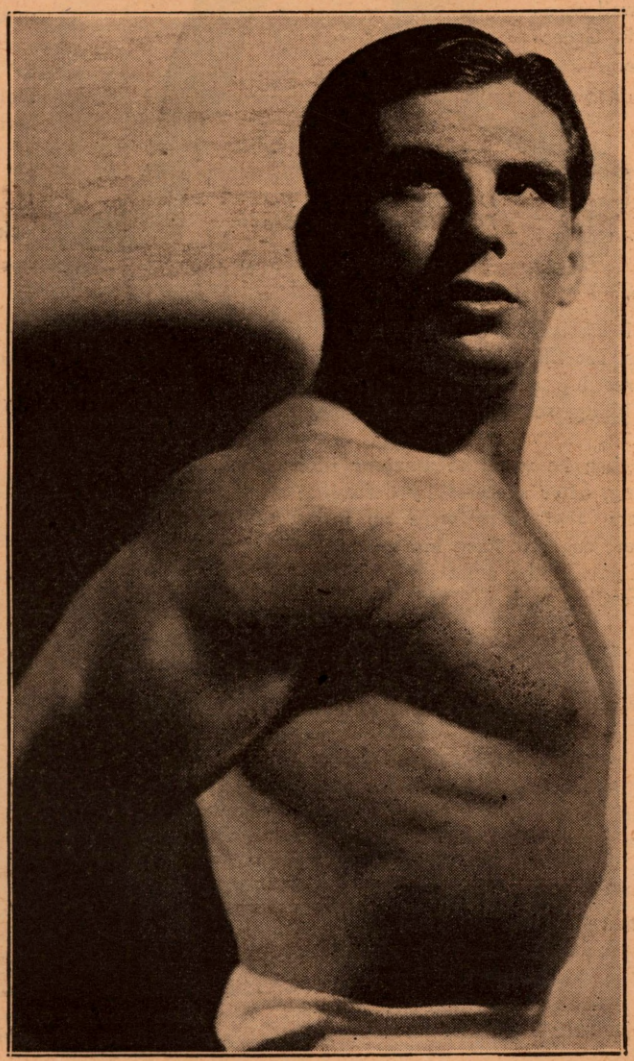
Henry Kulkavich, the Lon Chaney of the mat, still manages to send the fans home raving about his ability to "steal the show." Kulky is a super showman. He is one of the most daring chance-takers in the business.

* * *

Keep your eyes on Bob "Strangler" Wagner, a product of the Northwest. Bobby recently embarked on an Eastern mat invasion and it didn't take long for the fans to dub him "a bad man."

* * *

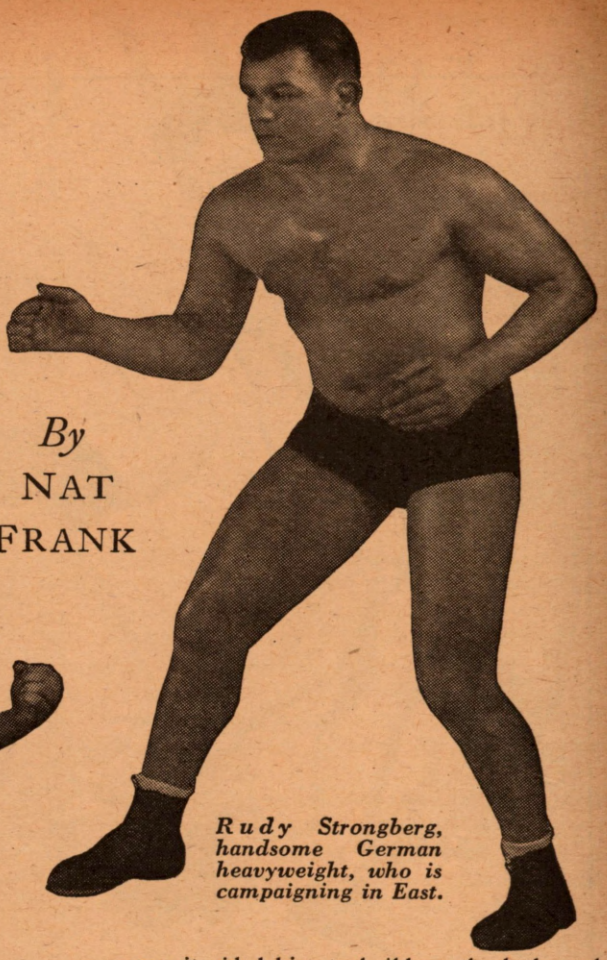
Abe Yourist, that sterling Seattle star, has become a fixture around these parts. This 6 foot, 4 inch Hebrew star has a big following.



Jesse James, New Yorker, who has a big following on the Pacific Coast, where they like his pleasing style.

Dusek Gets New Talent

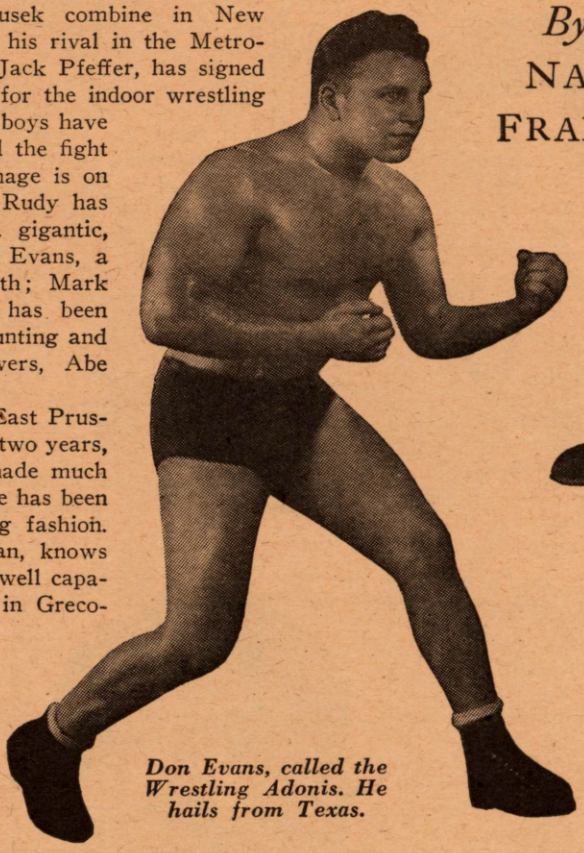
By NAT FRANK



Rudy Strongberg, handsome German heavyweight, who is campaigning in East.

RUDY DUSEK, who is the man at the helm in the Bowser-Fabiani-Dusek combine in New York and vicinity, like his rival in the Metropolitan District, Jack Pfeffer, has signed many new faces for the indoor wrestling campaign. Several of the Pfeffer boys have joined the rival organization and the fight for supremacy and public patronage is on in earnest. Among those whom Rudy has signed are Rudy Strongberg, a gigantic, handsomely built German; Don Evans, a Texan, with considerable strength; Mark Mosely, a Wisconsin lad, who has been traveling around the world on hunting and wrestling ventures; Ernie Powers, Abe Yourist and Henry Kulkavich.

Rudy Strongberg, a native of East Prussia, has been in this country only two years, but in that short time he has made much progress in the wrestling field. He has been winning his battles in convincing fashion. Strongberg is a master showman, knows all the tricks of the trade, and is well capable of meeting his rivals either in Greco-Roman style or in the catch-as-catch-can methods. His varied assortment of holds, his ability to squirm out of tight spots, his canny art of outsmarting his antagonists, has made him a favorite.



Don Evans, called the Wrestling Adonis. He hails from Texas.

He quit high school when only sixteen years of age. Being mechanically inclined, he learned several trades. In turn he was a bricklayer, a blacksmith and an electrician. He went in for sports. He liked boxing and became an amateur pugilist. He liked wrestling and joined an amateur club. He found wrestling to his liking, so he hung up his fistic mitts and became a wrestler.

He only weighed 190 pounds when he won the amateur title of his native East Prussia. Finding, after successfully defending his laurels against all challengers, that there were no more foes to conquer, and promoters were eager to have him turn professional, he accepted an offer. He gave up his amateur championship, went in for professional wrestling back in 1936, and from the outset he made good.

He scales 225 pounds and is 6 feet tall. He was born in East Prussia, February 25, 1911.

* * *

DON EVANS, known as the wrestling Adonis, is a powerful grappler. He is a daring, ruthless matman who throws caution to the winds and sails into an opponent from the clang of the gong with only one object in mind—beat his man to it, or take a beating himself. And he usually comes through with the former.

Don celebrated his twenty-second birthday on June 22, last. He was born in Houston, Texas, where he gained his schooling. He became a body-building addict in early life and has been at it since. He won the inter-high school competition for strong men, and later gained the state title. He took up wrestling because it aided him to build up the body and made good.

He attributes his knowledge of wrestling to Farmer Burns, who was his instructor. Don was an apt pupil and one of Burns' favorites. Four years ago on Farmer Burns' advice, Don turn pro. He is 6 feet tall, scales 225 pounds and is an impressive wrestler. He specializes in the use of the flying headlock, flying tackle and drop kick.

* * *

DUSEK has a chip of the old block in Bobby Managoff, son of a famous wrestler of several years back. Bobby, an athlete of note in his school days, is one of the best all-around performers in the mat sport today. Besides strength, he carries into the ring with him plenty of guts and a knowledge of the finer points of the sport, learned from his famous dad.

The three Stooges of movie fame, Curley, Larry and Moe, pose with Bobby Managoff.

Bobby has been wrestling professionally about three years, and during that time he has clashed with some of the best men in the field and has made much progress. He is one of this winter's headliners in the U. S.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 16)

"Frank Erne lost his crown to Gans at Fort Erie, Can., in 1902, at 136 pounds, by a knockout in the first round and as champion, Gans defended his championship at various weights. When he fought Battling Nelson, he was forced to scale in with shoes and trunks at 133 because Nelson's manager threatened to call off the fight otherwise and Joe needed the money too badly. That's what killed poor Joe—that weight-making for Nelson.

"Nelson and Ad Wolgast, both small fellows, insisted on 133 pounds for the title defense, but when Willie Ritchie lost the title to Freddy Welsh, the weight was 135 pounds, and Benny Leonard won the crown from Welsh at that weight.

"What possible right had Britt or any other challenger to ask Gans to make a certain weight, I ask you, as Sports Editor of one of the Nation's great papers? Who was the title-holder at the time, Britt or Gans?

"Joe Gans yielded to Nelson only because Manager Nolan threatened to cancel the affair. Had Gans not yielded, he would have lived many more years instead of passing away shortly after from consumption. Gans' normal fighting weight was 135. I examined him on several occasions and know whereof I speak.

"The present scale is 135 all over the world—universally adopted and at 135, there wasn't a fighter alive in the lightweight class who could have beat Joe Gans."

So here our readers get as fine a resume of the weight conditions in lightweight championships as has ever been prepared. Fortunately today the limits are set and there can be no phenagling. Now and then in over-the-weight matches a boy who meets a champion is forced to scale in beyond what he actually scales in order to meet the contract conditions, but on a whole, the system in vogue under commission rules is far better than the elastic system of Gans' days. The lightweight limit for title bouts has varied since Jack McAuliffe's reign from 128 pounds to 137½, the highest it ever was, when McAuliffe beat Myer.

* * *

PAUL DOUCET, 21, better known in Canadian boxing circles as Lulu Kid, a lad who shared the fistic spotlight across the border with Eddie Wenstob, Dave Castilloux, Tiger Warrington, Sammy Luftspring, Maxie Berger, Baby Yack and others of that caliber, was killed in an automobile accident on October 8. Canada has lost a boxer of considerable promise, who was an inspiration to the many Canadian amateurs as well as those who had turned to the money ranks.

He was a clean living chap, well liked and active in charitable affairs. At the time of his death, he was the Eastern Canadian welterweight champion. His name in sports circles was a household word in Bathurst, where he lived and in the surrounding mining district where he had a big following. He was an outstanding performer and as such, left a horde of mourners.

His knockout by the Grim Reaper was the first he had suffered in his career.

During the past few weeks I have received more than my usual number of letters asking for advice on matters pertaining to physical education, a subject I have studied with considerable interest and in which field I feel I am quite proficient. The majority of the queries hinged on body improvement, reducing weight and straightening of the spine. Most of the letters were from boys who are taking up boxing, and indicate that the lads of today who are following the sport either as amateurs or professionals, are paying more attention to their physical condition than did the boxers of years ago.

Drinking and smoking were prevalent among boxers in the old Horton Law days and for many years following. It is only since the World War that the better element started to take up the sport and today the profession is full of young, well built, physically trained lads who realize that clean living makes for good, efficient fighting.

The cases of many of those who write to me about their physical ailments brings to my attention something I would like to discuss for the benefit of those who might be helped, as I have been. Two years ago I gave up a practice of daily exercising, something I had been doing for many years. It didn't take long before I lost the spring in my walk and my vitality was lessened. When I worked late at night, I suffered headaches. I began to realize that age was creeping up on me.

I waited a long time before I called on my friend, the man whom I regard as the best physical culture instructor in America, Joseph Pilates of 939 Eighth Avenue, New York City, one street above Stillman's Gymnasium. He is the inventor of many contraptions to aid in physical development, most of which I have used and with which I am familiar.

I went to his studios to resume my work on his exercising machines and much to my surprise I found him working on a new contraption which he calls "Between Door Gym." It is a most simple apparatus, costs very little and after working with him for three days, I decided to have one installed in my office. I have used it daily, every morning, with fine results.

I mention this just to show how simple it is for one to keep in perfect physical condition, regardless of age—I celebrated my fifty-third birthday on November 3. It is something for every business man, every one who has to sit indoors, should think about. You can avoid operations, heart ailment, and other defects by keeping in trim regardless of your athletic ability and the best way to do that is by correct, mental-controlled exercises. Write to Prof. Pilates and ask him to send you a prospectus. I highly recommend him.

Years ago when Jack Dempsey was suffering from weak legs and gave up boxing for refereeing, three visits to Prof. Pilates put him in condition to continue his work as a referee. It was Prof. Pilates who taught Max Schmeling in Hamburg, Germany, the exercises which he used throughout his training periods in America and which kept Max in perfect physical trim. He has had many of our famous boxers in his studios, but is too modest to keep his name in the spotlight. He has kept me in trim and I regard him as a marvel.

His patronage comes from doctors, lawyers, actors, teachers, athletes and ordinary businessmen. In my opinion, he is God's gift to mankind.

Son Relates Thrill

(Continued from page 27)

building until he saw Bob Edgren come out. He stepped out into the crowd and landed a heavy paw on Big Bob's back with a jovial, full-armed swing. In fact, he playfully turned his hand on edge, thinking it would be a better joke.

Edgren, suddenly assaulted from the rear with a blow that knocked him dizzy, thought somebody had taken a swipe at him with a blackjack. Automatically he whirled and let drive at the man before him with all his might. His fist caught the unprepared Fitzsimmons in the stomach, doubled him up, and sat him down on the sidewalk.

"Good night!" thought Edgren. "It's Fitz!"

Without waiting to explain, he turned and ran into an elevator, made the astonished operator immediately take him up to the sport department, where he ran to his office and locked himself in.

In a minute or two, he heard Fitz come into the department and talk to the office boy. The conversation went something like this:

"Is Bob Edgren in?"

"No, he ain't, Mr. Fitzsimmons."

"Say, that's too bad. You know what 'e just did to me? H'I 'it 'im from behind, an' 'e turned around an'—haw, haw!—knocked me down! Haw, haw! That's too good to keep. Is the managing editor in?"

"Yeah—down there—that door on the right—"

"Hey—Mr. Tennant! Did you 'ear wot just 'appened to me?" yelled Fitz. In a moment he was in the m.e.'s office telling the story over again. In a short while everyone on the paper had heard it—Fitz going from floor to floor and laughing with great glee each time he found a new group of listeners.

One result was that every last man on the staff who had borrowed a buck or two from the sport editor "until next pay day" came in and paid it off.

The Roscommon Giant

(Continued from page 25)

keep his feet for eight rounds under the attack of the Pittsburgher. But in the ninth Moran connected with his "Mary Ann" to Coffey's jaw and the Harlem candidate for the class honors again was counted out.

Coffey went along fighting for two more years, and had much success in flattening a majority of his opponents. In 1917 Coffey stopped Sam Nolan, Joe Cox, Terry Kellar and Joe Bonds, but was held to no-decision finishes by Bob Devere, Carl Morris, Bartley Madden, Battling Levinsky and Bill Brennan.

In 1918, which was Coffey's last year as a boxer, he had two decisionless bouts with Battling Levinsky, and three exhibition bouts with Joe Jeannette. All told, he had four chances to stop Levinsky and never once reached his jaw with knockout force. Coffey, in his early bouts, looked to be an excellent title prospect, but it developed as he progressed that he could not land with effect on a clever defensive boxer.

Getting Acquainted

(Continued from page 37)

and is only 22 years old. He has a body like that of the famed George Hackenschmidt.

Since he started wrestling at the beginning of the present season, Rosen has made big strides. Besides his great size, he is powerful and fast. He can pick up an opponent, irrespective of weight, and toss him around. This new giant should win many bouts.

* * *

JACKIE JAMES. This Greek wrestling marvel is classy. He is the Cinderella man of wrestling. Only 25 years old, he zoomed to headlines in short time and now is regarded as the best Greek wrestler hereabouts. Well educated, he studied to be a lawyer but quit before he passed his bar examination.

He is fast, clever and tricky. He stands only 5 feet, 7 inches and weighs around 190 pounds, yet men weighing well over two hundred pounds have found themselves at the young Greek's mercy.

Although young in years, James has a world of experience. He wrestled in Europe, first with the amateurs, then as a professional. Later took part in wrestling tournaments which took him all over Europe and the Balkans.

Jackie James is one of the best Greek wrestlers in the country and should go big.

* * *

OF the old school of wrestlers who had their lessons pounded into their skulls through bitter experiences, is Wild Red Berry, present California light-heavyweight champion and former holder of the National Wrestling Association's world championship belt. Unlike many present day grapplers, no college lists the name of Red Berry among its graduates. Rather his alma mater is the dark underground coal mines of Pittsburgh, Kansas, his home town. And just about as rugged and tough and almost as difficult to fathom as those same coal mines in which he began laboring at fourteen years of age is the wild redhead.

But Berry has come a long way since that bleak Kansas winter some fifteen years ago when it became necessary for him to put boyhood pursuits aside and take over the herculean task of supporting a family of five. His experience as a coal miner and later as an apprentice car builder in the Kansas City Southern Railroad shops worked hardships aplenty on the unshaven lad, but now, as one of the leading drawing cards in the Middle and Southwest and also on the Pacific Coast, he looks back upon them as an unpleasant dream. Out of his mat earnings he has purchased a home for his mother in Pittsburgh and has money invested in good United States bonds. Furthermore, he has found it possible to marry his childhood sweetheart and only recently became the father of a husky baby boy.

Right now the redhead's one ambition is to get Danny McShain, N.W.A. title-holder, inside the ropes for a championship tussle. Berry lost this same belt to McShain on a disputed decision in Hollywood Stadium.

The area around Pittsburgh, Kansas, was a prosperous one in 1920 and many of the country's leading wrestlers were attracted to the district. Berry got the desire to be a wrestler from watching such great old-timers as Ed Strangler Lewis, Billy Hallas, Dutch Mantell, John Kallas and Billy Romanoff in action. When any of these grapplers came to Pittsburgh, the sturdy 18-year-old youth was always on hand to act as sparring partner. The seasoned performers handed Red many a bruise and bump along with a daily lacing but he always came back for more and it wasn't long before they began using him in fifteen-minute preliminaries. Red really learned the game the hard way, because he was never paid for his preliminary appearances, the cagy pros telling him that it wasn't customary for any but the main eventers to receive pay.

On one occasion young Red and his mother walked thirteen miles through snow to the nearby town of Frontenac, a rich mining town, so he could appear on the preliminary to an Ed Strangler Lewis-Jack McCarthy bout. He has reason to remember that match well. All he got out of it was his first cauliflower ear and fifty cents. But he was plenty proud because it marked the first time he had ever beaten a real professional.

After that Berry began trimming everything in the vicinity and it was not long before Johnny Hatfield, Kansas City, Kansas, promoter brought him into the big town for matches. He became such a card in Kansas City that he wrestled on the card there forty-seven straight weeks. It was while here that the redheaded lad gained the name of Wild Red which has stuck with him since.

Other than being a top-notch grappler, Red is a bang-up golfer. Never a day passes that he isn't out for a session on the links. He holds the city golf championship of Pittsburgh, Kansas, and is also the country club champion there.

Making the Grade

(Continued from page 19)

In this fight, Christoforidis won the European title.

Forced to quit Europe by the present war, Anton arrived in New York to place himself under the management of Lew Burston. Lew also brought to these shores Pedro Montanez, Rene DeVos, whom he sold later to Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., well-known Philadelphia sportsman, and the present United States ambassador to what was Poland; Pete Sanstol, Atilio Sabatino and many other stars, and Lew tells us that he really thinks that Christoforidis is one of the best he has ever handled. Due to the smashing style used by Anton, one would expect to see a battered veteran. Instead, we received the shock when we saw someone who looked more like the departed Valentino in his heyday than a boxer.

Anton had the misfortune to break his hand in his last fight in Paris, seven months ago, and was on the shelf for many months. Now he is ready again to tackle the best and Burston expects to keep him busy in this country this winter. The Greeks in New York are taking a deep interest in Anton's future. If the reports from abroad are correct, then Anton should have little difficulty proving to the American fight fans that he rates high in his division.

* * *

THE eternal cry of the fight promoters, here and elsewhere, is for new faces. But when they get the new faces, they complain about size, color and what not. A queer reaction! After all, what should count is whether the fighter in question can fight. Has he a style that is pleasing? Can he hit? Can he take it? Those are the things that count. There are any number of such kids looking for a chance, and Wee Willie Joyce is one of them. Willie was a hit in Chicago. In 1937, Joyce won the Golden Gloves of that city, then the Inter City, and finally the national amateur lightweight championship.

With no more amateur fields to conquer, and with the financial need pressing, Willie turned professional. He is twenty-two years of age and was born in Gary, Indiana. As a pro, he has compiled an enviable record. He has victories over Frankie Kid Covelli and Jim Scully. He fought three times with Lew Jenkins, the first a draw, and then he scored two victories. Willie kayoed Billy Miller and Maxie Fisher.

The Maxie Fisher kayo win encouraged Izzy Kline, trainer of Max Baer, and the man who brought out Willie Joyce, to send the boy on to New York. He sent Joyce to his good friend, Lew Burston, manager of Pedro Montanez, and now it is "Silent" Lew who is singing the praises of the Chicago kid.

Al Torre started Willie at the Fort Hamilton Arena, and the Mid-Westerner made a hit. He has a very pleasing style. He is a combination boxer and fighter. Joyce is aggressive, smart, and a pretty good puncher. Hence Willie should go far in boxing, and he will, if the New York promoters really mean that they will use new faces.

Indiana fans would like to see this lad get his chance. His quiet, courteous and gentlemanly manner won us over to his side before we saw him box, and since seeing him in action—well, all we can say is, if New Yorkers are really fight fans, they should see this boy when he goes to the post.

Feathers Fly Again

(Continued from page 28)

boy, who is a former national amateur champion; the veteran Frankie Covelli, transplanted New Yorker, who has taken a new lease on life in the Middle West; Johnny Cusick, crack English lad whose development will undoubtedly be hampered by present European conditions; and Canada's highly competent Spider Armstrong.

At this writing, it appears as though Chavez will receive first crack at Archibald's crown down in South America, although there still is considerable agitation in favor of Harry Jeffra, as a result of the storm stirred up by the recent scrap between Harry and Archibald. Despite this, Chavez is worthy of first consideration and it will probably be forthcoming for the very sufficient reason that this go stands to attract more interest—and customers—down in Venezuela than any featherweight title match anywhere else.

If Archibald is successful in surmounting this difficult hurdle, he'll return to America faced with the most formidable crew of contenders any featherweight champion has had to worry about for a long time, for things are stirring in the 126-pound division and the "feathers are flying."

New Faces

(Continued from page 33)

boy, Valadez should go a long way in his profession.

* * *

FRANKIE WILLS, an Italian boy who was christened Frank Guido, is a former Golden Gloves champion from Morgantown, West Virginia, where he was born, but who now, as a pro, fights out of Washington, D. C. As an amateur he won the state Golden Gloves title and then began his career as a money chaser.

During the training period of Joey Archibald for his fight with Harry Jeffra, Frankie worked with the champion who had much praise for the boy. Wills is 19 years old, is a welterweight and has won 18 out of his last 20 bouts at this writing. The other two bouts were split decisions. His best bouts were against Bobby Wilson, Joey Spangler, Sammy Chivas, Vince Saltus, Eddie Finazzo and Vic Finazzo. He lost one bout to Wilson by three points.

* * *

TILTON EDGEHILL is a welterweight who comes from Atlantic City, N. J. He is a lanky lad, fast, has a nifty left jab and can take it. He is a boxer who leans towards cleverness, though he packs a good wallop in his right as he has proved quite frequently. As an amateur he was a champion flyweight and since turning pro, up to this writing he has won 17 straight, a winning streak that has given him considerable confidence.

Tilton has defeated among others: Bobby Toland, Johnny Thomas, Tommy Ford and Duke de Stefano of Philadelphia.

* * *

MICKEY PAGE, who says he is the Providence junior lightweight champion, also is claimant to the lightweight title in the state of Rhode Island.

He defeated Paris Apice of Providence in the title match staged in 1936. He has defended it against Eddie Hannan three times and won all three encounters. He has knocked out Ralph Aquino at the Laurel Gardens in Newark, also boxed Freddy Red Cochrane a draw at Newark and fought great fights with Indian Ralph Hurtado. He won over Johnny Horstman at New York, also scored over Augie Gonzales. He has won and lost over Dave Castilloux of Maine, who is rated one of the leading featherweights of the world. Page is 22 years of age and is proprietor of a cigar store in Providence and doing a very good business.

His record at this writing is 90 fights with 76 wins among them 32 knockouts, his latest victories at New Bedford, Mass., was a knockout over Al Moquin and a K.O. over Ralph Morgan. He decisioned Sammy Tenore in two fights at New Bedford, Mass.

Page boxed one year in the amateurs and won the Rhode Island state championship and then went to Boston and won the featherweight championship at the Arena. He was runner-up in the National championships in St. Louis in the last show in which Joe Louis won his amateur heavy title.

Page is a good boxer and a stiff puncher and is kept busy around the New England area.

The Ring's Quiz Answers

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HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 42:

1—Sam Langford; Stanley Ketchel and Joe Gans.

2—The first German heavyweight to fight for a title in the U.S. was Ben Hogan who fought Tom Allen for the crown in 1872.

3—A round under London Rules lasted until a fighter fell, was thrown or knocked to the ground after which he was allowed a rest of thirty seconds instead of the one minute now allowed.

4—John C. Morrissey, born in Ireland, came to New York, settled at Saratoga Springs where he entered politics.

5—The fight between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers at Farnborough England, April 17, 1860. The referee left the ring in 37th round and the fight continued through the forty-second.

6—Four pugilists who made their start in Australia were Frank Slavin, Young Griffo, Peter Jackson and Bob Fitzsimmons.

7—Leonard, lightweight; Dundee, featherweight and junior lightweight; Attell, featherweight; Kilbane, feather; McAuliffe, lightweight; Lavigne, lightweight; Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, middleweight; Greb, middleweight and light-heavyweight; Siki, light-heavyweight; O'Dowd, middleweight.

8—Jack Johnson won the heavyweight title from Tommy Burns at Sydney, Australia, on December 25, 1908, in fourteen rounds—stopped by police.

9—Jack Johnson and Tommy Burns.

10—Jack McAuliffe, Gene Tunney and Benny Leonard. Leonard tried an unsuccessful comeback.

SAMMY VENTI, who has a clean record, is a product of the Golden Gloves of 1937, and a prospect to keep your eyes on.

As an amateur he went to England, Cuba, British West Indies, Chicago and California to represent New York and always came through with flying colors.

He met such amateur stars as Oliver White, Morris Parker, Ray Oliva, Ray Medlock, Jackie Donovan, and Carmine Fata whom he defeated.

As a "pro" he is undefeated and is willing to meet anyone his weight. He formerly fought under the name of Sammy Ventimiglia.

CHARLES GOMER, a lad who is going places, was born on a farm in Brooten, Minn., on August 26, 1920. His parents moved to Sauk Centre when Charley was only two years old. Charley began his amateur boxing career in 1933 as a 94-pounder. In 1935, in the Sauk Centre junior high school amateur flyweight boxing championship, he held Bob Markson to a draw in finals of the tournament. He held Eddie Collins, Livingston, Montana, 118 pound Golden Glove champ, to a draw in six. After losing his first amateur fight to Harland (Buck) Potter, in 1933, in which Potters' 26-pound weight advantage was a big factor, Charley remained undefeated in his next 29 battles.

On January 10, 1939, he won the St. Paul Branch Y.M.C.A. A.A.U. welterweight title from Don Stevens, now a successful pro on the West Coast. Had 50 amateur bouts and lost only four by decision, three of which were later reversed. Charley fought from flyweight to middleweight.

He turned pro on Feb. 14, 1939. Whipped Eddie Ravalle of Sioux City in four heats, then followed by trimming another tough hard hitter in Eddie Wagner of Kansas City, in four stanzas. Gomer followed these wins by kayoing Billy Benton of La Crosse in one round and Izzy Levine of Chicago in three. Charley was held to a six-round draw by the classy veteran, Ronny Malcolm of Waterloo. Billy Gardner, tough battle-scarred Hutchinson, Kansas, scrapper, who was Golden Gloves welter champ in Kansas, and is now the state title-holder, lost a four-round duke to Charley.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of THE RING published monthly at Springfield, Mass., for October 1, 1939

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel S. Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of The Ring, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, (and, if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Ring, Inc., 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; Editor, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Ring, Inc., 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; A. D. Phillips, 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; Harold S. Fleischer, 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the months preceding the dates shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

NATHANIEL S. FLEISCHER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of October, 1939.

FLORENCE BRISCOE,
Notary Public, New York County
New York County Clerk's No. 277
New York Register's No. 1B296
Commission expires March 30, 1941

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

DEAR EDITOR:—The time has arrived when I, with other of your European RING correspondents, must toss aside the work we love so much to engage in a bigger, more hazardous field. Too long have I lived under the shadow of the "Stars and Stripes" and the "Union Jack" not to know what liberty and freedom mean. They are great ideals and well worth fighting for.

Though they are the same ideals that we fought for in 1914-1918, if it means the peace of the world for another quarter century, then laying down of the pen and taking up the sword, will not have been in vain. Thanks for your sincere letter. I appreciate the sentiments expressed. We have been living in fear too long.

We are praying here, as undoubtedly are many of our friends abroad, that the American Congress will realize that our two great nations have so much in common that they will revise the Neutrality Act.

Best regards from myself and all the boys. Most of your friends —the boxers, wrestlers and managers, even many of the writers, are in the service for one common cause. We all hope on this side of the Big Pond, Nat, that you will keep the flag of THE RING Magazine flying, even though I realize that your foreign circulation will be considerably lessened during this struggle to rid Europe of its biggest enemy—the man responsible for this conflict—Herr Hitler, the Mad Man of Europe.

THE RING, with the strict censorship on all papers and magazines from abroad, is the one publication that receives a royal welcome when it arrives. The boys at the front are clamoring for it, and we in London, are shipping them plenty to give them an opportunity to enjoy the news of ring battles—the kind that true sportsmen fight, the kind we in England have preached and practiced for ever so long. But it is war now and the rat-tat-tat of the machine gun has taken the place of the thud of leather against body.

Let's hope we'll soon get back to the latter. In the meantime, keep up the good work of THE RING. Let's keep up the Bible of Boxing.

CHARLES MASCALL, THE RING Wrestling Correspondent,
London, England.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

* * *

I'M a reader of your wonderful magazine and have many other readers present as I write this letter. Noticed in your November issue all of your comment and photographs of the New Orleans Boxing Fraternity. All are white. What about the colored game here? This club has a membership of 1200 and about 200 are regular RING readers.

No mention was made of Paul Gray, matchmaker for colored shows or none of Young Polite, the greatest prospect since Tony Canzoneri. Mr. Gray is one person who always campaigns among the Negro fans to have them read your magazine in order to become familiar with new fighters and I can safely say that every reader in this club was told by Mr. Gray to subscribe to the RING.

Having been a reader for several years, I am sure that prejudice is not the cause for your overlooking the mention of our matchmaker alongside of Mr. Lew Raymond. I feel that on your visit here everyone was so busy with personal praises that they forgot to mention the work done by Paul Gray to revive boxing interest both of whites and negroes. He was first to start and his methods have been copied throughout by others.

Gray is probably the most popular Negro here and so extremely modest, that he would always remain in the background. But the Negro RING readers here would like to see something mentioned about a race member when they think he deserves mention.

Polite, a lad of 18 years, has won 69 consecutive fights. He is another not mentioned among New Orleans boxers. He draws in excess of 5000 fans each time he goes to the post. But all reading matter is centered on Camarata, and Perrin here. The only reason Polite has not beaten one or both mentioned, is because he has not fought either. I think he could lick both.

Am writing as a constant reader of your magazine. Your attitude toward Louis and Henry Armstrong is genuinely appreciated here by all Negroes and has caused the addition of many readers.

But Paul Gray and Polite were the direct cause of boxing's revival here. They enabled others to get started. The game was completely dead until Gray got going. So if possible, please give him a spot on the next New Orleans program. Also Polite, who is now enroute to California.

Gray has given us bouts with stars as Holman Williams, Gene Buffalo, Johnny Jackson, Cocoa Kid, Buffalo Jackson, Wesley Farrell, Al Brown, Lee Sheppard and Henry Armstrong vs. Holman Williams in a non-title bout.

GEORGE LAWSON, PRES.,
Crescent City Sports Club, New Orleans, La.

(Pity that mixed bouts are not permitted. A Polite-Camarata bout would draw $15,000 in New Orleans.) EDITOR'S NOTE.

* * *

FIRST let me say that THE RING is tops here in California as it is elsewhere in the world. However, I am writing in to criticize what to me seems an error in your magazine. Why isn't Baby Arizmendi ranked among the first ten lightweights? Arizmendi lost one fight to Lou Ambers on a T.K.O. because of a cut eye—a cut that may very well have resulted from butting, and because of this one loss, you drop him altogether from the ratings.

I notice, however, that Henry Woods who was K.O.'ed by Garcia in four rounds is back in the ratings as a result of two wins. Arizmendi whipped Joey Silva and K.O.'ed Irish Jackie Carter since his defeat. If Arizmendi possessed a finishing punch, he would probably be the greatest lightweight in the world today as he can take it as proved by his numerous fights with Armstrong in which he stayed the limit.

California has a new lightweight sensation in Jackie Wilson, a Cleveland fighter. Wilson has put up some real fights here.

It was interesting to read your Australian correspondent's account of Wally Hally's fights over there. Hally was one of the most popular club fighters ever to appear in Los Angeles in recent years. Hally must have set a record for successive defeats, yet he still has enough to draw down main events. There are undoubtedly many better fighters, but they don't come any gamer.

In ending this letter, I'd like to say that your unprejudiced policy regarding fighters of other nationalities is what makes THE RING what it is today—the only real boxing authority.

ROBERT BLY, *a California Reader.*

* * *

I HAVE noticed at times in your "Question Box" department of your magazine, in answer to a query as to the healthfulness of pugilism that you contend that "it is not unhealthy." To which statement I must take radical exception. There is something very tragic in the fact that the "best" men physically of the race do not outlive the ordinary healthy man. There can be no doubt that the beatings they receive in the ring take a great amount of stamina from them so that very few of them ever live to the proverbial "three score and ten," which is but the normal age of an ordinary healthy man. It may be that you are a little prejudiced in the position you take.

Can you give in your columns a list of the ring contests in which "Mexican Pete Everett" was a principal? I mean the *number.*

GEORGE ROBERTSON,
Saguache, Colo.

He had close to 300 fights. Records prove that famous boxers outlive ordinary citizens, the average being 63 years. Look up a record book of the old days when bare-knuckle fights took place, and you'll see that more than 60 per cent of the fighters lived to be over 60.

ENCLOSED please find money order to the value of 7/ for the second volume of your series, "Black Dynamite." Now, as a keen reader of your great magazine, THE RING, I would like you to do me a favor by publishing this letter in your next issue.

In the August issue, Mr. Walter Miller made a statement which I must say is very unfair, not only to our idol, Johannes van der Walt, but also to his followers. Mr. Miller said that "McCready came to South Africa, where he proved his superiority over van der Walt *easily* by defeating him by two falls in twenty-four minutes." And in conclusion he said, "Earl went to South Africa to prove that he is the *master* of the South African."

Now I want to tell Mr. Miller something which it seems to me he knows nothing about.

Earl McCready and Johannes van der Walt met in Johannesburg for the British Empire title. Van der Walt, who had hurt his arm while training for this fight, was in bad shape and his promoter, trainers and friends urged him to postpone the match to a later date, to which he simply refused.

Going in the ring against such a formidable opponent as McCready, with one arm useless, meant defeat for our idol before he stepped into the ring. McCready, who soon realized in what bad shape his opponent was, went all out for that useless arm and after trying desperately for twenty minutes, he at last succeeded in getting hold of it and at this stage it was very easy to apply the "octopus-death clamp" to which van der Walt, crying of pain, submitted.

If that arm was O.K., then McCready could have applied that hold thirty times but van der Walt would not have submitted. How can Mr. Miller say that McCready showed his superiority over van der Walt *easily?* Surely any second rater would have beaten our champion on that evening. But I want to give Mr. Miller more proof.

The pair were rematched and McCready, who had the same thoughts in mind as Mr. Miller, went all out from the start, only to find out that he was much mistaken. That useless arm was no more useless and van der Walt kept McCready busy for fifty minutes before he was able to pin van der Walt.

In the sixth and final round, van der Walt nearly had McCready "out," and when the bell announced the end of the match, McCready fell flat on his face and had to be assisted to his corner. The announcer, judge and newspaper correspondents said that if there were two more rounds, van der Walt would have beaten the Earl by two falls to one.

Van der Walt then challenged McCready for a *non-stop match,* to which he simply refused. Why? We'd like to know.

ALBERT A. HITCHCOCK,
Cape Town, South Africa.

* * *

PLEASE allow me to contribute a few orchids to Mr. L. D. B., of Bethlehem, Pa., also to the true fight fans of Charleston, West Virginia, for their views of Joe Louis' ring achievements. They are without racial hatred and prejudice, as their letters which appeared in the November issue of THE RING magazine, show.

The experts and fight fans have had the time of their lives ever since Joe Louis became a national figure. First: he was an overrated youngster, who was being shoved along too fast. "Who has he ever beaten?" they asked. Second: he was a superman, a jungle cat, a savage beast and greater than the mighty Dempsey!

Immediately after the first Schmeling fight, he became a false alarm, and the experts said he was a sucker for a right. Also, he had a glass jaw, yet he took 58 right-hand blows from Schmeling before going down in defeat! Still they said the Brown Bomber could not take a punch.

After the Farr and the first Pastor bout, they said Louis was an automatic fighter. Then came the second meeting with Schmeling. Again Joe became the jungle cat, who always got his prey. After the Galento slaughter, they said the Brown Bomber could not take a punch. Did he quit? No, he made his opponent quit. With the knockout of Pastor in the 11th round added to his credit, they are saying now that Joe is no longer the Louis of yesterday.

Gene Tunney declared that a fighter who floors his opponent in the first round and cannot put him away until the 11th, can't be so good. I wonder if Tunney remembers his fight with Dempsey, when he hit the canvas at Soldier Field, in Chicago for the longest count in ring history. Dempsey never did catch him. It was a good thing that Louis wasn't in there with Gene, because Tunney would never have retired undefeated.

My analysis of Joe is that he is a better fighter today than he ever was. He looks different against every foe, simply because each offers a new problem, and Louis solves it. Now, the reason Joe gets hit is because he is a hard puncher. A fighter must be set to punch hard and one who is set, can't get away from a punch as easily as one who isn't. The Pastor bout doesn't indicate at all that Louis has lost his wallop, as Tunney would have you believe. Joe's left jabs and hooks soften up his opponents for a knockout with either hand. Pastor knew this and he fought a cunning fight. He kept away from that left-hook, and Louis caught him with that right. You know what happened.

Anyone with the inside slant in the pugilistic field, will tell you that it is almost impossible to hurt a good fighter with a right hand punch unless he is hit coming in. Pastor was the shiftiest target Joe ever aimed at. Bob was hit hard but never with the full force of Joe's right until the last punch.

Joe hit him coming in and going away in the first.

In that fight with Pastor, Joe found himself missing repeatedly, missing a hard punch. Ring veterans say it takes something out of you. Joe did not know how long it might take him to catch Pastor, so he stopped throwing so many hard punches and began to wait for a real opening. He got it in the 11th round. Everyone knows the outcome.

Tunney announces that Joe has a glass chin. Fighters who have glass chins don't get up off the canvas like Joe and win. Fighters with glass chins go out suddenly like a light.

Tunney seeks to discredit the greatest champion of them all. He saw Joe batted to the floor by Galento, and thought Galento had won the title. Also he saw Joe rise from the floor and beat Galento into a mess. Every fair minded fight fan loves a fighter who can take it as well as give it. Louis is of that school.

Joe was beaten to the floor with a savage attack by Galento, despite all the punishment, he lost none of his power and none of his fighting sense. He moved in with his heavy artillery and destroyed his opponent. I am an oldtimer, with memories of all the heavyweights. I saw most of them. Louis, to my mind, ranks among the greatest.

RING READER,
Marquette, Michigan.

* * *

MAY I, as a regular reader of your excellent world-famous publication, be permitted to occupy a little space in Letters From Our Readers? I would first like to say that I think THE RING the best magazine of its kind published. I also would like to congratulate you, Mr. Fleischer, on your wonderful job of editing THE RING.

I would like to air my views on the abilities of the present as well as the old-time champs. First of all, I would like to give my opinion on the much discussed subject of who was the greatest heavyweight champion of all time, from Sullivan to Louis.

Considering the respective abilities of the four greatest champions, I place them in order: Jack Dempsey, the hardest puncher; Jim Jeffries, the toughest fighter; Jack Johnson, the greatest defensive fighter, and Jim Corbett, the best boxer.

I do not list Joe Louis in the list of the four greatest champions, because as yet he has not reached the point where he might be classed with them. Also, he has not met and defeated as good men as either of the four mentioned men defeated in defense of their titles.

Now a few words in regard to our present champion, Joe Louis. We all know that Joe is a great champion. He is the greatest fighter in the ring today. But it would be foolish to say, as some of the younger bunch of boxing writers declare, that Joe Louis is the greatest champ of all time. He is far from that. But he is young and has a great chance to become one of the greatest if he keeps up his winning streak.

WALTER SAUNDERS,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE latter part of October and the first two weeks in November was an off period in boxing for outstanding contests in the heavyweight division. Joe Louis went on a barnstorming tour and was a "flop" so far as drawing the cash customers in to watch him go through exhibition bouts with his sparring partners. It also brought a halt to the brilliant career enjoyed by Tony Canzoneri, who was stopped in three rounds at the hands of Al Davis. Sixto Escobar announced his retirement from the bantamweight division and will concentrate his efforts in the featherweight class. Al Hostak disposed of Charley "Killer" Coates in the third session. Henry Armstrong went through the motions of defending his welterweight crown on three occasions, proving successful on each. Ritchie Fontaine went three, Bobby Pacho four, and Jimmy Garrison went the full distance with Hank. Tommy Farr received a leave of absence from the British Royal Air Force to fight in the ring and he disposed of Manuel Abrew in the third period in Dublin.

Action in the heavyweight division was headed by Farr's knockout. Red Burman disposed of Joe O'Gatty in six rounds, Alberto Lovell and Valentin Campolo butted heads in their South American conflict which was declared "No contest" in nine rounds. Buddy Baer scored over Lee Sevold. Buddy Knox finished Paul Pross in the second. Pat Comiskey disposed of Alex Youssem in one and Joe Hill in the eighth round. Patsy Perroni whipped Chuck Crowell. Arne Anderson kayoed Red Bruce in three but was beaten by Eddie Wenstob. Wenstob lost to Altus Allen.

Bill Boyd was stopped by Buddy Walker in the ninth and was beaten by Henry Cooper. Eddie Mader whipped Harold Blackshear while Harold disposed of Al Delaney in six rounds. Nick Fiorentino kayoed Jim Robinson in one round. Johnny Whiters scored over Charley Neaves and Elza Thompson. Thompson kayoed Louis Gray in one round.

Abe Simon whipped Marty Gallagher. Eddie Simms defeated Sandy McDonald. Bob Sikes kayoed Al Globe in five. Jim Howell disposed of Al Hart in the same length of time. Ernie Collins kayoed Unknown Winston in two rounds. Gus Dorazio defeated Dan Hassett. George Fitch disposed of Mickey McAvoy in the fifth.

Among the light-heavyweights, Dave Clark scored over Johnny Romero, while Johnny kayoed Joey Parks in the eighth. Tiger Jack Fox scored over Andy Miller. Al Gainer kayoed Mario Liani in five rounds. Larry Lane disposed of Buddy Ryan in the fifth. Wally Sears won on a foul over Frank Zamoris in seven. Jimmy Webb finished Jimmy Fletcher in the third.

Al Hostak takes ranking position in the middleweight class with his three-round kayo over Charley Coates. Ken Overlin whipped Allan Matthews and drew with Ben Brown. Brown scored over Eddie Peirce. Peirce scored over Eddie Dreher. Victor Dellicurti defeated Cal Cagni, while Cagni stopped Roxie Forgione in the fourth. Harry Balsamo turned in a victory over Walter Franklin. Georgie Abrams whipped Vincent Pimpinella.

Harvey Massey drew with Wicky Harkins, whipped Bobby Jones and was beaten by Roscoe Manning. Jones disposed of Lou Presto in six rounds. Tony Cisco whipped Wicky Harkins, Jack Munley and Gene Buffalo. Frankie Britt scored over Lou Brouillard. Tony Zale disposed of Al Wardlow in three. Billy Soose kayoed Jack Munley in five. Jack Hyams whipped Stafford Barton. Bobby Seaman whipped Turkey Thompson and drew with Dick Foster. Tony Bruno scored over Billy Pryor. Howell King kayoed Joe Butch Lynch in the fifth.

Armstrong retained his welterweight crown against the attacks of Ritchie Fontaine, who went three, Bobby Pacho four, and Jimmy Garrison, who went the entire route of ten rounds. They were all scheduled titular engagements. Charley Burley kayoed Mickey Makar in one round. Ernie Roderick whipped Lionel Gibbs. Milo Theodorescu was beaten by Jimmy Leto and Fritzie Zivic, who also defeated Kid Azteca. Milt Aron disposed of Leonard Bennett in the third.

Cocoa Kid scored over Carl Dell. Norment Quarles was beaten by Maxie Berger and Paul Junior but defeated Young Nelson. Steve Mamakos turned in a win over Sammy Luftspring. Al Davis put the finished touches to the career of Tony Canzoneri in three rounds. Al Nettlow whipped Leonard Del Genio. Kenny La Salle scored over Eddie Brink and Jose Estrada. Billy White drew with Tony Martin. Holman Williams disposed of Tommy Mollis in the third.

Allen Westbury kayoed Louis Henry in three rounds. Eddie Dolan won from Louis Verila and kayoed Eddie Guerra in seven. Dem Wakerlis whipped George Henry. Sammy Magro stopped Howard Scott in six and defeated Wishy Jones. Hockey Bennell whipped Tancey Lee. Phil Furr scored over Joey Spangler and Nat Kadin. Battling Battalino whipped Jerry Maloni. Ralph Zannelli whipped K. O. Castillo and Eddie Alzek. Eddie McGeever drew with Pat Kissinger. Quentin Breese scored over Eddie Dunne. Augie Arellano defeated Frankie Young.

Sammy Angott still occupies ranking lightweight position. He won from Baby Arizmendi. Wesley Ramey scored over Wishy Jones. Tommy Speigal made remarkable progress during the month by winning from Bob Montgomery and Johnny Bellus. Montgomery won from Mike Evans.

Jackie Wilson, Pacific Coast phenom, has given assurance that he is a legitimate lightweight and will be listed in that classification accordingly. Wilson disposed of Chico Romo in six and Jackie Burke in seven. Jimmy Tygh kayoed Eddie Cool in four rounds but was beaten by Billy Beauhuld. Beauhuld was stopped by Billy Marquart in five rounds. Johnny Peters finished Johnny Rohrig in the second.

George Zengaras whipped Tommy Cross but was beaten by Tony Marteliano. Marteliano drew with Bobby McIntire, who in turn was stopped by Pete Lello in the tenth. Jimmy Vaughn stopped Jimmy Lancaster in seven but was beaten by Mike Belloise. Tony Chavez scored over Joey Silva. Lew Feldman whipped Pete Galiano but lost to Bucky Taylor. Bernie Friedkin scored over Pete Galiano but lost to Al Reid. Reid was beaten by Joey Fontana, who also defeated Joey Greb.

Julie Kogan turned in two victories over Joe De Jesus and kayoed Jimmy Murray in the fourth. Charley Gomer scored over Joey Bagnato. Danny La Verne whipped Tod Morgan in Australia. Maxie Shapiro won over Hank Nakamura. Frankie Terranova was beaten by Mickey Farber and Johnny Stevens. Billy Maher won over Eddie Brink. Maurice Arnault drew with Viv Troise. Jorge Morelia scored over Phil Zwick. Dave Lefton whipped Tommy Morris. George Hansford won from Jackie Carter.

Among the featherweights, Dave Castilloux disposed of Frankie Wallace in seven rounds. Pete Scalzo disposed of Herb Gilmore in the fifth. Jackie Wilson's first start since returning from Australia resulted in a victory over Armanda Sicilia. Jimmy Perrin turned in a pair of victories over Eddie Lander. Frankie Covelli whipped Leone Efrati. Spider Armstrong scored over Johnny Marcelline, drew with Joe Marinelli and lost to Bobby Green. Marcelline defeated Andre Sarilla.

Tom Smith scored over Johnny Cusick in England. Chick Delaney disposed of Pancho Leyvas in four. Joe Hall scored over Young Gildo and Paddy Boxall. Gildo also lost to Danny La Verne, who drew with Boxall. Al Mancini kayoed Tony Costa in six rounds. Allie Stolz kayoed Ginger Foran in five. Henry Moreno whipped Al Brown in Australia. Nat Litfin whipped Matty Perfetti but was beaten by Pablo Dano, who in turn lost to Armanda Sicilia. Richard Lemos kayoed Tomboy Romero in five rounds. Nickey Jerome whipped Baby Yack. Monty Pignatore drew with Morris Parker while Bobby Ruffin scored over Minnie Demore.

Tony Olivera, ranking bantamweight in the division which has no leader, fought a draw with Little Pancho. Kid Tanner disposed of Jacky Saunders in six rounds. Benny Goldberg scored over Jimmy Webster. Johnny King kayoed Johnny McManus in three and George Marsden in four. Manuel Ortiz bested Horace Mann. Tommy Forte whipped Andre Sarilla.

Little Dado, outstanding flyweight contender, drew with Lou Salica. Jackie Paterson disposed of Paddy Ryan in the thirteenth round. They were the only important flyweight bouts staged.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Bunty Poran, Ireland.
Bantamweight—Fred Guy, England.
Featherweight—Mike Raffa, Weirton, W. Va.
Lightweight—Lenny Mancini, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Welterweight—Tony Mango, New York City.
Middleweight—Elly Pettaway, Houston, Texas.
Light-heavyweight—Billy Collins, Chester, Pa.
Heavyweight—Ben Morosz, Philadelphia, Pa.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for month ending November 12:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	Title Vacant	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Tony Galento	Billy Conn	Ceferino Garcia	Charley Burley
2—Bob Pastor	Melio Bettina	Al Hostak	Ernie Roderick
3—Lou Nova	Gus Lesnevich	Ron Richards	Fritzie Zivic
4—Tommy Farr	Len Harvey	Ben Brown	Milt Aron
5—Max Schmeling	Jock McAvoy	Ken Overlin	Pedro Montanez
6—Johnny Paychek	Dave Clark	Lloyd Marshall	Jimmy Leto
7—Red Burman	Tiger Jack Fox	Ossie Stewart	Cocoa Kid
8—Maurice Strickland	Teddy Yarosz	Erich Seelig	Maxie Berger
9—Gunnar Barlund	Al Gainer	Victor Dellicurti	Steve Mamakos
10—Roscoe Toles	Larry Lane	Nate Bolden	Mike Kaplan

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Joey Archibald	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Sammy Angott	Simon Chavez	Tony Olivera	Little Dado
2—Davey Day	Dave Castilloux	George Pace	Enrico Urbinati
3—Wesley Ramey	Pete Scalzo	K. O. Morgan	Jackie Jurich
4—Eric Boon	Jackie Wilson	Peter Kane	Tiny Bostock
5—Tommy Speigal	Harry Jeffra	Lou Salica	Small Montana
6—Jackie Wilson	Chalky Wright	Little Pancho	Jackie Paterson
7—Bob Montgomery	Jimmy Perrin	Kui Kong Young	Raoul Degryse
8—Lew Jenkins	Bobby Green	Tommy Burns	Paddy Ryan
9—Leo Rodak	Frankie Covelli	Kid Tanner	Eric Jones
10—Billy Marquart	Spider Armstrong	Benny Goldberg	Hugh Cameron

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IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

SAMMY ANGOTT once again gained the admiration of Chicago's fistic enthusiasts by his overwhelming victory over the veteran Baby Arizmendi of Los Angeles in ten rounds at the massive Chicago Stadium. The affair, promoted by Bill Rand, grossed $10,262, with 5,025 paid admissions.

Angott had to fight hard in every round to assure himself a victory. Sammy had punched Baby aplenty for a round and a half, when after forcing the Mexican hombre into a corner, Angott attempted to plant a hefty right-hand clout on Arizmendi's jaw, but smart and elusive Baby ducked and countered very timely with a devastating left hook which dropped the Italian flash. Arizmendi turned to go to a neutral corner, but Angott, arising at this point with the aid of the Mexican's legs and hips, pulled himself up and clung to Baby's waistline until Referee Tommy Thomas separated them.

From then on it was all Sammy's. The only other round that Angott appeared weary was the sixth. From the eighth round on, when Angott opened up a cut under Arizmendi's left eye, Sammy literally punched the bronze Mexican's head off.

In the semi-feature of ten rounds, Frankie (Kid) Covelli, the Brooklyn whirlwind flash, had to utilize every trick in his repertoire to gain a hair line decision over the Italian-Jewish importation of Emil Nanny, Leone Efrati, who, it was revealed later, fought with an injured right hand. Leone hit Frankie many a wallop with his ever-flying left hook and pounded the mid-section with frequency. Covelli offset this procedure with his usual whirlwind attack, which gets under way in the last thirty seconds of a round, when Frankie tossed all caution to the wind and slashed lefts and rights with reckless abandon.

In the big surprise, a six-rounder, Clarence Brown, swarthy South Side boxer, went in as a last minute substitute for Tony Musto, who was ill, and opposed Dan Merritt of Cleveland, who had just recently knocked Alex Kettles cold in one round. For two rounds Merritt lived up to his reputation, that is, as a swinger, but from then on, Brown took the upper hand. The sixth and final heat saw Clarence administer a thorough shellacking, dropping Merritt to the canvas four times.

In another six-rounder, Altus Allen, 1939 International Golden Gloves heavyweight champion, beat the veteran Canadian light-heavyweight champion, Eddie Wenstob.

In the four-round tiffs, which also provided a great deal of action, Johnny Janis, young Brighton Park heavyweight, won a hard-fought contest from Jake Lebovitz of the South Side, and Marion Mosley of Fort Madison, Ia., surprised the wise birds by decisively whipping Harry Sutton, also of the South Side.

Johnny Barbara, rugged two-fisted South Bend welterweight, engaged in two battles during the past month, splitting a pair of spirited contests with Tommy Pallatin, a former National A.A.U. lightweight champion, now fighting pro as a full fledged welterweight. Both were eight-round confabs.

In the co-feature of their second meeting, Lee Oma, from Detroit, Michigan, startled the weekly fight-goers with his four-round stowaway of Al Globe, ever-busy Dallas, Texas, light-heavyweight, in a scheduled eight-rounder.

And in another eight-round match, Young (Kid) McCoy, also out of Detroit, whipped Chino Lopez.

In the fours, Billy Seward, from Ingamoor, Montana, and Frankie Agnes, red-headed Irish lightweight, fought four slashing rounds, and Jimmy Liddell, just back from a Pacific Coast invasion, won a stirring contest from the ever-punching Gene Ward, Jimmy Christopher's little bundle of dynamite. They are also lightweights.

Larry Amadee, well-known and capable trainer of boxers, replaced Chappie Jack Blackburn, Joe Louis' conditioner, in handling Leroy Evans, lithe heavyweight protege of "Chappie," in his initial professional appearance at Buffalo, N. Y. Evans, who weighs 204 pounds, encountered Pete Conley, 257-pound behemoth, who lasted but forty-seven seconds of the first round. Incidentally, Blackburn, at the time of this fight, was busy on a boxing exhibition tour with the champ. That's why Amadee, Holman Williams' trainer, assisted Evans.

Eddie Purvis, a popular matchmaker in the past and who at present has been looking after the conditioning of Johnny Barbara, announces the opening of his cocktail lounge called the "Logan Club," situated at 3436 Diversey Boulevard.

Eddie Lander, young Jewish lightweight from the Windy City's greater West Side, engaged in his first biff following his setback at the hands of Frankie (Kid) Covelli by defeating Jimmy Lancaster in ten.

In the semi-windup, Jimmy Sheppard, Peoria middleweight warrior of Jack Beatty, pounded out a close decision over Rex Thomas, brother of the once famous Tom Jones for six rounds. Tuffy Griffiths, once Chicago's leading heavyweight prodigy, was assigned his first referee job and handled it creditably.

Leo Rodak moved right in on the top crest again when he decisively beat Nick Camarata, New Orleans Italian, in Nick's home town in a very interesting twelve-round rematch.

Another Chicagoan who engaged a New Orleans hopeful, Eddie Lander, lost a disputed verdict to Jimmy Perrin, Southern featherweight champion, at the end of ten fight-occupied rounds.

Dan Merritt, former Golden Gloves champion, was pitted opposite the herculean Alex Kettles, South Bend 208-pounder. Kettles started out on the right foot by flooring Merritt with a straight right hand to the side of the jaw. Merritt arose at the count of eight and adjusted himself. Kettles sensed the "kill," and stepped in to finish his man, when "boom," a swishing right hand from Merritt's maulie kissed Kettles right on the button and Alex went out like a light.

Booker Beckwith of Gary, 1938 Intercity Golden Gloves middleweight, blasted Johnny Trotter, Joe Louis' brother-in-law, into oblivion, in the second round. The semi-final, a five-rounder, saw Jake Lebovitz, making his professional debut, drop Emil Shulman for the count in round four.

In the other fours, Lou Vara, rugged 150-pound Mexican, with an eight-pound weight advantage, won handily from Tony Di Pasquale, Bob Capocy's young Italian welterweight, and Eu Eulian, gangling welter, beat Walter Balassa, now a Hurley "Fargo Express" charge.

Al Nettlow, a former Golden Gloves champion, went to the post once, meeting Leonard Del Genio, rugged Italian puncher, and beating him in a ten-rounder at Philadelphia, Pa. Nettlow is doing his campaigning for Al Weill, pilot of Lightweight Champion Lou Ambers, and is confining all of his fistic endeavor in the East.

Tony Zale, hard-punching Gary middleweight, put the crusher on Al Wardlow at Youngstown, Ohio, in round three of their match slated for ten rounds.

Milt Aron, Chicago's West Side welter, will move up a notch in the weights to compete with the middleweights. Aron, in his final 147-pound bout, knocked out Leonard Bennett in round three. Bennett, in the opening stanza, dropped Milt to both knees and later suffered four knockdowns himself.

In the secondary feature of five rounds, Young (Kid) McCoy of Detroit won a fast mill from Johnny Balmer, 140-pounder from Peoria.

In the four-round skirmishes, Pete Ferrand, South Side Mexican 138-pounder, outpointed Bobby Ryan, and Joey Russano, tough and aggressive 128-pounder of (Cigaro) Carl Cohn, trimmed Tommy Parker.

Joey Russano, that little dynamic featherweight, chalked up an additional victory to his win over Parker this month when he beat the deaf mute, Jimmy Santori, willing and aggressive fist flailer.

Wolcot Langford, who has been totally blind for the past ten years, and who sells papers at every sport spectacle, possesses a keen sense of hearing. He recognizes by voices practically all of his friends. Wolcot, if you do not recall, was a great 160-pound battler up until 1929, the time of his grave misfortune, that of losing his eyesight . . . . One of Langford's most memorable victories was his startling triumph over Shuffle Callahan . . . . Mique Malloy, the present dean of all Chicago fight promoters, has opened the doors of the White City Boxing Club, 63rd and South Park, the home of his former successes, and will operate semi-monthly until the first of the year; thereafter on a weekly basis . . . . The White City Arena can accommodate between 4000 and 5000 fans, and is the largest local indoor arena . . . . Sammy Frager, glove manufacturing specialist, has been swamped with orders for his Kangaroo bags and his hand-made boxing gloves of all weights . . . . Ralph Margolis, sports writer, who was formerly with the Chicago *Evening American*, has been handling the radio publicity for Bill Rand's Stadium shows . . . . Nick Castiglione, a great young crowd-pleasing 138-pounder, just returned from Brooklyn, N. Y., where he had engaged in three contests.

LAST MINUTE FIGHT FLASHES—Pete Lello, who has been displaying a very potent right-hand clout of late, chalked up a technical knockout at the expense of Bobby McIntire in the tenth and final round. It was a close battle all the way until Lello unleashed his rapier attack on the Detroiter. McIntire suffered a knockdown in the third from a right smack on the nose that spun Bobby to the canvas for a nine-count.

In the six-round semi-attraction, Tommy Pallatin, South Bend 147-pounder, won a hectic encounter from Indian Billy Lee of Milwaukee, Wis. Had Lee been in tip-top shape the verdict probably would have been otherwise.

In the five-round event, Young (Kid) McCoy won an unpopular decision over Tommy Spiegal, another Milwaukee battler. In the four-round episodes, Jesse Yarber beat Bob Jarrell, and Anunzio Ferrara conquered Bill Parsons.

Fighters with creditable records will do well to get in touch with Gene Engel at 180 W. Randolph St., in care of Trafton's Gym.

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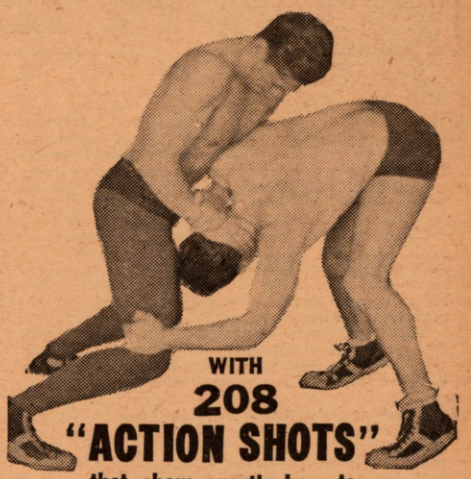

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE curtain came down on Tony Canzoneri's career after fifteen years of campaigning in the pugilistic realm. Canzoneri, meeting Al Davis, was led to his corner by Referee Arthur Donovan before the final round was over for the first time in his long career, Davis, Brooklyn's dynamic hitting youngster, being credited with a technical knockout over the mighty Tony after 2 minutes and 13 seconds of the third round had elapsed in their Madison Square Garden bout.

No greater testimonial to Canzoneri could have been paid by that crowd of 13,000 fans than by their attitude after the calamity. A stillness swept over the assemblage. Instead of the customary roars and cheers that usually accompany a victory of such spectacular proportions, a deep silence stilled the arena. It was a mute testimonial to one of the bravest, most courageous performers who ever stepped into a roped square.

For two rounds it appeared as if Tony might have had a faint chance. He made his stronger opponent miss repeatedly and he managed to nail Davis on the chin with some hard rights before Tony's legs started to tire. A fierce hook to Tony's body did not help matters at the close of the second session.

Davis really started to go to work in the third. Tony stepped away from one of Davis' vicious left hooks but misjudged the distance and it landed on the mouth. Tony went down from the impact and it was several seconds before he arose. Davis, with the fury of an unleashed tiger, continued the assault and a series of lefts and rights put Tony down again. This time he was hurt and when he managed to arise at the count of six, Donovan waved Davis away and escorted Tony to his corner. Tony was too tired to resist the arbiter's action and it would have been suicide to allow the fight to continue. Donovan used excellent judgment in the matter of timing. Another of the blows that Davis was capable of delivering may have resulted in more serious consequences. However, the result as disastrous as it seemed at first glance, resulted in a pleasant aftermath. IT FINALLY BROUGHT ABOUT THE DEFINITE RETIREMENT OF TONY CONZONERI.

Billy Marquart, Jack Hurley's latest lightweight protege, came to New York and he came through in great style. He disposed of Billy Beauhuld in the fifth round of the scheduled eight-round semi-final after one of the greatest first rounds of fighting ever seen in New York. Both men were in danger of being kayoed in that classic and they never stopped throwing haymakers. Billy had more reserve powers and finally stopped Beauhuld, after scoring a knockout in the fifth.

Steve Mamakos, Washington welterweight, making his first start in New York, delivered the goods by beating Sammy Luftspring, Canadian welterweight champion, in eight rounds. Steve proved to be a rough, durable, two-fisted fighter who forced the fighting and set too fast a pace for Luftspring. Tami Mauriello disposed of Ettore Penn in the first round, while Harry Davidson whipped Henry Ferrera in the four-round opener. The gross receipts amounted to $30,793.

Maxie Shapiro, undefeated East Sider, continued on his progress by taking the measure of Hank Nakamura, rugged Japanese, in eight rounds at the St. Nicholas Palace. Hank made it tough for Maxie in many rounds and did the forcing but Shapiro's peculiar cleverness, bordering on the style of Jimmy Slattery, gave him many openings for stiff left jabs and countless right hands. Nakamura's both eyes were cut in the fifth and Dr. Schiff was forced to examine them between rounds. However, the okay was given and Hank finished the fight with plenty of spirit and was strong as ever at the finish. Shapiro weighed 130¼ and Nakamura 128½.

Spider Armstrong and Joe Marinelli, a newcomer from Dayton, Ohio, released plenty of fireworks in their eight-round semi-final. Armstrong started fast but Marinelli rallied in the closing rounds to get a draw. Armstrong was almost floored in the seventh session. Both scaled 126 pounds each. Pete Asero proved too strong for Jimmy McDonough in a special six-round event.

Tony Marteliano made a return to winning form when he gained an eight-round decision over George Zengaras at the Ridgewood Grove, after a hotly contested affair. For five rounds they fought at an even clip but Tony's rally in the closing rounds clinched the verdict for him. He weighed 139 while Zengaras scaled 137. Frank Terry pounded out an eight-round victory over Dewey Anderson in the semi-final. Lou Constantino whipped Frankie Deris in a special six-rounder.

Billy Beauhuld came through the winner over Jimmy Tygh in their eight-round return match at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Billy got off to a good start and despite the late rally of Tygh, Beauhuld held his advantage at the finish. Jerry Fiorello scored an upset by beating Izzy Redman in the eight-round semi-final.

Frankie Terry stopped Jackie Murray in the third of the opening eight-rounder.—Mickey Farber, East Side lightweight, had some trouble in getting accustomed to the style of the short and squatty Frankie Terranova, but his all-around class and better in-fighting asserted itself at the crucial moments and he came through with the eight-round verdict. This match took place at the St. Nicholas Arena.

Pablo Dana turned in a surprise victory over Nat Litfin in the eight-round semi-final. Dano's aggressive and punching at close quarters enabled him to come through the winner. Dano scaled 123¾ and Litfin 126½.

Jimmy Leto, Hartford welterweight, gave Milo Theodorescu, Rumanian champion, a good licking in their feature eight-rounder at the Bronx Coliseum. Leto scored a knockdown in the sixth round and held control all the way. Milo weighed 145¼ and Leto 151¾. Augie Arellano scored over Frankie Young in the eight-round semi-final.—Vinnie Vines preserved his winning streak at the expense of Pat Foley of Worcester, Mass., in their eight-rounder at the White Plains County Center. Johnny Wargo of Pittsburgh knocked out Tony Grey in the fourth round of the semi-final.

The benefit boxing show staged at the New York Coliseum for the widow of the late Amby McGary, old-time boxer and a referee on the staff of the New York State Athletic Commission, brought out a crowd of 8,000. As a fitting gesture, one of the greatest upsets in local lightweight circles was recorded when Tommy Speigal, Uniontown, Pa., lightweight, turned in a victory over veteran Johnny Bellus of New Haven.

On the strength of that victory, Speigal will have to be given ranking consideration in the lightweight division. Bellus lost two rounds, third and seventh, for low punches but aside from those sessions, Speigal enjoyed a comfortable advantage. It was an off night for Bellus, while Tommy showed to exceptional advantage. Bellus scaled 137 against 135¾. Mickey Siano stopped Stanley Miller in the third round of the eight-round semi-final. Ernie Vigh disposed of Tommy Campanella in the fourth round of another special eight-rounder.

Bobby McIntire, fast stepping youngster from Detroit, outweighed by seven pounds, came through in fine style by getting a draw with Tony Marteliano at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Marteliano got off to an early lead but at the half way mark Mickey started his rally and outfought his opponent at the finish. McIntire weighed 134 and Marteliano 141. Tonny Zano disposed of Mike Angieri in the third round of an eight-round semi-final. Charley Varre scored a technical knockout over Texas Lee Harper in the fifth. Norman Silvers and Lulu Constantino continued their rivalry in six bitter rounds with honors evenly divided at the finish.

Joey Fontana and Al Reid, two really fine gamecocks from New York City, continued their feud in another eight-round scrap at the St. Nicholas Arena. It was a replica of their four other engagements and it marked the first loss in the series for Reid. Al had come through with three victories and one draw.

Their latest event was probably the most exciting and gruelling from start to finish. Reid got off to a good start and forced the fighting all the way. Fontana, the better boxer and sharper hitter, was forced to fight Reid at his own game and that was to exchange punches with two hands.

Fontana came through in the fourth with some jolting right-hand uppercuts to head and body that helped to turn the tide in his favor. He continued his good work in the fifth, sixth and seventh but was forced to bow to Reid in the closing session.

The fight was so close and evenly fought that it was disheartening to see a loser declared. It looked like a dead even fight and will probably result in another engagement to decide the issue. Reid weighed 129 and Fontana 133¼.

Maurice Arnault and Victor Troise engaged in the semi-final of eight rounds that was called a draw. Arnault was forced to come from behind to even matters and his cyclonic rally in the last round probably gave him an even break.

George Crouch, Pacific Coast lightweight star, furnishes proof that conditions around New York imply that it is a closed corporation as far as certain gladiators are concerned. George came here with an excellent record, whipped the best boys on the Coast but still cannot get any satisfaction from the Eastern promoters. There is such a thing as being too good and the fact that Crouch is colored does not help the issue in any way.

The recent abdication of Sixto Escobar from the bantamweight throne has left several classes without a recognized champion. The middleweight division is split up between Al Hostak and Ceferino Garcia. The bantam division will now be an open field among contenders like K.O. Morgan, Tony Olivera, George Pace, Lou Salica and Peter Kane in England. The flyweight class is still open with Little Dado and Jackie Jurich among the American aspirants, Jackie Paterson, classy youngster from Scotland, and Enrico Urbinati of Italy.

Escobar's recent overweight defeats prompted the move by his manager, Lew Brix. It is expected that Sixto will now challenge Joey Archibald for the featherweight title, as he already holds a knockout victory over the 126-pound champion.

Jeff Dickson, Mississippi born promoter, who established himself in Europe as one of the most colorful, versatile and capable manipulators in the world of sport, is making New York his temporary headquarters. He detests inactivity and expects to get started soon in the promotional field around the East. Boxing in this country will welcome the presence of Dickson who has a flair for dramatizing his productions. His ability is well known to those managers who have done business with him. He has a faculty of developing talent in his own inimitable manner. Dickson's knowledge of boxing far exceeds that of Mike Jacobs, who has been exploited as the czar of boxing circles. Give Mr. Dickson leeway and you will see a real promoter in action.

Bernie Friedkin, Brooklyn lightweight, made his return to the ring a successful one by beating Pete Galiano of Baltimore in their eight-round fray at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. This was Bernie's first start in several months and it took him a while to get started but once he got going, Galiano was never in the running. Galiano weighed 140 and Friedkin 135. Nickey Jerome of Brooklyn turned in one of the real upsets in local circles when he took the measure of Baby Yack in the eight-round semi-final. This is one victory that hardly anyone expected Jerome to score and the odds on the fight were prohibitive. Jerome weighed 130 and Yack 123¾.

Frankie Bruno, Brooklyn southpaw middleweight, turned in a victory over Babe Orgovan, rugged Texan, in their eight-round fray at the Jamaica Arena. Bruno got off to an early lead and despite Babe's rally in the closing rounds, Frankie still had enough lead to earn the award. Each weighed 161 pounds. Lou Barbetta, promising bantamweight from Corona, L. I., whipped Al Kerner in the six-round semi-final, scoring a nine second knockdown in the fifth period. Gene Molnar whipped Paulie Griffiths in another special six-rounder.

Julie Kogan, classy New Haven lightweight, had plenty of trouble in winning the verdict over tough and rough Joe De Jesus, Puerto Rican lightweight, in their eight-round fray at the Jamaica Arena. Kogan outboxed his opponent and scored the cleaner blows but the aggressive tactics

and forcing that De Jesus did made a hit with the fans and the verdict was booed. Kogan weighed 133¼ and De Jesus 135. Ernest Robinson disposed of Angelo Cali in the third round of the six-round semi-final, while Andy Holland scored over Irish Paddy Durban in another sixer.

Allie Stolz, Newark youngster, showed signs of pugilistic brilliance by the manner in which he stowed Ginger Foran away in the fifth round of their eight-round go at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. He fought carefully and picked his spots until the right opening presented itself. Then came a succession of lightning like blows which floored Foran for the full count. Stolz weighed 129 and Foran 130. Lenny Mancini, fast stepping Brooklyn lightweight, put Bobby Sylvester away in the third round of the six-round semi-final. Lenny has been nicknamed "Boom Boom" by his ardent admirers because of ever-punching tactics and he did not let his friends down. He knows nothing but throw gloves. Carmine Fatta handled Steve Padon without trouble in their six-round event.

Maxie Berger, Montreal aspirant for welterweight honors, scored over Norment Quarles in their eight-rounder at the Bronx Coliseum. Berger resorted to boxing skill to come through a clear winner and he won without trouble but Quarles did the forcing and made the fighting from start to finish. Berger weighed 142½ and Quarles 136¾. Jack Wofford, likely looking heavyweight from Port Arthur, Texas, handed Mario Liani a neat whipping in the semi-final of six rounds. Chester Rico whipped Tom Christie in their duel of six sessions.

George Abrams, Washington middleweight, won over Vincent Pimpinella in the feature eight-rounder at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Abrams scored at will and encountered little difficulty in winning. Pimpinella weighed 156 and Abrams 161. An upset was recorded in the eight-round semi-final when Nat Litfin whipped Matty Perfetti. It was Perfetti's first start in many months. He weighed 129 and Litfin 128. Joe Bologna whipped Gene Molnar, while Danny Temple drew with Hugo Dubaldi in sixes on the same card.

There's no stopping the progress of Victor Dellicurti, Harlem's aspirant for middleweight honors. Although he is slightly over the welterweight limit, Victor is cutting his way through the ranks of the middleweights brilliantly and scoring upsets with each victory. In his most recent performance he took the measure of Cal Cagni, New Jersey's aggressive and crowd-pleasing middleweight, at the St. Nicholas Arena over the eight-round route.

Victor set the pace with his hustling, bustling style. He outscored and outroughed his opponent in five of the first six rounds. Cal's left eye was completely closed but that did not prevent him from making a determined rally in the last two rounds that almost swept Victor off his feet. His onslaught was so furious and his determination so serious that many of the fans were hopeful that he would get a draw for his efforts. Cagni weighed 155.

Bill Duffy unveiled his gargantuan heavyweight hope, Ben Morosz, 6 foot 8 inch giant from Philadelphia, in the semi-final against Young Hippo of Scranton. Morosz weighed 283¾ against 221¾ for his opponent. It was Morosz's second start and considering he is a raw novice, he looked highly promising. He has a snappy left hand and a jarring right uppercut, but his hitting powers are far from potent. He must develop that. Morosz is only 19 years of age and may develop with experience. He stopped Hippo in the second round when the referee called a halt after the second knockdown.

Al Reid, fighting gamecock from the Bronx, came through with another of his smashing victories when he whipped Bernie Friedkin in eight bitterly contested rounds at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Reid is a bundle of concentrated fighting fury and by his dashing, plunging, ever aggressive attack he proved too strong against the clever, sharp shooting tactics of Friedkin. However, the fight created considerable excitement and the possibility is strong that a return match will take place soon. Reid weighed 129¾ against 134¼ for Friedkin. Lenny (Boom Boom) Mancini, a star in the making, finished Young Chappie after 1 minute and 35 seconds of the first round. Mancini is destined to go places in the very near future.

Harry Balsamo, hard hitting brakeman from Harlem, came through with a smashing upset when he whipped Walter Franklin in eight gruelling rounds of scrapping at the Bronx Coliseum. Balsamo showed flashes of his old-time fighting ability and aided by physical fitness outfought his younger and capable opponent and came through in the crucial spots. Franklin weighed 159 and Balsamo 164½. Gerald D'elia scored over Frankie Runyon in the semi-final of six sessions.

Mike Burke, former Greenwich Village light-heavyweight, who fought all the stars of his era, is now grooming a fine stable and seems to have made considerable progress as a mentor. He is handling Andrea Jessurun, Eddie Brink, Babe Orgovan and seems to be keeping them out of idleness. They are a trio of crowd pleasers and no matter where they make their appearances, they are certain of a repeat performance.

Carl Moss, who is handling the affairs of Tommy Kiene, recognized bantamweight champion of the South, would like to make application to get his charge entered into the alleged bantamweight tournament that will shortly take place to find a leader to take the place of Sixto Escobar.—Eddie Clark, son of Sam Clark, who is one of the leaders of the Jacobs Ticket Office, is scheduled to take over a boxing club in Hollywood, Miami, this winter. Eddie makes those trips to Miami every season and on this occasion predicts a banner season for tourists. Boxing, as well as other sports, is scheduled to cater to enormous crowds this winter.

"Texas" Lee Harper came through with a smashing victory over Johnny Compo in the feature six-round event at the Jamaica Arena. Harper was too strong and aggressive for his opponent. Ernest Robinson disposed of Angelo Cali in the third round of the six-round semi-final. In another special six, Lou Barbetta, promising bantamweight, outpointed Danny Synott.—The promoters are trying to make a go of it at the Jamaica club and have tried their best to make a winning combination. Jack "Zunk" Zerlin is the matchmaker, while Meyer Ackerman is handling the publicity.

Julie Kogan, New Haven lightweight, gave further evidence of his hard hitting when he disposed of Jimmy Murray in the fourth round of their scheduled eight-rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Murray was floored in the third round and the bell came to his aid. In the fourth he was dropped for the complete count. Kogan weighed 132¼ and Murray 139½. Nickey Jerome scored over Joey Wach in the semi-final of eight sessions. Jerome weighed 131½ and Wach 129.—Mike Belloise was extended to the limit to win the verdict over Jimmy Vaughn in their eight-rounder at the New York Coliseum. Vaughn fought stubbornly all the way but Mike's cleaner punches enabled him to keep in front. Pete Koloff scored over Tony Ferrera in the six-round semi-final.—Quentin Breese eked out an eight-round verdict over Eddie Dunne at the White Plains County Center. It was hotly contested with the doubt in evidence until the final punch. Dunne scaled 143¼ and Breese 141¾. Ambrose Logan scored over Pete Mascia in the six-round semi-final.

Joe Lewis, who promoted boxing shows in Cleveland for many years, is now running at Youngstown, Ohio. In his first show he provided the fans with a keen upset when Tony Zale flattened Al Wardlow in three rounds. Wardlow is a local product and great things were expected of him. Billy Soose is another boy in that vicinity who can be developed into a future drawing attraction. Lewis can be reached at the Ringside Cafe, Youngstown.—Eddie Reynolds, head of Jacobs Ticket Office, which is located on 49th St., more commonly known as Jacobs Beach, may branch out with George Smith as future partners in the theatrical ticket agency.

WISCONSIN NEWS
By MATT DOUGHERTY

THE tempo of fistic action continues to beat with the same lethargic pulse in this state. Hopes for a bona fide renaissance have begun to dwindle like a fighter's bankroll. Promoter Billy Mitchell seems to be trying to maintain a good pace but one active promoter is not sufficient to create a boom.

On his October 16 card, Mitchell pitted Wes Ramey, the Michigan veteran, against Wishy Jones of Louisville. Jones carries a fair reputation, but he showed little outside of a new pair of trunks.

Ernie Valente, fresh from a six-month layoff, charged into Ted Morrison, St. Paul, with fur flying. Morrison gave and took his share until Ernie finished the setto with a left and right in the second.

The best bout of the evening saw Frankie Gaudes, elevated to a six-rounder, lock horns with Myles Martinez, courageous lightweight from St. Paul. In the second round they bumped heads, Martinez suffering a cut forehead, which hampered him thereafter. It was nip and tuck until Gaudes applied the finisher in the fourth.

Isaiah Lewis made a poor showing in beating Curly Martin, Minneapolis, in four. Joey Spiegal scored a clean win over novice Jack Penneau and Carl Schumacker made his pro debut by holding George Feltes to a fast draw. A disappointing crowd attended the card.

FROM THE PRESS ROW—The N. B. A.'s action in naming George Pace bantam king seems to be, at least, illogical. Pace should have to fight for the crown like anyone else. The Pace vs. Baby Yack match has led Johnny Gaudes, capable Milwaukee 118-pounder, to claim a shot at the crown by virtue of his three victories over Yack. Sic 'em, Johnny, and show them who's boss.

Tony (Cianciola) Martin drew with Billy White in ten at Baltimore and K.O.'ed Enzo Iannozzi in four . . . . Baby Breese won over Irish Eddie Dunne in eight. Breese vs. Lello would draw well . . . . Ernie Valente was beaten by Lee Oma, Detroit, in six at Chicago . . . . Pete Lello's latest victory was scored over Bobby McIntire by a K.O. in ten. On the same card, Indian Billy Lee lost to Tom Pallatin in six. Joe Spiegal lost an unpopular decision to Young Kid McCoy in five, and Nunzy Ferrara whipped Bill Parsons in four . . . . Mitchell shifted to the Auditorium for his card featuring Lello and Gregory.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

GREAT BRITAIN'S leading fistic talent has already volunteered for active service and more are offering their services daily. Boxing is furnishing its quota of patriotic lads in the war with Germany.

Syd Hulls is making a determined effort to bring on new talent while the stars are in the service. He is running open competitions at the Stadium Club on Saturday matinees for all divisions. Prizes are given to the winner and the runnerup in each class.

At the Devonshire Club in Hackney, Johnny Softley curbed the progress of Morry Josephs. Josephs is a fine looking prospect and it is hoped that the defeat will not mar his future. Eric Boon, who made his start at this same club, was given a tremendous ovation when introduced and other fistic luminaries such as Jackie Kid Berg, Jimmy Wilde and Teddy Baldock were treated splendidly by the crowd. They are all popular boys.

Fred Henneberry refused to wait for a chance at Jock McAvoy and his middleweight crown. Because of the war, he preferred to try his luck in the States. He was accompanied by his manager, Stan Sheldon.

Tommy Farr, who is making strenuous efforts to get another crack at Joe Louis in New York, has become resigned to the fact that he cannot leave England right now but will go to New York next March on a leave of absence from the government to fight Joe Louis in Madison Square Garden.

Jimmy Wilde, once known as "the Mighty Atom," is sponsoring the cause of Seaman Chetty. The Vairo Bros., who are grooming Kid Tanner toward a championship goal, are anxious to have this pair of rival bantamweights have it out in the ring but Wilde is holding them to a side wager of £100. This match may materialize and when it does, will create a great deal of interest.

Johnny Lyons disposed of Jackie Bishop in the sixth round of a scheduled eight-rounder on the same card that featured Softley and Josephs. Pat O'Connor, a typical fighting Irishman, compelled Joe Bakery, a colored boy from British Guiana, to retire in two rounds. In other sixes, Harry Calvert whipped George Hamilton while Bill Nolan drew with Sammy Long.

Jack Gubbins lost to Kid Silver in eight rounds at the Hackney Club. Gubbins did most of the forcing and landed the heavier blows. A draw would not have hurt either man. Alf Boom scored over Harry Ruff on points in another eight-rounder. Les Johnson scored an upset when he kayoed Sammy Kirsch in the second round of their six-rounder.

Jack "Froggy" Hyams, Stepney middleweight, showed his cleverness and agility to good advantage when he took the 10-round verdict over hard hitting Stafford "Buzz" Barton, Jamaica, B.W.I., middleweight entry, in their fracas at the Stadium Club of Holborn. Hyams was not in the best of physical condition but his ring-craft came to his aid in crucial spots and he emerged the victor by a clear margin. Hyams weighed 164 against 156 for Barton. Young Chocolate disposed of Johnny Buckley in the fifth of the scheduled six-round semi-final.

A rally in the final two sessions enabled Paddy Gill to win the decision over Tommy Clark in 10 rounds at Sunderland. Paddy Ross continued his winning sequence by disposing of Mark Southern in the fourth session of their semi-final go.

Liverpool staged a boxing matinee under the auspices of the veteran promoter, Johnny Best, and a capacity crowd greeted his efforts. Kid Tanner, colorful British Guiana bantamweight, had plenty of trouble before he was able to dispose of Jacky Saunders of Dublin, former world's amateur champion. Tanner was forced to spot his opponent 12 pounds, weighing 115 against 127 for his opponent but he came through like the true gladiator that he is. The referee halted the bout to save Saunders from a needless beating. Terry McStarvick was disqualified in the fourth round for striking a low blow after a furious scrap. His opponent was Herbie Clarke.

Billy Charnock scored over Tommy Allen in their 10-rounder at Oldham but the margin was very slight in his favor. Allen got off to a good lead but he was overtaken by Charnock. However, Allen was far from disgraced and made a hit with the fans. A hectic scrap was staged by Len Massey and Ginger Fairhurst in 10 rounds with the decision in doubt until the final session. Massey scored seven knockdowns during the fray while Ginger succeeded in putting his opponent down five times, which gives one a fair idea as to what happened.

Albert Williams, making great progress in the pro ranks, disposed of Ivor Pickens in the third round of their scheduled tenner at Crumlin. Williams scored a knockdown in the first and second and finally finished his foe in the next sesison.

Because of the difficulty in receiving any American magazines during the crisis, it is advisable that British fight fans who want to get THE RING, send in a subscription direct to Nat Fleischer, THE RING, Madison Square Garden, New York City, and thus receive the book through the mail. That is the only way one can be assured of getting any magazines at this writing.

Those who are in the service should make it their business to see that their company commander receives THE RING for the boys at the front. It is the type of magazine that is needed now more than ever by our service lads.

The government should see that THE RING is sent to all encampments and drill sheds. It is the he-man's bible and I know of nothing better for a few hours' relaxation.

AUSTRALIAN RAMBLINGS

By "RINGSIDER"

HARRY STONE, who left the shores of the United States for Australia many years ago, still retains the same vim and vigor that he held for boxing when he was an active participant 25 years ago. Harry is one of Australia's leading trainers and also handles many of the American importations, the last important one being Gus Lesnevich. Harry still likes to keep in contact with his American friends and spends most of his surplus earnings in posting Australian newspaper cuttings to his many American friends.

The present war situation has cut into the plans of Benny Bear and Stadium Limited for the importation of American stars. Bear had an excellent chance of bringing Sixto Escobar to the Antipodes but Manager Lew Brix insisted on Mickey Miller as an opponent and did not want to meet the Chinese importation, Kui Kong Lee.

Jack Dunleavy still conducts his Thursday boxing matinees which usually results in his gymnasium being crowded to overflowing. Exhibitions are staged by those who are engaged in customary boxing engagements and also the promising amateurs who wish to exhibit their wares. Dunleavy is an excellent teacher and has brought out many worth while Australian gladiators.

Arthur Kell, who acts as Australian correspondent for the San Francisco *Referee*, is also one of Australia's promising amateur boxers. He is a swell boxer . . . . Many American sportsmen will regret the passing of the Sydney *Referee*, one of the greatest sporting papers in the world. It divided its activities among various sports but it also boasted the services of Jim Donald, one of the greatest boxing critics of this era. Donald has a versatile style.

Cyril Angles, radio's leading sports commentator, is anxious to visit New York and see the famous Lindy's Restaurant that Damon Runyon describes in his series which is running in the Sydney *Truth* . . . . Dick Humphries, who quit the ring to show Sam Peters how to become a successful bookmaker, Norman Jacobs, Swanee Schwarz, Jack Fennell and Benny Bear make up the most formidable combination playing snooker at Tatt's . . . . Trev Lawrence, one of the most fanatic fans ever turned out of Sydney, is indignant about how some managers mislead the public with erroneous statements. He claims that Ray Actis, San Francisco middleweight, did not get a fair trial when he visited Australia several years ago . . . . Jack Read is turning out a fine magazine in the Australian *Boxing Blade* . . . . Jack Fennell, who brought Ron Richards to the top only to lose him, is now concentrating on Jack McNamee, Australian middleweight.

Alabama Kid, Dover, Ohio, middleweight, who became so attached to this country, intends to make it his future home. He is still in action in various parts of the country and manages to dispose of his opposition in good style . . . . Danny La Verne traveled to Perth to whip Tod Morgan. Morgan was the promoter of that show. Tod is around the 35-year mark but still fights on an average of once a month and usually promotes his own shows . . . . Joe Hall, who made a few disappointing displays around Sydney, is redeeming himself with a vengeance around Perth, which is exactly the same distance from Sydney as New York is from Los Angeles. Paul Harbulot, his manager, has great faith in his charge that he will make the grade. Hall is a classy boxer and when he is in the proper mood, is almost unbeatable.

Jackie Wilson, classy colored featherweight, who won 15 consecutive contests in this country, intends to return here in the very near future, but on that occasion will bring over his real manager, Jack Laken. Wilson originally was signed for three fights and lost out on many lucrative matches that his American manager had planned for him . . . . Bill Newman, American manager, who did so well with Atilio Sabatino in Australia and also bought himself the managerial contract on Kui Kong Young, is trying to sign up a few American boxers for another invasion. Newman's latest charge, Tony Olivera, recently whipped Sixto Escobar in an overweight match . . . . Bill Aherne, who did such a fine job on the late lamented Sydney *Referee*, is now covering boxing for the *Sporting Globe* of Melbourne, a mid-weekly sports publication.

Ossie Stewart is back in the United States after being whipped by Ron Richards in their third encounter at the Sydney Stadium. Richards whipped him on the first occasion, and was deprived of a second victory when an injured eye prompted Referee Jack Carroll to stop the contest, though Richards was leading by a big margin at that time. The third time Richards got started quickly and gave Stewart a good going over throughout the entire fight. This last defeat so discouraged Stewart that he did not waste any time in getting started for home.

Richards surprised the critics by getting down to the middleweight limit and he intends to remain there. He does not want to clash with the light-heavyweights and prefers mingling with the men in his own class. That should insure a Richards-Henneberry meeting for the Australian middleweight championship, which has been in dispute for the past few years. Richards, not Henneberry, as the American reports have it, is the Australian middleweight champion.

Charley Lucas, who went to America to sign some boxers for a winter campaign, returned to Australia without any of them. When war was declared, Charley decided it best to make a quick exit from the United States and to return to his home here. However, he expects to have all the boys whom he had signed leave shortly for Sydney, if they can get passage. How the neutrality bill will affect the Americans, is unknown here. It is presumed by Lucas that if the boys cannot get passage on an American vessel, they will be willing to come on a British ship, but that remains to be seen.

Nat Fleischer's story, "My Thirty-Two Years in Boxing," is receiving a big play in Australia and New Zealand where it is being run by several newspapers. The story is most interesting, especially the chapters dealing with British fighters. It is by far the best series carried here in years.

The Australia fight fans were happy to hear of the fine reception given to Fred Henneberry when he made his American debut. Fred is a popular boy and if he gets acclimated and receives a chance at the world middleweight title, he'll have plenty of backing by his people.

FROM NEW ENGLAND

By MARK FANNON

JIMMY LETO scored another impressive win in Holyoke, when he disposed of Al Gauthier in seven rounds. Leto ranked fourth best a while ago by THE RING, gets little notice in these parts.

At Worcester, Henry Chmielewski, hard hitting Polish battler, whipped Howell King in 10 rounds after being on the canvas twice in the early rounds.

In the semi-final, Eddie Ellis, colored boy, halted Vic Lotti's comeback attempt by outspeeding the veteran in eight rounds. Dom DiCiatis, recent amateur star, found Sam Tenore a stubborn foe, and was lucky to get the decision over the determined Tenore.

Paul Junior, Maine veteran, came from behind to win the New England lightweight title from Honey Melody in a close contest. This was the first title bout under the new Maine Boxing Commission. Junior is one of three Labbe brothers, all boxers, and a veteran of 350 fights. Well to do, the owner of several homes and a boxing promoter in his own right, he has done much to build up the game in Maine.

Mike Kaplan, going strong in New York, is one of the most elusive boys we have seen. Cautious and defensive in the amateurs, his foot work and aggressiveness should lead him far.

Lou Brouillard, former welter and middleweight champ, although still tough and cagy, is definitely on the down grade, as recent bouts have shown.

Bat Battalino is on the comeback trail. The former feather king is meeting with fair success. It's tough to see these veterans punched around by boys who would have been set-ups for them a few years ago.

Billy Conn and Pat Comiskey would be good cards in Boston with the right boys. Al McCoy and Tony Shucco would be a good match for either.

Cocoa Kid, upon receiving the decision over Carl Dell, admitted he had lost the fight, but added "I'm not the referee or the judges." This type of sportsmanship helps the game and many a boxer would be wise to copy the colored boy's attitude.

Fred Henneberry of Australia has just landed on these shores equipped with a fine record. Boston has several good middleweights that would keep him busy.

IN MINNESOTA RINGS
By DARWIN GOMER

MAKING his "farewell to boxing," Charley Gomer, 148, St. Paul's clever North Sider, scored an impressive four-round decision over the colored, hard-hitting Orlan Carson, 145, Chicago, at Milwaukee. Gomer floored Carson in the first for a count of four with a right cross.

Murray McLean bulletins that his 19-year-old Marv Wason is ready to meet any young Northwest heavy. Promoters can reach McLean at the Hamm Breweries in St. Paul.

Don Swenson is very popular in Chicago, and seldom loses there.—The writer has spotted a fine prospect in Leo Jaskulka, sixteen, a clever bantamweight, who has plenty of speed and form for a youngster.—Leo Kulka may be his fighting name.—Mike Kleber, Melrose welterweight, also only 16, is another fine prospect. He is fast, rugged and boxes well.—Watch him in the Golden Gloves!

Promoters Harry Lennon and Karl Ogren went big time for the Paychek-Anderson fight. Tickets were those big, square heavy kind bearing pictures of both fighters, the type usually printed for championship attractions.—And Johnny Paychek's name has been changed from Pasek to Pacek to Paycheck to Paychek! And he has turned out to be a real pay-check for Harold Steinman, his manager.

St. Paul's clever Harvey Woods has severed relations with Jack Begun, and his new manager is now St. Paul's Johnny Mauer.—Len Walbridge is being managed by Lester Derr, ex-middleweight Golden Glover from Becker.

BOXING'S MIRROR: Way back in 1936, Minneapolis' own Art Lasky knocked out Johnny Pacek (Paychek) in five at Los Angeles. And our Art Lasky was on the way down then!

Rumors have it that a group in Minneapolis is planning to give the Mill City its second boxing club. Let's hope so!

At Washington, on the Jeffra-Archibald card, Art Lind, 146, Alborn, Minn., comer, who has taken 10 pounds off his frame, outpointed Joey Spangler, 148, Richmond, Va., in a dull sixer.

Benny Leonard, who seconded Paychek in his battle with Arne Anderson, said of Anderson: "Anderson is one of the strongest, roughest, toughest heavyweights going today."

Farmer Lodge, ex-boxer and wrestler, now resides in Stacy, Minn.

In a six-round amateur headliner at Kent, hard-hitting Gene La Scotte, 156, from St. Paul, floored John Tworoski, 154, St. Paul, for a count in the third, a nine-count in the fourth and cut Tworoski's lip open in the fifth, when the fight was stopped.

In their third meeting, this time an exhibition over two rounds, Charley Gomer, 146, St. Paul, outpointed rugged Gene La Scotte, 156, St. Paul.

Talking to a Marquette University student who knows George Black of Milwaukee, now a Marquette student, and Wisconsin's RING correspondent, young 21-year-old Matt Dougherty, the student, says of Dougherty: "He is Golden Gloves champ of Milwaukee and is a good featherweight with a hard punch." The writer's address is 252 Thomas St., St. Paul, Minn.

John Powers, former Marquette student, who gives us information on George Black and Matt Dougherty, is now working at Montgomery Ward's in St. Paul.

Gene Tretter, nineteen-year-old St. Paul amateur middleweight, now works in a St. Paul shoe store and will be married soon. Gene tells us that Murray McLean has purchased his contract from Al Rogers.

It's just a year ago that George Wilson passed away due to an injury sustained on a football field. Wilson, a sixteen-year-old welter, was well liked by everyone . . . . Max Winters is Kelly Ward's new manager . . . . Billy Miske, Jr., has resumed training again since his suspension has been lifted.

At Des Moines, on the Armstrong-Manfredo card, Lee Sevold, 190, St. Paul, knocked "Big Boy" Gray, 230, Kansas City, Mo., Negro, with a left hook to the jaw in 40 seconds of the second round of their six-round semi.

Murray McLean is now booking Harvey Woods for Johnny Mauer . . . . McLean has also added Ray Isaacs, Minneapolis lightie; Billy McFarland, St. Paul welter, and Elmer Wikan, Eau Claire heavy, to his rapidly growing stable . . . . Henry Schaft is back in training . . . . Owns a bar in downtown Minneapolis also . . . . Johnny Hanschen is a student at Augsburg.

In the main event of fifteen rounds at the Minneapolis Armory, defending his welterweight crown despite N.B.A. rulings, Henry Armstrong, 141, Los Angeles, floored Cowboy Howard Scott, 137, Washington, D. C., for a count in the first with a left hook, and then knocked him out with a right in 1:38 of the second round. Scott wasn't any match for the great little colored champion, as was expected, but Scott put up a far poorer fight than expected of him.

In the six-round semi, hard-hitting Johnny Hanschen, 187, Minneapolis, floored Sherwin Bogie, 194, Excelsior, several times in the first heat, but couldn't get over the kayo until midway in the second. Jimmy Collins, 161, Minneapolis, whipped colored Jerry Hayes, 157, Milwaukee, in six. Speedy Wallace, 141, lanky Kansas City Negro, pulled a surprise upset over the hard-hitting state welter champ, Tony Yates, 146, Minneapolis, in a sixer that found Wallace reversing a previous unpopular six-round decision scored by Yates at Hibbing, Minn. In the six-round opener, Bernie Miller, 138, colored sparring partner of Henry Armstrong from Los Angeles, outpointed Don Espenson, 150, Minneapolis. Espenson, inactive for many months, took the fight on a day's notice and did very well. The gate was only $2,200. St. Paul's Paychek-Anderson tussle drew around $4,600.

Gordie Greene, manager of the Minnesota Theatre, has applied for Minneapolis' second pro boxing franchise.

Washington High School of St. Paul, a school that almost yearly turns out champions in sports of contact—hockey and football—has also turned out several fine boxers. Men like Marv Wason, Pug Barron, Charley Gomer, Dick Radman, Bill and Norman McCann, George Wilson, Frank Schleifer, Buzz Brown, Larry Gilbert and Gene La Scotte.

At Milwaukee, in a six-rounder, Ernie Valente, 174, West Allis, Wis., knocked out Ted Morrison, 169¾, Fort Snelling, in 1:55 of the second round. Frankie Gaudes, 129, Milwaukee, kayoed Myles Martinez, 132½, in two of a four. Isaiah Lewis, 147¾, colored Milwaukeean, won a decision over the veteran Curley Martin, 149, Minneapolis, in four. These bouts were prelims to the Ramey-Wishy Jones scrap.

In the Minneapolis Ascension Club opening amateur show, Ted Vander Vorste, Minneapolis' 1939 Golden Gloves heavyweight champ, beat Johnny Stevens, St. Paul light-heavyweight, in three heats of the main event.

Fred Fulton, one-time heavyweight contender, and once holder of the world's consecutive knockout record, is now married. Fulton runs a resort at Park Rapids, Minn., but will headquarter at Des Moines this winter.

On the Bucky Taylor-Lew Feldman card at Baltimore, Art Lind, 146½, Alborn, Minn., stopped Buddy Thomas, Washington.

Murray McLean claims his Tony Yates was suffering from a nose ailment when he lost to Speedy Wallace . . . . The ailment will keep Yates out for a month . . . . And the writer can't quite figure out why promoters here let some coming fighters fight unknown push-overs, while the others are forced to fight tough known fighters . . . . The promoters say, "We must have good fights" . . . . Then why the exceptions?

Minneapolis Armory—Eddie Wenstob, 181, Edmonton, Canada's Canadian-Norwegian, surprised by outpointing Arne Anderson, 199, heavyweight champion of Sweden, in a very close ten-round headliner. Wenstob scored with a left jab and crisp right cross.

In the six-round semi, Johnny Hanschen, 195, Minneapolis, pulled another surprise, and handed Marv Wason, 186, St. Paul, a serious setback. In another six, Solly Stark, 163½, Deadwood, S. D., knocked out Sol Robinson, 159, Chicago, in two. Don Espenson, 149, Minneapolis, looked good in whipping colored Jerry Hayes, 159, Milwaukee, in six again. Colored Louis Bell, 133, St. Paul, used a nice left hook to beat Carl Ford, 137, Minneapolis, in the four-round opener.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By RAY M. TODD

JULES BECK returned to the promotional field after a lapse of three years at the Moose Temple. In the ten-round main bout he had Charley Burley, local welterweight threat, in with Mickey Makar of Bayonne, N. J. Burley won by a kayo in 1:28 in the very first round. A solid right to the jaw sent the New Jersey man down for the count. Bob Smith, former Californian, won in the third round by kayo over Ira Hughes. Charley Fiore of the Clairton Police Club fought a six-round draw with the popular Whitey Schramm of McKees Rocks. Harry Bobo continues to bowl over his opponents. He stopped the veteran Lloyd Clements of Jeannette in the second round. The curtain raiser saw Woody Boord of Chestnut Ridge return to the ring after a lengthy layoff to give Joey Pohaskey of McKees Rocks a sound lacing in four heats.

At the Palisades in McKeesport—John Fleming, local colored 165-pounder, defeated Kid Teeko in the top ten-rounder. Teeko certainly did absorb punishment. Dusky Mose Brown of McKeesport won by T.K.O. in the fifth round over Johnny Dean of New Castle. Ira Hughes got up off the floor to win by T.K.O. in the sixth and final round over Charley Brant of Somerset, the referee stopping the affair due to Brant suffering a fractured nose. Max Verge defeated Sammy Adragna in the opening six-rounder.

Fritzie Zivic won hands down from Kid Azteca of Mexico City at Houston, Texas, in a ten-round affair.

Minnie DeMorre, local featherweight, dropped an eight-round decision to Joe Marinelli at Newark, New Jersey.

Billy Soose, Farrell middleweight, won by T.K.O. in the fifth round over Jack Munley of Scranton at that city. The referee stopped the affair due to a badly cut eye suffered by Munley.

Georgie Hughes, local colored heavy, won the ten-round decision over Salvatore Ruggirello at Fairmont. The semi-final saw Smiling Joe Pohaskey of McKees Rocks win by kayo over Sammy Torchy of Fairmont in the second round.

Tommy Speigal, local lightweight, stopped Charley Burns of Johnstown via T.K.O. in the seventh round of the scheduled ten-rounder at Baltimore.

Johnny Wargo, local lightweight, who for some reason or other had to go to New York to turn professional, won by a clean-cut kayo over Tony Grey of Brooklyn in the fourth round.

Sammy Angott, the best looking lightweight seen around here in years, bested Davey Day in Chicago to win the unanimous decision after ten hectic rounds.

JUST A JAB—Joey Mattis, former local amateur star, who deserted the simon-pures a few weeks ago, is still on the shelf at this writing, due to an injured hand received in his bout with Ossie Harris at McKeesport . . . . Attention, amateur boxing promoters: Get in touch with Duke O'Hara, 1101 Fifth Avenue, McKeesport, Pa., or Jack Perry of Vesta Burg, Pa. They handle some of he best fighters in this vicinity . . . . Joey Hornick, Charleroi's very capable lightweight, fights much on the order of Ceferino Garcia, even uses the Filipino's popular bolo punch . . . . Sammy Secreet intends to desert the simon-pures . . . . Sammy won the *Sun-Tele* Diamond Belt Championship in the welterweight class for the last three consecutive years . . . . Any information regarding the fight game around here can be obtained if a self-addressed stamped envelope is enclosed . . . . My address is 1005 Lincoln Avenue, Charleroi, Pa. . . . . When in this city, stop at Art Hersch's and pick up your RING—corner Fifth and McKean Avenues.

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UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By TOM EPHREM

TOMMY "KILLER" KIENE, with watchful Southern eyes focused upon him in his bid for top national recognition, recorded one of the most stunning upsets in the history of Dixie boxing when, before a large crowd at the City Auditorium in Savannah, Georgia, took in a very convincing manner, the highly touted scalp of Lou Transparenti of New York and Baltimore, in a blistering and heated ten round bantamweight brawl.

Johnny Caretenuto, Paris Island Marine, and Leon Foucart, of Jacksonville, both 168 pounders, put on one of those rarities, a barroom brawl with knockdowns a-plenty, to earn the crowd's plaudits. The Marine looked an easy winner in the first of the go but the game and courageous Jaxon came to his own right after and seemed well on his way to a kayo victory, when, BOP, back came Johnny and after two more knockdowns scored by him, had his arm raised in token of victory, a five round T.K.O. win, by Referee Joe Magee. The ref thought Leon was taking too much punishment and acted wisely.

Bogeyman Coleman, the Jacksonville bantamweight who seems to be about the roughest thing seen in a Savannah ring, evened things up with Lew Williams by taking a six round decision over the latter. Bogeyman scored two knockdowns over Lew. Marvin Cumbie, 142 pounder won his second start and over Tommy Robitzch, 144, in a four round prelim.

Ben "The Belter" Brown, went ten fast rounds with Ken Overlin to a draw at the Warren Arena of Atlanta before more than three thousand fight fans. This stopped Ben's sensational winning streak which was topped by two wins over Teddy Yarosz, former middleweight champ. It was a popular draw, the fans voicing approval when Referee Tom McCarthy raised the hands of both fighters. Chris Dundee, who manages Overlin, paid Brown a tribute. "He certainly is a greatly improved fighter." Overlin defeated Brown in 1936. This return fight was a typical of Ben's record. He has never lost a return affair.

Brown and Overlin are both Southerners, Ken hailing from Richmond. Each is highly ranked by Eddie Borden of THE RING. Brown is a notch higher according to Eddie's November ratings.

Danny Murphy, stablemate of Brown, kept on his winning ways with a snappy four-round win over Joe Apperson in a middleweight duel . . . . Hal Glymph decisioned Ray McNatt in another four-rounder . . . . Jack Brown and Woody Womack drew in four . . . . Kid Walker kayoed Pat Cambell in two . . . . Jabbin' Foots, Atlanta colored star, decisioned Popeye in a hot four. They won the cash prize as to the best prelim. The semi-final, featuring Kenny La Salle, top Southern welter, and Jose Estrada, St. Augustine and Jacksonville Mexican bomber, went to the former named easily, almost every round of the 10. At last they found the "little man who wasn't there." That description fits La Salle, as he was hit only several times on the body and not once on the head. Kenny is now managed by Sad Sam Sobel, who directs the affairs of Ben Brown.

Down at Miami Beach, where Captain W. H. Peeples, Jr., promotes the fistic menus, the faithfuls are engrossed in two promising youngsters who seem to be heading toward the right path along Leatherpusher Lane. Jack Larrimore, the Beach's fast developing welter, who might be a middleweight inside a year, is about the best attraction, at the present. The slender youth, who has a good right-hand punch, just recently took Irish Johnny Dean into camp in a 10-rounder and stood well his ground against the fighting Irishman's very rough tactics. "Larruper" Larrimore took nine of the 10 rounds and made it his second triumph over the Philadelphian. Dean, while not a consistent winner, but a great performer, nevertheless, can still make 'em hustle. Johnny's weight was announced as 141 to Larrimore's 146½. Other bouts found Mario Perez outboxing Young Embry in an eight-round semi; Tony Coury outpointing Paul Martin in six; Felix Gonzalez gaining a five-round T.K.O. over Alex Cupiano and Bobby Holland taking a four-round T.K.O. triumph over George Vaughn. The other prospect is Justo Jiminez, a lightweight.

Tom Sharkey, Jacksonville sailor lad, got over two more wins, Josh Johnson, Carolina champ, being his first victim, and Irish Talbert, following. These victories totaled 61 for the middie against nine losses, which is plenty to crow about. He is soon to get his chance to fight big time.

"Cap" Peeples, Miami Beach promoter, has invited this humble correspondent to be his guest in the Resort City for the Ben Brown and Ken Overlin battle which will top Everett Clay's annual Empty Stocking Fund Show down there. Clay is the Sports Editor for the Miami *Herald* and recognized highly for his ability in the fight game. This show will be his tenth and Promoter Peeples ninth as the matchmaker for Everett. In the past, this worthy combination has gotten together in bringing such outstanding mittmen for the previous shows as Petey Sarron, Carl Guggino, Frankie Covelli, Vince Dundee (at the time he was title-holder of the middleweight division), Tommy Speigal, Yucatan Kid and Ben Brown. Writes the Captain: "This year's main event, I believe, will top all former main eventers as it will feature two of the world's leading contenders for the middleweight crown, Ben Brown and Ken Overlin." Both went to a stirring 10-round draw in Atlanta just recently and as a win means much to either boxer, each undoubtedly will have his heart set on the win and that means a fight, very hard, will be in evidence.

Also says El Capitan, one of the best summer seasons was enjoyed by his club and gate receipts ranged anywhere from $600 to $1,600. That is an average of $946.50, which is very good during the hot spell. With no bad luck between now and December 31st, Promoter Peeples will have run 45 boxing shows during the 1939 season and four in his club at Richmond, which, incidentally re-opened last month with Kenny La Salle winning over Irish Eddie Brink, to a $1,487 house.

While El Capitan was absent from his Miami Beach programs, that club was capably handled by Steve Gabriel, his right-hand man, former boxing coach at Citadel, the "West Point of the South." A veteran in the boxing game, Steve handled Leroy Brown, Jimmy Watts, Tommy Jones, Cowboy Frankie Osner, George Courtney and has recently trained Ben Brown, Yucatan Kid, Justo Jiminez and Sabino Islas.

Bill Gore, the foremost fight trainer in the South and one of the best in the business, received a swell boost in the Scrantonian paper last month. The columnist of that issue wrote the complete column on Bill, bringing out the fact that he was the first fight manager in this country to bring Arturo Godoy to these shores and should therefore be working in the South American's corner on the night he tangles with Joe Louis, the heavyweight champion. Bill is in line for the trainer's job to Godoy and that means more boxing recognition for Florida. Good luck, Bill.

It is this writer's extreme pleasure to meet every "brother" RING writer. I met the first in Harry E. Winkler, who writes "In Sunny California." Harry and the charming Mrs. Winkler were touring Florida and made their first stopoff at Jacksonville, before embarking to St. Augustine, Sarasota, West Palm Beach, Miami, Tampa, Fort Myers and St. Petersburg, thence back to home, to California. We enjoyed a delightful chat with our California friends of the fight game, in Florida, and all it's pleasures. Florida welcomes them back, anytime.

Before one of the largest crowds in the history of Fort Myers boxing, the local pride, Kingpin Dilmos Long pounded out a close win over Texas Joe Dundee in 10 rounds. Dilmos also removed the state title (light-heavyweight) from the brow of Dundee, who had worn it for two years. The bout, action packed and close throughout, featuring some soulful socking, could have gone either way until the last and final round and there saw Long forge ahead for the win. It was another typical Promoter De Sautel presentation, an excellent card throughout. They are light-heavyweights.

It is interesting to note that the promoter, Don De Sautel, along with the help of Heinie Kight, the Fort Myers sport editor, are doing all they can to bring a boxing commission to their city. The Mayor, Mr. Sheppard, is also interested in the idea and hopes to get a local board.

Jacksonville is all agog over that Sport Center plan which will run into the cost of $200,000. The announcement was made from Atlanta by Harry Goldstein, local sportsman, who has as his associate, Ray Fabiani of Philadelphia. The Center, when completed, will offer every brand of sport entertainment, notably boxing and wrestling. Mr. Goldstein said that Fabiani would bring to the new auditorium the world's heavyweight champ, Joe Louis, and the lightweight ruler, Lou Ambers. On the wrestling side, Jimmy Londos and others of note will perform. The combined indoor-outdoor seating capacity will be 20,000.

Gabe Menendez, manager of the Jewish collegiate sensation, Toby Tobias, is a former Tampa, Florida, boy and was home to see the folks last month. Gabe is to bring Toby back to Miami Beach within the last part of the month as by then Florida's winter boxing season will be going at full blast. Tobias is a good puncher and a tangle with Jack Larrimore, the pride of Miami Beach, is eagerly looked for.

Surprised were the many fans in Miami Beach when Jackie Larrimore won a technical knockout over Vic Finnazzo of Baltimore in the sixth round. Eddie Coachman, who refereed the battle, halted Larrimore's murderous assault after the Baltimore boxer had been down five times. Jack gave further proof of his dynamic punching ability. Jack had him down for a nine-count in the fourth frame; same count in the fifth; two more counts of nine and one; and another for a no-count found Referee Coachman wisely putting a stop to it all. Larrimore scaled 146 and Finnazzo 147½. A good crowd was on hand for this bout.

Jack Friday, fight manager of Joey Puig, New York City bantamweight, is soon to bring his boy South, undoubtedly to Savannah, where Dixie's bantam king, Tommy Kiene, is residing. This pair is sure to attract a large crowd when they meet. Puig fought Jackie Jurich twice, when the latter was champ.

Word comes to this corner that Jose Estrada, the Mexican bomber from St. Augustine and Jacksonville, has agreed to meet the welterweight champion, Henry Armstrong, in the near future. His manager, Warren Magee, drops the line. Estrada recently fought Sammy Magro to a 10-round draw at Birmingham and also boxed Kenny La Salle in the semi on the Ben Brown-Ken Overlin card at Atlanta. Magee has a promising young lightweight in LeRoy Barry. Young Barry lost a decision to Shorty Roy, a seasoned campaigner, in Birmingham, a semi-final to the Estrada-Magro card.

Carl Sivers, not so long ago the fistic pride of all Florida, made an unwise move when, after announcing his retirement, put the gloves back on and met Jimmy Powell, a supposed-to-be easy "meat." However, Jimmy made Young Mr. Sivers look bad and gave the one-time sensation a thorough going over for three rounds of a four-round bout. Carl managed to score a knockdown and evened up matters by it to save himself from defeat. Carl is a friend of this writer, but it was proved that a fighter cannot go back into the ring without being in good condition and still expect to be the same kingpin he was at a time, only five months ago.

Dick Leonard, Savannah fight manager, will guide the fistic destiny of Joe Dinnerman, that city's prize amateur prospect, as soon as the latter says he's ready for the pros. Joe is a very hard puncher and has the "rep" of being a kayo king. Numerous amateur titles have been garnered by the Jewish welterweight and there are many who will say he is the best amateur welter in the South today. Leonard has another Jewish lad, Pete Grossman, who does his fighting in the featherweight ranks.

Along with several Jacksonville boxers, we have traveled to Savannah where the Jaxons have become top favorites in the Georgia city on the fight nights, which are every two weeks. The boys appearing on the cards there have been Bogeyman Coleman, Lewin Williams, Jimmy Powell, Marvin Cumbie, Leon Foucart, Ralph McGaghin, Tommy Robitzch and Paul Ward. While on the subject of Savannah, we wish to say that all visiting boxers and their managers have been treated with the utmost of the best Southern hospitality.

Another pleasure was to meet the manager and trainer of Lou Transparenti, in Savannah, just previous to Lou's fight with Tommy Kiene. Manager Benny Trotta, whom I believe is the youngest of the best known fight managers in the country, is a pleasant chap with a smile carried around all the time and whose ability to land Transparenti with some good shots show his interest in the game. Benny did not waste any time in saying Kiene is a neat prospect but needed more schooling. Trainer Mike Julian said likewise the same and the way Transparenti showed recuperative powers prove the capable training of Julian.

At Memphis, Wild Bill McDowell handed Steve Wilkerson the first pro setback of his career by taking away a 10-round decision in a middleweight scrap . . . . Dilmos Long of Fort Myers was a T.K.O. winner over Bob Monin in the second

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round of a tenner. Monin suffered a painful, twisted ankle and the fight was given to Long . . . . Joe Magee, who referees all the fights in Savannah, is a former referee of note. He handled the Maxie Rosenbloom-Cyclone Smith bout in an overweight match, Maxie being champion of the world.

Promoter Walter Young is soon to have the pro fights going again in Chattanooga, according to word received. Young is still with the amateurs and is doing nicely with increased attendance. The biggest drawing card when the pros go to war there will be the popular Jack Baggett, local boy under the management of Stiffy Williams. Jack has run a fine streak of straight kayoes, nine in number, and the last opponent was Dick Crawford. Stiffy intends to bring the knockout artist to South Florida where he will be in classy company.

Manager Benny Trotta's Baltimore lightweight, Young Raspi, just couldn't keep out of the way of Justo Jiminiz's leather swinging and after 10 rounds were over Raspi's face was swollen a good bit. He lost the decision to Justo but he made a game stand, taking all the Mexican had to offer. One of Raspi's dangerous left hooks found its mark in the fourth round in Jimmy's stomach, who went down for a two count. Joey Raymond floored Buck Buckalew twice in the eight-round semi and took the nod in a swell bout. Buckalew scored several good hits on his side. Raymond showed that he can still give if not beat, any lightweight in the state a hot argument.

They're trying for a Charley Eagle and Young Allen bout in Savannah and this should test the mettle of Allen in case the bout does take place. Eagle is managed by Dave Karess, New York City fight manager, who has several top-notchers also . . . . Tommy Mollis, Southern colored welterweight champion, showed to good advantage by defeating the sensational Eddie Booker in a stirring 10-rounder. George Perry manages Mollis.

We pick Bogieman Coleman as the best prelim boy in this neck of the woods. The Jacksonville bantam is number two in Savannah in popularity honors, the first being Tommy Kiene, naturally.

New Smyrna, Florida, will, after a long spell, open up her doors to pro boxing and for her promoter will name Al Ketchell, who is a former promoter of note on Florida's west coast. Al promoted at St. Petersburg when the game was in high order several years ago.

The Southeastern A.A.U. held its annual meeting at Memphis and awarded Florence, Alabama, the Southeastern annual championship matches, which will be held sometime in March, 1940. At the same meeting, Emerson Lucas of Florence was appointed chairman of the Boxing Commission for the A.A.U. C. O. McNees, also of Florence, and who supervises the amateur bouts there, has been asked by Huntsville, Alabama, to assist in getting the sport started there. Boxing has just begun in Athens, Ala., and Decatur. Each town is doing well. The Alabama State Golden Gloves Committee has already awarded Florence the North Alabama eliminations, which are to be held in January, 1940. The winners are to go to Birmingham for state titles.

Nashville selected Florence, Ala., as her guest to the intercity amateur boxing matches, which means that the Florence team is one of the three strongest squads in the South. According to Matchmaker William Batey, this match, Florence versus Nashville, should be one of the best ever offered the Nashville fans. Chief interest of this intercity program will be the tussle between Jack Revolta, the clever lightweight, who was the bright star of the 1939 tournament and Florence's best bet, and Kelly Sharbel, Nashville's promising youth. The Tennessee Golden Glove championships will be held in the latter part of January and the winners will compete in the Southern finals at a later date.

Dale Gardner, who is publicity man for Ben Brown, is in Jacksonville, and there are many who will remember him as the fighter who fought Battling Nelson twice. He also boxed good lightweights, welters and middleweights, included among them Kid Parker, Perry Queenan, Indian Joe Gregg, Louie Long, George Kayo Brown, Guy Buckles and Terry Keller. Gardner was editor of the *Self Defense Magazine*, a New York publication.

Johnny K.O. Stevens, 140-pounder, put the skids under Wild Bill McDowell, 147, in the fourth round of a tenner, at Louisville. This city, home of Sammy Angott, leading lightweight contender for Lou Ambers' crown, is reported to be drawing them in at every show.

Professional boxing made its bow in Andrews Field at Fort Smith, Ark., and saw Johnny Risko, former noted heavyweight, defeat Sandy McDonald in a great 10-round bout. Ole Johnny is doing quite well.

Bob Sikes, the South's heavyweight kingpin, defeated Young Allen of Macon, Ga., in a good 10-round bout at Pine Bluff, Ark., and kept his title home. Bob rocked Allen frequently with hard blows to the head but could never get the Georgian off his pins. It was a fast fight from beginning to end and both seemed somewhat tired at the end of the scrap. Sikes weighed 189 to Allen's 185.

At Augusta, Ga., Young Allen, before 2,500 fans, kayoed Georgie Vallas in eight rounds. Allen, under Pa Stribling, is doing much to revive interest of the game in his section of the state. Allen and Vallas met in a returner at Columbus and this time Pa Strib's boy made shorter work of Vallas, who went out in the fifth canto. It was Allen's fifth straight win before a Columbus audience.

Neville Beech, young heavyweight find from Picayune, Miss., scored his second straight win of a brief professional boxing career at Memphis by registering a knockout over Bobby Michaels of Atlanta. The end came in the third round after Michaels made his third trip to the canvas.

Florida will have a colored fight club this season and as this goes to press, an inaugural card is about to take place. The club will be in Miami and is expected to go over in a big way. All fighters and managers can contact this writer for information and such. Please enclose in your letters, records, results, pictures and all information that may be of help. My address: 605 West Forsyth Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

To Ray Fabiani—Your address is unknown to me but I wish to hear from you in a matter of vital importance.

To Harry Goldstein—It is important that I hear from you, also.

Please have your write-ups in before the first of each month. All queries will be gladly answered upon receipt of stamp. Address—Tom Ephrem, 605 West Forsyth Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

Wishing every one a most Merry Christmas.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI

By ROBERT D. DANA

KEN OVERLIN, Fistiana's gift to the spoken word, stole the opening show of the indoor season when he cuffed out a unanimous ten-round decision over Allan Matthews without so much as the loss of a round. The Black Dempsey was the picture of frustration as he pursued the flicking, fleeing Decatur express. In only three out of the torrid ten did Allan even show signs of catching up and getting where he wanted to be—inside. On these rare occasions, the referee was slightly overzealous in separating the gladiators but that was a minor point. It was simply a case of too much Overlin. Ken popped off a lot before the battle à la Dizzy Dean and like ole Diz he was just as good as he said he was going to be. In fact, the greatest difference between Dean and Overlin is that Overlin wears two gloves.

The semi-final found Joey Parks practically torn asunder by Johnny Romero. The left-hander had Joey afloor in the first round but couldn't flag him again for keeps until the eighth, though he staggered him in almost every round.

Frenchy Le Moyne lost in eight rounds to Courtland Shepard. The seasoned Shepard was expected to make short and devastating work of Frenchy but found a tartar in the greensward. Frenchy buffeted Court around quite merrily for the first two heats but ran out of fuel somewhere along in the third. From that point on, Shepard had things pretty much his own way though his way was unconvincing to many of his friends.

Two weeks later, Johnny Romero was brought back in the main event with Dave Clark furnishing the opposition. The colored boy from Detroit won the decision after narrowly averting a kayo in the first round. Romero caught him with his vaunted right hook and Clark, dropping his arms helplessly to his sides, backed across the ring in a stupor. Romero was slow to capitalize on the situation, preferring it seemed to let the stricken Clark lead to him. As the latter couldn't and wouldn't all at the same time, he was accorded a few seconds' respite and his head cleared before the Bandit closed in. After that, Clark was never nailed again by that hooking right and his long left stabs prevented Romero from wheeling his own left into crucial range.

Eddie McGeever gave a great exhibition in the semi-final to this one when he fought Pat Kissinger to a standstill despite a fractured right hand and a badly bruised left. After the third round it seemed certain that Kissinger was not long for that night. As the fourth got under way, however, it was soon apparent that something was radically wrong with McGeever. He would open Kissinger up only to tap him lightly to the face and body meaninglessly. The morons of the mob immediately set up a mighty din in which the name of one Harry Thomas was wafted about among the girders. But Irish Eddie wouldn't quit. He was totally incapable of inflicting anything that looked like punishment but his defensive skill was so sharpened for the task that he received a well-merited draw.

So, when you read tales of Nelson, Wolgast and the other knights of the stout heart, you won't be far off by linking with them the name of McGeever, Pennsylvania's *coeur du lion*.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

THE Leroy Evans-Pete Conley fight which the Q. A. C. staged at the Broadway Auditorium, was a frost. Evans, a big Negro, who is well over six feet tall and weighs around 215, was pitted against an unknown with the girth of a heavyweight wrestler. He didn't even look like a fighter and went down and out in forty-seven seconds. This kind of stuff only digs a grave for boxing's future in Buffalo.

Evans has been training with Joe Louis at Detroit. It is said Jack Blackburn is schooling him, but no one could get a line on his present condition or ability when facing a ham-and-egger like Pete Conley.

Jackie Donovan, South Buffalo welterweight, fought a nifty and clever battle to win from Ralph Gizzy, bounding Pittsburgher, in the six-round semi-final. The match was good and tough, with Donovan's fast left hand having a telling effect. Donovan won three rounds, Gizzy two, and one was even. It was a close decision.

THE PUNCH BOWL—Talk around town of a rematch between Harris Blake and Jackie Donovan . . . . The match would attract a lot of local interest . . . . Glad to see Billy Shaw retained as matchmaker for the Olympic Club at Syracuse . . . . Billy has been in boxing since he put on long pants and knows his stuff . . . . Ralph De John, Syracuse light-heavy, is a prime Buffalo favorite and attracted big crowds a year or two ago when he fought at the Auditorium . . . . Matched with a good scrapper, Ralph could still draw them in here . . . . Our new Municipal Auditorium will be ready for occupancy about June 1 and we'll see a boom in boxing for Buffalo and all western New York . . . . Talk of a new fight club continues . . . . Sam Mino thinks his new fighter, Jimmy Mandell, will be a riot in the amateurs this winter . . . . Both the Mineo and Jack Singer gymnasiums are showing activity . . . . Art Johnson is building new stars for his Orioles amateur boxing shows and will have another prosperous season . . . . Good amateurs desiring to show in Buffalo should write Johnson, c/o the Orioles, Washington Street, Buffalo, N. Y. . . . . The Eagles' boxing season is also under way and bi-monthly shows will be offered at Eagles' Auditorium . . . . Lee Sheppard, good Cleveland lightweight, will get a chance to box in Buffalo at an early date.

Jack Herman is off to a flying start for another bumper wrestling season. With about 5,000 fans present, Steve (Crusher) Casey won from Ed (Don) George, Buffalo lad, in a vicious mat bout which ended after an hour's wrestling with George on his back—not in the ring, but on a hospital cot. Neither grappler gained a fall, but the bout was over when Referee Jimmy Goodrich stopped it after George had dropped to the floor writhing in pain. Doctors present ordered Ed to the hospital, where he spent several days.

Good boxers of all weights who have records and ability and would like to get started in Buffalo, should write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Buffalo is one of the greatest fight towns in the country when conditions in boxing are normal. Those who write should be free from managerial alliances and contracts.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE Elks Club has opened its doors for the winter months with Johnny Burba as matchmaker doing a swell job and the fans of Rochester show their appreciation by filling the hall every Monday night. Following are the results of some of the stellar bouts shown here in the last few weeks—Tony Decarlo, Rochester 147, decisioned Melvin Hawkins, Kandin N. Y. C.C.C. Camp, 5 rounds. Jerry Spalma, Rochester, lightweight, decisioned Al Herrig, Syracuse, 5 rounds. Koby Paul, Rochester, lightweight, decisioned Jasper Anderson, Buffalo, 3 rounds. Shorty Dowd, Rochester, T.O.K.ed Charlie Hall, Buffalo, 1:32 second round.

Some of the amateurs of last year who have turned pro recently are Harris Blake, Buffalo; Vince Semprovino, Albany; fighting under the name of Paris in N.Y.C.; Cast. Delberta is also fighting in N.Y.C. under the name of Del; Bull Muldoon, Cleveland; Don Merritt formerly of Cleveland now fighting in Chicago; Tommy Fedesco, Niagara Falls; Ossie Sussman and Henry Smith, Rochester; Harry BoBo and Ossie Harris, Pittsburgh and Jimmy White, Cleveland.

Promoters, fighters and fans wishing for information on fistic matters can do so by writing Sam Porcelli, 47 Cleveland Street, Rochester. Enclose a self-addressed envelope for personal reply.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

GEORGIE PACE is recognized by the N.B.A. as the bantamweight Champion of the World. At Cleveland's exclusive Cleveland Athletic Club all the Sportswriters, Radio and Wire writers as well as City Judges, Boxing Commissioners and other celebrities gathered to witness Tris Speaker, Chairman of the Cleveland Commission, and Johnny Kilbane, former featherweight Champion of the World, pass Pace the Scroll, which was sent to Cleveland by the N.B.A. showing that Pace is the Champion of the World, as far as they are concerned.

Among those present were Harry Grayson of the NEA; McMann of the A.P.; Ben Williamson of the Cleveland Press, Jim McCully of the Cleveland News, Alex Zirin of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, Tom Manning of station WTAM. Guy Wallace and Jack Graney of WHK, Jack Star of WTAM, Judge Frank Day, Dan Nolan, James A. Lee, Jack Kearns, Harry Baxter of Detroit, manager of Kayo Johnny Morgan, Charley Bethel of the Boxing Commission, Joe Moss Music Publisher from New York City, Bob Brickman Cleveland promoter and many others.

Jack Kearns came in from Detroit with Harry Baxter to challenge Pace for a title match which Kearns will promote in Cleveland, Detroit or Toronto, Canada. Pace must defend his N.B.A. title within sixty days.

The New York Commission does not recognize Pace nor does THE RING which insists there must be an elimination with Pace, Morgan, Salica and Olivera, the contestants.

Joe Lewis, former Cleveland Boxing Promoter, is around Youngstown, O. promoting. He put on his first show drawing a good gate, and gave the fans a great show. In the feature bout, Tony Zale, of Chicago, kayoed Al Wardlow, of Youngstown, in the third round; Mike Gameire, of Cleveland, stopped Frankie Gilmore, of Cincinati, in seven rounds; Midge Mangine, of Cleveland, and Matty Ozenak drew after six rounds of furious fighting; Len Jones of Canton and Cleveland defeated Tony Costa, of Pittsburgh in six after having Costa down twice.

Big Dan Merritt boxed Art Kettles at Chicago and after being floored by Kettles in the first round, he came back in the same round to knock Art out. Merritt then boxed a fellow by the name of Clarence Brown, who was behind for five rounds only to come back and floor Merritt four times in the last round to win the duke. Merritt tired after the fourth.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Jimmy Vaughn is still busy around the East. . . . The Welch A.C., a crack Amateur club, has the busiest boxers in N.E.O. The gym is located at 737 Prospect Ave. . . . It looks as though boxing will have a great season this year around this part of Ohio. . . . Send your notes to SPARKY RUDOLPH, 9214 Madison Ave., Cleveland, O.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

HAVANA will open its winter season of fisticuffs with a brand of contests that have never before been witnessed in Cuba's history of mitt slingers. From appearances, the year 1939 will go down on record as a banner one and there's no telling what 1940 will bring to these shores.

Commandante Jaime Marine wants nothing but the best of imported boxers that money can supply, and every possible effort is being made to boost the year 1940 into a high spot never before equalled. Since Marine became president of Cuba's Sport Direction he has certainly accomplished wonders. The proof is in the pudding, i.e., all sports in general are enjoying the biggest year they ever have had. Nat Fleischer, owner of THE RING, has visited Cuba on several occasions, and he is all praise for Cuban sports and the way things are run here.

Joe Legon, Cuba's dynamic welterweight, in a return go scored over Cecilio Lozada of Mexico, 145, in ten rounds at the Cristal Arena before a packed house. Zurdo Torres and Rayo del Ring fought an eight-round semi-final which lacked the necessary pep to satisfy the customers. Coco Cardenas scored a two-round technical kayo over Juan Cervantes, Mexican lightweight.

Armando Delgado, after a six-year absence, returned to Havana and scored an easy victory in six rounds over K. O. Ruiz of Mexico. Delgado appeared to be in good condition, and will be given a chance to prove his value.

Johnny Cruz, one of Cuba's best a few years ago, now instructor at the National Boxing Academy, has some good boys under his tutelage, such as Pedro Poey, Mario Morales, Guillermo Barrios, Lorenzo Safora, Angel Ruiz and little Bon Bon, who has all the earmarks of a future "Kid Chocolate."

Carlos Estruch is without a doubt one of Cuba's great trainers, and is aces when he's in any fighter's corner. Estruch has been active since 1930, and has gained a world of experience in foreign lands. He knows boxing all right.

Lalo Dominguez, Cuba's old iron horse of fifteen years ago when he held the lightweight title, is turning out some good boxers at the National Academy of Boxing. Bob Ferrer, Sergio Napoles, Santos Hernandez and many more are the outstanding boxers in Lalo's stable.

Luis Gutierrez, head of the Cuban Boxing Commission, has his hands full now organizing what has been termed here semi-pro contests, and weekly programs are being held at the Cristal Arena to packed houses. A majority of the Golden Glovers have turned semi-pro, and all indications show that Cuba within a short time will boast of hundreds of first class professional fighters. Mr. Gutierrez makes his selections carefully and with caution, and high praise goes to him for his meritorious achievements.

Sergio Napoles, alias "Kid Guarina," Cuba's 105-pound miniature Jack Dempsey, conceded seven pounds to Hector Delgado and made a clean sweep victory in five rounds. RING readers will be hearing lots of good things from this part of the world, and Napoles is going to be one of the high spots in the news.

Santiago Sosa, Cuban featherweight, put the skids under Joe Armstrong and scored a five-round knockout. Sosa is preparing for his coming bout with Cuba's iron man who answers to the name of Guillermo Barrios. Barrios recently scored a four-round knockout over Melquiades Diaz in first class fashion.

Rene Cantero is another corking featherweight coming to the front rapidly. His last victim was Kid Bejega, who is a tough southpaw walloper managed by Johnny Cruz. Cantero won five of the six rounds, and made a great showing against his stronger rival.

Mario Baeza is making fine progress in the lightweight division. He added another victory to his long list of conquests when he outpointed Baby Scull at the Cristal Arena. Angel Garcia defeated Alberto Porti; Baby Cristal scored a three-round T.K.O. over Baby Fernandez; Damaso Collazo won from Gustavo Velez; Frank Hernandez knocked out Gilbert Moreno in two; Agustin Morales bested Miguel Perera; Raul Dominguez won from Rene Rodriguez; and Jorge Caula scored a sensational two-round knockout over Emilio Silvera.

Mario Morales, nifty bantamweight, made short work of Pedro Calderon, putting him away in the first minute of the first round. Baby Cullimber won in four rounds from Sergio Bustamante when the referee halted the contest; Humberto Montejo won from Manuel Garbanes; Emilio Calzadilla beat Jose Torrientes; Hector Delgado defeated Robert Yanes; Cuban Mickey Rooney won hands down from Joe Miguel Gomez; Arcadio Martinez outpointed Danilo Pazos in three hectic rounds; and Bernardino Rodriguez easily beat Julio Pineiro.

Ramon Medina won from Alberto Yera in an interesting contest which had the fans yelling all the way. Pedro Otaño beat Agustin Jiminez; Miguel Acevedo won from Candido Pacheco; Juan Argudin won from Martin Capote; Moises Rodriguez beat Juan Villalba; Benito Poll beat Armando Buendia; Rolando Delgado beat Elio Turro, and Lazaro Mazorra beat Francisco Berrios.

Pedro Martinez, who is Kid Chocolate's cousin, is a fine little featherweight prospect. His recent victory was over Robert Ferrer, in which contest Martinez showed signs of a coming star in the realm of Cuban boxing. Pedro possesses fine boxing ability, and above all a lightning left hook which spells dynamite to all his opponents.

Pedro Poey surely looked good when he defeated Eligio Alvarez, known as "Cayuco," at the Cristal Arena. Poey is fast and clever, and seems to know what it's all about while he's in the ring. Jose Mana outpointed Ignacio Pimienta; Bellido de Luna won from Roberto Villalonga; Emilio Viciero beat Rafael Sanchez; Sergio Prieto defeated Ramon Orellana; Julian Fernandez outclassed Rosalindo Gonzalez; Arcadio Valdes won from Francisco Sanchez; Sebastian Alvarez won from Felipe Cuesta; Ignacio Alfonso scored a two-round kayo over Angel Delgado.

FLASHES—Baby Face Quintana is now doing some good work as referee . . . . Hugo Cabarco is always doing his utmost as ref . . . . Doctor Facundo Prats of the Boxing Commission is doing splendid work for Cuban boxing . . . . Alex Garcia certainly knows how to broadcast the fights right from the ringside . . . . Cuco Conde continues to hold number one position as announcer . . . . Fernando Rios is doing great as head of the Casino . . . . but we'd sure like to have him referee again . . . . Gonzalez is another splendid referee . . . . he's cool, alert and accurate . . . . Let's introduce some of Cuba's judges . . . . Dr. Casuso, Planas, Bueno, Firpo, Palmer, the Leal brothers, and last but not least, ye scribe . . . . Wilfredo Benitez has been reinstated as referee . . . . Casal is still reffing in good fashion.

Good lightweights can be used down here. Those interested, address the writer, with clippings and photos, at Apartado 829, Havana, Cuba.

BIRMINGHAM AND VICINITY

By JIMMIE ALLEN

BOXING has hit a boom in Birmingham and other sections of Dixie. For several years fistic activity was practically dead down South with the exception of Miami. A little over a year ago, Jimmy Erwin, globe trotting manager and promoter, after a trip to Europe and Africa, came down to Birmingham and started promoting shows for the American Legion Post, No. 1, in Birmingham at the City Auditorium. Erwin gave the fans popular priced shows with a series of good club fights. He met with success in his venture and other Dixie towns followed suit.

At the present time, the game is flourishing in Birmingham, New Orleans, Atlanta, Jacksonville, Savannah, Macon, Miami and Memphis. New talent is being developed in these centers and within the next few months several Dixie battlers will be heard from on the big time circuit.

Birmingham's most popular attraction at the moment is Sammy Magro, 18-year-old Italian welterweight. Magro is claimant to the Southern welterweight championship. During the short period of a year, this youngster has mowed down all opposition, defeating such experienced veterans as Baby Manuell, Ray Ingram, Lew Raymond, Battling Burroughs, Emil Cody, Jose Estrada, Pete Tarpley and Wishy Jones. With 20,000 Italians in and around Birmingham, this youngster is a top-notch gate attraction. In addition to boxing, Magro is a first rate tumbler. He comes from a family of acrobats.

Buck Everett, Southern heavyweight champion, has returned to his home in North Carolina after a six months tour of South Africa, where he was successful, winning all of his bouts with the exception of one defeat at the hands of Ben Foord, former British Empire heavyweight champion. Everett was forced to cancel several bouts in England due to the outbreak of the war. A good heavyweight attraction down South would be Buck Everett and Bill Boyd, now of the Jack Dempsey stable, but originally a Birmingham boy, who left this vicinity to join the Navy a few years ago. Boyd has not appeared in his home town since turning pro. Another Birmingham boxer making good in Eastern rings is Izzy Jannazzo. Magro and Jannazzo would be a welcome bout for the home folks around Birmingham.

Virgil Warren, head of the Warren Arena, in Atlanta, came through with a high class show last month in Ben Brown and Ken Overlin, two of the first ten ranking middleweights. The bout was declared a draw . . . . "Pa" W. L. Stribling is back in the fight game with a young heavyweight that is doing well, "Young" Allen of Macon. "Pa" also promotes bouts at Macon. Allen is a crowd-pleasing heavyweight . . . . Savannah, Ga., has a good bantamweight attraction in Tommy Keine, a promising youngster.

Petey Sarron former World's Featherweight Champion, a native of Birmingham, has definitely retired from the Ring after twelve years of active service in the Squared Circle. Petey was managed by Jimmy Erwin, present Birmingham promoter. Sarron is well fixed financially and will have nothing to worry about. He has saved his money and has invested wisely in real estate around Birmingham. He was a popular little fellow in and out of the ring and was always a credit to the game. Some day Nat Fleischer of THE RING will come to Birmingham and present Petey with the Featherweight Championship belt which is still in Nat's headquarters.

Jimmy Perrin, holder of the Southern Featherweight Championship, hailing from New Orleans, is a big favorite with the Birmingham fans. Sammy Musco of Houston, Texas, is also a favorite with the Magic City fans. A bout between Perrin and Musco for the Southern Title would pack the Auditorium here. Matchmaker Erwin is hot after this match.

Results in Birmingham Rings for the past month are—Sammy Magro defeated Wishy Jones 10 rounds, Darse Robertson scored a technical K.O. over Bobby Seigal in four rounds, Patrick Murphy knocked out Frankie Allen in three rounds, Sammy Musco knocked out Darse Robertson 1st round, Patrick Murphy knocked out Joe Apperson three rounds, Ben Montabana knocked out Battling Simms, four rounds, Dixie Fleming stopped Mason Kid Glover two rounds, Doug Gibson won over Gene Mitchell in four rounds, "Flash" Burke, former Captain of the University of Alabama Boxing Team knocked out Doug Gibson in four rounds, "Wild Bill" Barron knocked out the "Kangaroo" Kid in two rounds.

Boxers and Managers planning trips down South this Winter, should communicate with Matchmaker Jimmy Erwin, c/o The City Auditorium, Birmingham, Ala. Erwin will be pleased to use any of the worth-while boxers coming this way this winter.

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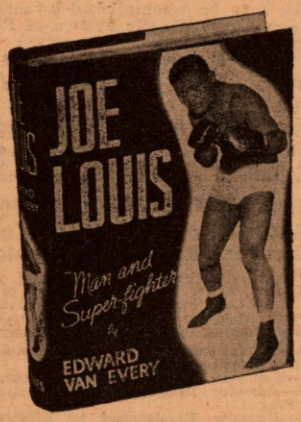

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NEW ORLEANS AND DIXIE NOTES

By HAROLD BUCKLEY

NEW ORLEANS enjoyed one of its best years of boxing since 1929 and indications are 1940 will be even better now that Lew Raymond of the Auditorium Boxing Association has the Crescent City back on the fistic map and is fast developing a couple of other cards in addition to Jimmy Perrin and Nickie Camarata.

Boxing, as every one in the fight game knows, was practically "dead" until Irwin Poche interested 100 business men in coming to the front and pooling $10,000 to bring back boxing in New Orleans. The result has been phenominal and thanks to the cagey matchmaking of Lew Raymond the outlook is bright and, like Nat Fleischer pointed out in a recent article, New York Madison Square Garden is the only big fight center that is topping the "gate" receipts in the Crescent City.

A vote of thanks was recently given Irwin Poche, Lew Raymond and Marty Burke by the boxing fraternity here for their untiring efforts in once more establishing this city as one of the leading boxing centers of America. A nod was also given Broadway Johnny Cox for pounding out interesting fight copy for the A.B.A. ring programs.

Jimmy Perrin, Southern featherweight champion with a win over Sixto Escobar to his 1939 ring achievements, made it two straight over Eddie Lander of Chicago when he decisioned the Chicago Jewish youngster in a torrid 12-round scrap here November 6 at the Auditorium. In a previous tilt Perrin won a close one in ten heats over Lander which was disputed by many spectators. In defeat Lander was just as popular as Perrin and with another six months of campaigning under his belt Lander will make the best of them hustle.

Lew Raymond is laying plans to have Eddie Borden, popular Ring boxing expert, as a visitor here during the Mardi Gras and guest of the Auditorium Boxing Association. Eddie has always wanted to make the trip here during the Carnival festivities but was too busy to get away. Raymond, however, is warning Borden that no excuses will go this trip and Lew along with Irwin Poche, Marty Burke and others here, guarantee Eddie one of the best trips of his life and one that will linger long in his memory. So, prepare yourself Eddie for the South.

Leo Rodak evened the score with Nickie Camarata here in October when he took down the decision over Nickie in a hectic 12-round brawl that played to a capacity house. Nate Lewis, Chicago speed marvel is one of the best out-of-town fistic attractions brought here in more than a decade. Fact is, Leo is practically considered a home boy.

Following his loss to Rodak, Camarata departed for the East to join Manager Chris Dundee. Win or lose Nickie always makes a good fight of it and Chris Dundee's lightweight, like Jimmy Perrin, is responsible for the "comeback" of boxing in the Crescent City.

Ervin Berlier, once a thorn in the sides of all the topnotch lightweights, is making good on his present "comeback," winning five consecutive fights under the careful guidance of Emile Bruneau. A couple of more six-rounders and Ervin will once more be knocking at the main-event door and giving the best of the lightweights plenty of trouble.

Young Polite, unbeaten New Orleans lightweight, went to the Pacific coast last month and celebrated his entry on the West coast with a kayo on the Armstrong-Garrison card. Polite, an 18-year-old negro, registered a hit and when he returns home Paul Grey plans to send him against Young Harris Blake or Little Fast Black.

Grey, matchmaker for Marty Burke's negro boxing shows here, has grossed better than $21,000 since resuming negro boxing at the Coliseum arena. Grey stages his cards every Friday night and those seeking work here can reach Matchmaker Grey at 313 South Rampart Street, New Orleans, La.

Holman Williams, Detroit welterweight, had little or no trouble disposing of Tommy Mollis in three rounds here last month. The Baltimore negro never had a chance with Williams and now plans are under way to bring in Charley Burley of Pittsburgh for Larry Amadee's protege. A Burley-Williams match will draw $5000 or better as both are known and those are the only kind of negro welterweight fighters who will attract a tremendous crowd.

Joey Argiz continued to be the topnotch prelim fighter here in October when he turned back Louis Casril, amateur champion, and winner of several tournaments. When Lew Raymond wants to put a youngster to a test he pages Argiz and the latter takes care of him.

Marty Burke's bar, grill and gymnasium in the heart of the Vieux Carre section of New Orleans, is packing the customers in and it is the one spot visitors here shouldn't miss taking in when making the trip this far South.

Judge Clifford Abbo of the Fair Grounds racing association and former press-agent for fights and wrestling in New Orleans, paid a visit to Burke's on the eve of the opening of the local season. "It's one of the finest places of its kind in America and it not only will be the headquarters of those in the boxing game but also the people in the racing fraternity," is what Abbo said of Burke's mammoth place.

The stellar ring work of Jimmy Perrin has so enthused President Irwin Poche and Lew Raymond of the Auditorium Boxing Association that they are offering Al Weill a huge guarantee to send Joey Archibald into a title scrap with Perrin. Raymond figures the match, with the title at stake, will draw between $25,000 and $30,000 with an over-the-weight contest hitting better than $10,000. Another match that will draw plenty and which may be made is a Harry Jeffra-Jimmy Perrin bout. They will also do plenty of business at the "gate" as Perrin is the "hottest" thing right now in New Orleans boxing.

Shadow Boxing . . . . Charley Abate, Southern amateur lightweight champion, celebrated his entry into the professional ranks with a victory over Lloyd Saucier here last month . . . . And to top it all, Charley won the prize for the best fight of the night . . . . A real comer in the 135-pound ranks is this Frenchman who is managed by Pete Herman's nephew . . . . Lew Raymond offers a bonus of $25 to the prelim boy making the best showing of the night . . . . And the idea certainly has "clicked." . . . . The prelim boys fight their hearts out and as a result the fans see plenty of action. . . . Johnny Fisse has Ralph Chong, Chinese middleweight, going real well at present. . . . Chong has won six consecutive fights during the past two months and Lew Raymond is dickering with Chris Dundee for Ken Overlin's services to face Chong.

Johnny Cefalu, popular manager of a string of fighters, had his appendix removed during the month of October and refused to stay in bed when his star featherweight, Santos Migilore, was billed in one of the top prelims on the Perrin-Lander card. . . . Dominick Camarata, kid brother of Nickie, scored a knockout over Richardo Nunez in New York in his first start in the professional ranks. . . . Chris Dundee is handling both Nickie and Dominick and Chris says the younger Camarata has real possibilities.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, WASHINGTON

By LES SPONSLER

YOURS truly has resigned from the National A. C., Inc., as matchmaker, and Larry Kaplan signed Lou Diamond to the spot. Lou got off to a good start by putting in the highly advertised Pat Comiskey from Jersey in an eight-rounder with Alex Youssem, the Russian heavyweight. Diamond's next show was headed by Ben Brown meeting Irish Eddie Pierce from Jersey. Norman Herdman made a great showing in another eight with Vic Finazzo. Although he lost the duke, he was immediately signed to box Joey Spangler from Richmond on the following show, sharing the headline spot with Mike Piskin and Vic Finazzo.

The Century A. C. with its shows at Carlin's Arena, has been going great with more or less local talent and Bucky Taylor the tops as drawing power. Lew Feldman, the dancing lightweight, seems to be the most sought after outsider at present. Although he lost his last start here with Taylor, he went right back again with Pete Galiano. The Feldman-Taylor affair was very close.

Wrestling seems to be taking a new hold on life here. Ed Contos, local wrestling king, offers stronger shows weekly.

Goldie Ahearn and Joe Turner came to a parting of the ways the latter part of August and now Goldie is on his own, running shows every Monday night in Washington, D. C. Turner continues to operate the wrestling end of the sports business in the Capitol City, with shows every Thursday in his downtown arena.

Eddie Kurland of Baltimore, who started staging boxing shows at Hagerstown, Md., in the Armory, has given up the idea of operating there and is back in his law office again.

Richmond, Va., is getting ready to revive boxing. Amateur boxing is going very good in Maryland with two clubs in Baltimore and one each in Hagerstown, Cumberland and Harve De Grace.

SHORT SHOTS—Tommy Speigal stopped Charley Burns of Johnstown, Pa., in six rounds . . . . Patrick Edward Comiskey scored a one-round knockout over Youssem . . . . Ben Brown won an eight over Irish Eddie Pierce of Jersey . . . . Bucky Taylor got the 10-round duke over Lew Feldman of New York . . . . Louis Kid Cocoa of New Haven won over Kenny La Salle of Texas in 10 . . . . Maynard Daniels of Washington kayoed Johnny Kapovitch in five . . . . Maries Pitte of Washington won an eight over Johnny Buff of Washington . . . . Billy Selvage decisioned Bobby Woods in eight.

NOTICE—Promoters, matchmakers, fighters and managers, please have your notes in Baltimore to the writer not later than the first of the month.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

JIMMY WEBB, sensational Houston light-heavyweight knockout artist, returned to ring warfare after several months of inactivity, due to injured hands, and made the finest showing of his career when pitted against Maxie Long, Dallas. Jarrin' Jim put Long down and out with what was described by press accounts as "the most perfectly executed knockout punch ever delivered in a Dallas ring." Crowding Maxie to the ropes in the third chapter, Webb feinted a right and let fly that pet left hook of his, catching his opponent squarely in the solar plexus, dropping Long for ten and out—for several minutes. Webb displayed the most brilliant form he has ever shown and if he continues to perform in that manner, he is certain to fulfil all the things the writer has predicted for him in the past.

Texas appears to have a new heavyweight threat in the person of Buddy Scott, brother of the more famous Howard. Buddy climaxed a long winning streak with an upset victory over the highly regarded "One-Ton" Tony Musto, who was hitherto unbeaten in a Texas ring. It was a great scrap from the first to the last bell, with the local hopeful outboxing and outpunching the Chicago heavy. Scott looks like he is ready for the top-flight mittsters and promoters are trying to interest some of the leading contenders in a match with Buddy.

Elby Pettaway, classy young Houston middleweight, continued his climb toward the top by scoring knockouts over Jimmy Clark, Huey Chandler and Blondy Ogden. Elby, who has heretofore won most of his fights by outboxing his opposition, now prepares his man for the kill with sharp, fast right hands and seems to have become a killer as a result. Young Pettaway, only recently out of high school, is the most-talked-of fighter in Texas rings today. A bright future is predicted for him.

Billy Pryor and Al Bernard met in their return go and staged one of the finest scraps seen here in a long time. Again Pryor was victorious, although the margin was much closer than in their first meeting. With the win went the state middleweight crown, which Pryor has signed to defend against the rock-fisted Italian, Tony Bruno, early in November.

Fritzie Zivic, high-ranking Pittsburgh welterweight, and his amiable mentor, Luke Carney, paid this city another visit, and with more success than on their last jaunt here. Zivic won a handy decision over Kid Azteca, ace Mexican welter, who boasts a knockout victory over the present 160-pound champion, Ceferino Garcia.

To Benny Woodal and Jimmy Koenig, hustling young Lubbock promoters, goes the credit for the huge success of the Max Baer-Babe Ritchie bout, that drew one of the largest houses in the history of the fight game in Texas. Some $20,000 worth of customers clicked the turnstiles to see the local pride belted out in a couple of rounds by the former champion. Brother Buddy came back a couple of weeks later to K.O. Sandy McDonald, but failed to do a great deal at the gate.

Other results, gossip, etc.—"Wild" Bill McDowell has become quite a card in Galveston through wins over Sweeney Byers and Paul Cortlyn . . . . Cortlyn is having a hard time getting into the win column, losing to Billy Pryor, Billy Deeg and Kid Hermosillo, but stopped Louis Lugo in one . . . . Texas fans are all agog over the win streak Larrupin' Lew Jenkins, the Sweetwater swatter, has been running up in New York. It was the writer's privilege to work with Lew in a number of his battles, and feels certain that he can make the grade if he takes it seriously . . . . Petite Evelyn Harper, popular lady fight manager, who spends much of her time here, has been getting gobs of publicity, recently appearing on "We, the People," in New York . . . . Evelyn handles the destiny of pleasing Russel (Kid) Brock . . . . Johnny (K. O.) Stevens, hard-hitting Cincinnati lightweight, made a couple of impressive showings in the state, beating Mustang Garcia and stopping Chato Gonzales . . . . Pancho Padron, who has been a near riot locally, finally lost a fight . . . . Santos Migliore, winning a close one. Roy Hart and Vic Frasca were beaten by Padron during the month.

Your correspondent has to laugh at the crude attempts of certain disgruntled parties, who have recently taken it upon themselves to "purify" the fight game in Texas. We have been around the old state, off and on, for a good many years, and have found the fight game run here, very much as it is elsewhere, with a certain amount of bad always accompanying the good, as is usually the case. However, personally, we have found the various promoters over the state, as well as the commission, to be a better than fair lot and we feel that anyone with an "axe to grind" should do so in a less ridiculous manner than some of the letter writing fraternity have done recently.

Billy Colbert turned in a pair of good wins, beating Jack Rodriguez and K.O.'ing Joe Matar . . . . Raymond Oest, hard-hitting Galveston youngster, settled the score with his old rival, Jack Rodriquez . . . . "Silent" Sammy Musco, colorful Italian featherweight, has been going great of late. He knocked out Pete Sanchez, Kid Carmona and beat Mike Delgado and Gene Stanley.

Johnny Ramos, hard-socking feather, trimmed Vic Frasca and K.O.'ed Eddie Flores . . . . Jesse Ramos, former Golden Gloves bantam champ, bested Charles Surnson in his pro debut . . . . Johnny Flores, colorful young welter, who scored nearly a dozen straight kayoes, added Sonny Smyer and Bobby Hunt to the K.O. list, but was unable to tag Johnny Case . . . . Hunt beat Eddie Spina and drew with Johnny Regini . . . . Tony Dalio has a pair of real punchers under his wing, in brother Carl, who beat Huey Long, and Harry Lane, sensational young lightweight, who stopped Johnny Regini and Doyle Hilton and drew with Andy Smith.

"Battlin' " Sam Richards, aged Negro trainer, has done a marvelous job on his young protege, Jimmy Slattery, young Houston heavy. Jimmy, who has never allowed an opponent to go the distance in half a score of battles, flattened Al Todd in a single round . . . . Russel Brock hammered out a win over Georgie Gonzales. Both are classy welters . . . . Ted Mustang Garcia split a pair with Billy Deeg, winning and losing decisions . . . . Russell Ramirez, Houston Mexican lightweight, looks like a comer. Never defeated in a year of amateur competition, Ramirez knocked out Pancho Villa and Doyle Hilton for a total of six K.O.'s in as many starts . . . . The writer's address: Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Salt Lake City, Utah: Ernie Collins, Shoshone Indian 175 pounder, and Bobby Yannes, Los Angeles light-heavy, split even in a couple of pleasing melees. Yannes got the duke over the red-skin in the first encounter over the ten round route. While the rematch, staged a week later, saw Collins come up with a sensational six round kayo win.

At San Luis, Colo.: Louie Newman's sensational Mexican lightweight, Larry Cisneros, stunned southern Colorado ring followers by scoring a one round kayo over Davie Manzanares, Colorado's featherweight king. Both boys scaled in at 134 pounds.

Jackie Burke, battle-scarred Salt Lake welter, pounded out a ten round win over Ray Cote of Butte, Mont., before a large crowd of hometown admirers.

Years of service doesn't seem to have affected Burke's ability and he is contemplating a tour of the Pacific coast this winter.

At Reno, Nev.: Mike Kanski, hard-hitting Tacoma Polish middleweight, kayoed Irish Pat O'Day of Butte, Mont., in the second heat of a scheduled ten round battle.

Ralph Gwartney, Colorado's "Mosca Mauler" turned in a good win at Los Angeles when he put the damper on Jack Townsend in the third round. Under the capable handling of Babe and Al McCoy, Gwartney will no doubt go a long way, since he is one of those rare kids who really possess a kayo wallop, and you know the old, old story—a guy that can hit might go places.

Now we'd like to see Larry Cisneros and Sol Luna stage a glove duel for the state 135 pound title. How about it Mr. promoters? Here is one brawl that should prove a pip.

L. L. El Paso, Tex.: Yes, Jack Johnson was a native of your state. He was born and raised in Galveston.

At Monte Vista, Colo.: Abie Valdez, San Louis lightweight, won a close decision over Ernie Lara of Pueblo in a fast ten round bout.

Phil Gallegos, also of San Luis, scored a seven-round technical kayo over Jimmy Redmond, iron-jawed Colorado Springs youngster, in the semi-windup.

Chuck Thomas, Telluride, Colo.: Jim Jeffries and Tom Sharkey met twice, with Jeffries winning both battles by the decision route. One in 20 rounds and the other in 25. Both bouts occurred in 1898.

At Denver, Colo.: Henry Armstrong, World's welterweight king, encountered but little opposition in disposing of Bobby Pacho, battle-scarred Californian in what was scheduled to be a fifteen-round encounter. Pacho, after absorbing a neat drubbing for three rounds, was stopped in the fourth when referee Jack Bloom halted the uneven contest.

It was Colorado's first championship melee in 23 years. The last having been the Charley White-Freddie Welsh lightweight title affair in Colorado Springs in 1916.

The writer has a list of active promoters here in the Rockies that can be had for a two-bit piece. Will also answer any queries concerning the ring game in this locality. Address all mail to: T. W. McNiel, P.O. 126, Blanca, Colorado.

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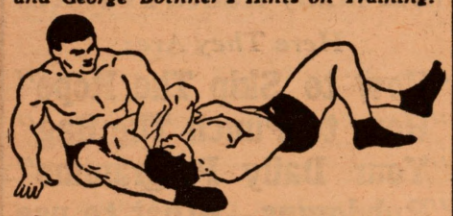

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IN THE COAL FIELDS

By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—Abe Adell, promoter for the Anthracite A. C., opened his 1939 indoor boxing season at the Scranton Armory, presenting a well-balanced card, featuring 36 rounds of slam-bang action. In the 10-round wind-up, Jackie Munley, Coal Region middleweight champion, was T.K.O.'d for the first time in a Coal Region ring. Munley was stopped by Billy Soose, former intercollegiate champ and protege of movie actor Dick Powell. The end came for Munley in the fifth stanza when Referee Al Murphy halted hostilities due to cut eyes Munley suffered in the first three rounds.

Eddie Miller, classy Philadelphia scrapper, engaged Tarzan Roy in the six-round semi. Roy, a colored gladiator from Charleston, W. Va., now making Scranton his home, received a "present" when both judges declared him the winner over his Philly opponent. Miller was out front on this writer's score card and should have been given the verdict. The paying clientele "booed" the verdict for fully 15 minutes.

In the "special" six-rounder, Hughie Glynn, heavyweight monarch of the Coal Fields, added Johnny Flynn, Rochester, N. Y., heavy, to his long list of kayo victims. The end came for Flynn in the second round when Glynn threw a left jab to the jaw and followed with a hard right under the heart. The Coal Region champion showed vast improvement and added to his increasing popularity with the Flynn kayo victory.

In the other six-rounder, Gunboat Davis, dusky glove wielder from Scranton, upset the dope when he pounded out a win over Larry Kellum of Oneonta, N. Y., dubbed the "Joe Palooka" of the prize ring. Davis floored his opponent five times during their six-round argument. In the four-rounders, Joey Dunn, Swoyersville bantam, kayoed Dickie Graham of Utica, N. Y., in the second round, while in the opening bout Johnny Stern, Wilkes-Barre heavyweight, won a four-round verdict over Wally Baden, local big boy. The show paid off on $1,887, which wasn't bad considering it was the first of the 1939 indoor fistic season. Matchmaker Mike Latzo was complimented for his efforts in arranging so evenly matched a card.

In another show at Scranton, "Irish" Eddie Dolan kayoed Eddie Guerra of New York City in the seventh round. Dolan, who hails from Waterbury, Conn., and is called the "Wizard of Waterbury," had no trouble with his New York opponent from the opening bell. He punched Guerra at will until the referee stopped it. In the co-feature 10-rounder, Tarzan Roy, colored local pugilist, made it two in a row when he was awarded the decision over Eddie Miller, Philadelphia middleweight. This match "stole" the show as it was spectacular throughout.

Jack Downey, local heavy, kayoed Johnny Weise, New York City, in the first round. In the other six-rounder, Billy Blades, Philadelphia welterweight and a last minute sub, lost a decision to Gene McColligan, Irish scrapper from Scranton's West Side. Blades proved he was game to the core and is welcome here on any future show. While McColligan was declared the winner, Baldes was given the applause. In the four-round opener, Lou Murphy, Scranton lightweight, kayoed Harry Devlin, Philadelphia, in the second stanza. Murphy thus far in his brief pro career is unbeaten in three matches. This show was promoted by the Town Hall A. C. and paid off on $775.

At Hazleton—Meeting in a return match for 10 rounds, Tony Cisco, Norristown middleweight, outpointed Jackie Munley, Coal Region middleweight champion. The match headlined a show sponsored by the Masonic Temple A. C. at Hazleton. This pair fought three weeks previously here and the bout was stopped by the referee, Joe Sweeney, who wouldn't allow Cisco to finish the 10th and final round due to cut eyes and awarded Jack Munley a victory via the T.K.O. route. The decision, however, was changed by the State Athletic Commission, ruling it a "no-contest" match. In the return battle, Cisco had the upper hand throughout and left no doubt in the minds of local fight followers as to his superiority over Munley.

A BIT FOR ALL—Gus Browne, New York fight manager, has lined up a new stable of boys whom he says are all good club fighters . . . . Mike Latzo is considered one of the best matchmakers in Pennsylvania . . . . Fighters who have any ability can do well in this sector . . . . Any fighters in the lightweight to heavyweight class can get work by contacting the writer at 518 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton . . . . Johnny Burke and Ellis Riskin are working with the boxing commission, as is Marty Lahey and Russell Widmere . . . . Hughie Glynn is showing much improvement under the guidance of Tom Boylan . . . . Jackie Munley is one of the most pleasant fighters tossing leather in pugilistic circles . . . . a gentleman in and out of the ring . . . . Managers can still have a complete active promoters list of Pennsylvania by sending two bits . . . . THE RING is on sale at most newsstands throughout the Coal Regions . . . . When in Scranton you can buy THE RING at Spec's Book Shop, corner Linden and Wyoming Aves.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

FRANKIE TERRANOVA, pint-sized New York lightweight, proved little more than a workout for Johnny Stevens of Cincinnati, in their 10-round main event at Music Hall in Cincinnati. Terranova proved to be plenty tough and despite the reverse verdict, Frankie kept boring in and made southpaw Stevens step his best to win the trio of judges' nod. Herschell Joiner, colored lightie, just back from the Coast, won a six-round decision over Jerry Martin of Cincinnati. The show was promoted by Jack Sheppard.

At Louisville a few weeks before, Stevens stopped Wild Bill McDowell in five sessions.

Canton, O.—Patsy Perroni, Akron heavyweight, won a 10-round decision over Chuck Crowell of Los Angeles.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Franky Canzoneri, bustling New York fight mentor, is proclaiming his Babe Kelly, bantamweight, and Vincent Montana, featherweight, as fine prospects . . . . Joe Basco, Barberton, O., manager, is laid up with a broken left arm, suffered in an auto accident . . . . Joe is loudly protesting that Minneapolis victory his Cleo McNeal lost to Frankie Genovese . . . . Address the writer at 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . The report that certain promoters were after Ernie Lombardi as an attraction to box at various clubs this winter . . . . the plan went berserk in the fourth Series game when Ernie was knocked cold at the plate by Charlie Keller.

Harry Winkler, Coast manager, is now located in Pontiac, Mich., with a trio of his nose denters . . . . the promoters and managers Guide which I have at one dollar each carries the names and addresses of over 650 promoters and managers from all parts of the country . . . . Gypsy Sims, former Lebanon, O., middleweight, bulletins he has a stable of amateur fighters whom he will loose for the 1939–1940 fall and winter amateur meets in Southern Ohio . . . . Lefty Binion, Ashland, Ky., is planning some shows in Ironton, O., as well as pointing his heavy, Eddy Crawford, toward a showing on one of the coming Earl Puryear shows in Omaha.

Out of town fights with localities—Huntington, W. Va., Young Wills won decision over Mose Holland in 10 . . . . at Richmond, Ind., Joey Palmo whipped Billy Guidiry in 10 . . . . at New Bedford, Mass., Abe Denner decision over Herb Gilmore in 10.

Lee Hammond, new matchmaker of the Dayton Eagles Club, is drawing record houses to his weekly programs in the popular Gem City club . . . . Sonny Hatsme, Filipino bantam, of Southern Ohio, has been offered a series of matches along the West Coast through this column . . . . Johnny Paychek and his handlers have turned thumbs down on another meeting with Karl Ogren's star Swedish heavyweight, Arne Anderson . . . . Arne made Paychek work overtime to squirm out a decision in their first meeting.

HARTFORD NEWS

By DON HAMILL

MARTY SERVO, Schenectady, N. Y., lightweight, who has created a sensation here, headed another of Lou Viscusi's cards. This time Servo had a bit of trouble in winning over Jerry Zullo of Boston in eight rounds. Bobby Ivy, Hartford's pride, won handily over George Dusty Brown, New Bedford Negro, in the eight-round co-feature. Jackie Clarke, East Hartford featherweight, stopped Mickey O'Brien, Boston, in the fifth of a six. George Red Doty, former amateur sensation, drew with Julie Brousseau, Waterbury 140-pounder. In the opener Johnny Mack, Marblehead, Mass., knocked out Tony Martin, Boston, in the third.

Bat Battalino, former world's featherweight champion, is going great guns in his comeback. To date he has beaten Sal Canata, Oscar Suggs, Al Castonguay, Felix Garcia, Frankie Young (twice), and Jerry Maloni. He has tentative dates with George Pepe, Meriden kayo artist, and Dick Turcotte, Waterbury sensation. Bat now tips the scales at 145 pounds.

The Charter Oak A. C. has moved its training quarters into the same building occupied by the Proven Picture Theater on Main Street. Seventeen years ago this was the site of another gym where Kid Kaplan, Frankie O'Brien, Billy Taylor, Frankie Portelle, Thumpin' Joe Smith and many others trained . . . . Friends of Bobby Ivy gave their idol a testimonial dinner at Kid Kaplan's Grill.

Doings of Hartford Battlers Elsewhere—Jimmy Leto stopped Al Gauthier in eight in Holyoke and whipped Milo Theodorescu in eight at New York . . . . Pat Casey lost and drew with Doug Murchie in sixes at Holyoke . . . . Unknown Morgan knocked out Larry Baker in four but was flattened in the first by Rex Johnson, also at Holyoke.

ALBERTA, CANADA, NEWS
By BILL REDWAY

EDDIE WENSTOB, Edmonton's classy light-heavyweight, has again invaded United States rings. In his first fight, he won a 10-round decision over the gigantic heavyweight from Sweden, Arne Anderson. Eddie is trying to work his way to a crack at Billy Conn.

Gordon Grayston, the class of western middleweights, punched Eddie McSporran, former Western Canadian champion, around the ring in Edmonton to win the 10-round decision. Grayston boxed cleverly and was way ahead on points at the end of the bout.

Leo Janitzen, hard hitting Edmonton middleweight, knocked Bill Dempsey of Saskatchewan unconscious in the semi-final. In the prelims, Vic Pollok whipped Don Burley and Jack Berry beat Paul Krause.

A complete sellout jammed the Memorial Hall in Calgary to watch Cowboy Gordon Thompson, Western Canadian lightweight and welterweight champion, batter Ernie Swartz of Vancouver for 12 rounds. The bout was a rough affair with the aggressive, rugged little Thompson on top most of the time to win the decision.

The supporting cast was good with outstanding performers in every bout. In an eight-rounder, Frenchy Beaudin, crowd pleasing and ranking welterweight, captured a close decision over young Julius Troll of Vancouver. Johnny Loftus, clever Saskatchewan welter, who always has the crowd on their feet, beat Soldier Babe Dempsey. The other bout on the card saw Signalman Kimbal of the army beat Billy Dempsey, Saskatchewan middleweight.

Young Arnold Janitzen, youngest and smallest of the fighting brothers, scored another knockout when he fought the game little Fraspur veteran, Kid Moose. Arnold, who is a featherweight, pulverized his opponent's face throughout and scored a number of knockdowns before the kayo. The bout took place in Edmonton and marked Janitzen's 11th knockout in 13 starts. He won the other two fights by decisions.

In the semi-windup, clever Vic Pollok, 145, rang up his third win of the month when he beat his bitter rival, Merle Hunter of Westlock. Soldier Jimmy Rimmer beat Irving Jackson of Ervats, Jimmy Britt beat Don Burley and Babe Pender trimmed Bill Smith.

Another sellout crowd for Calgary witnessed the 10-round battle between Frenchy Beaudin, formerly of Montreal but now of Calgary, and Billy McRae, former Western Canadian welter king. These boys just stood toe to toe and slugged. The ropes danced continually as first one and then the other fighter would be smashed up against them. Beaudin won but he knew he had been in a fight. McRae began slipping about the fifth round and from there on it was apparent that he had to score a knockout to win.

Promoter Ernie Farr of Calgary should be congratulated on the fine cards he has presented to the fistic faithful. Right now I doubt if there is a hotter fight city in Canada for its population than Calgary. Farr is one of the causes that has established fighting in this city. Cowboy Gordon Thompson, lightweight and welter champion of Western Canada, is one of the main attractions in Calgary. During the past 15 months, he has appeared in 10 battles in this city in defense of his titles and whenever he scraps there is always a capacity crowd in attendance.

Louis "Kid" Dalke, Western Canadian middleweight champion, will return to Calgary to defend his title against a Winnipeg fighter next month. However, the fight that Calgarians are looking forward to with extraordinary interest, is the one in which Frenchy Beaudin will tackle Thompson for the welter title. Beaudin is fast and punches like Henry Armstrong, throwing leather from all angles. Thompson is one of the toughest fighters, pound for pound, in Canada. He can take it till the cows come home and also give his share. Both boys like to mix it, so it should be a swell battle, despite the difference in weight.

Promoter Mike Cutcher has started promoting battles for the soldiers in Edmonton. They take place in the Prince of Wales Armories and are a part of the entertainment for the militia. The bouts feature both soldiers and civilians, among whom are Vic Pollok, Dan Estas, Don Burley, Maurice De Bleik, Jack Jackson, Forgie, Hector Barcello, Jimmy Rimmer, Billy Johnson, Farr Conlon and Merle Hunter.

CALGARY HOOKS AND JABS
By HUGH A. MACLEAN

BILLY DEMPSEY, 160, lost by a K.O. in the fourth round of a special six-round event to Arnold Kimball, 157. This was Kimball's first start in Calgary. He had Dempsey on the canvas for two nine counts in the second and third.

Babe Dempsey, who is now with the Canadian Army, lost by a T.K.O. to Smiling Johnny Loftus, the Lestock Indian. Johnny took no chances with the hard-hitting Dempsey, never let him get set. He scored three knockdowns in the second and won in the fourth.

Ronnie "Frenchy" Beaudin and Julius Troll, Vancouver welter, fought eight bristling rounds, with the Frenchman getting the nod. It looked as if the fight would end in a draw, but Ronnie ended up fast in the eighth to win the bout. Troll is as fast and hard a puncher as Calgary has seen in action for some time. The Frenchman will get a bout with Billy McRae, winner to have a go at Gordon Thompson's welter crown.

Gordon Thompson laid his number two title on the block with Vancouver's Ernie Swart as the chopper. Ernie chopped, hooked, blocked and jabbed for twelve rounds, only to be held better than even by the fighting cowboy. Gordon did not have everything his way, and at times found the Vancouverite hard to figure. A little time to get used to the altitude here and Ernie Swart might set a faster pace with Thompson in the same ring.

Arnold Janitzen won his thirteenth consecutive start by a second-round K.O. over Kid Moose of Fraspur, Alberta, in Edmonton. This makes Janitzen's eleventh straight knockout.

Ed Roberts still handles the time at all the local fights. A fine sportsman and a real fight fan is the big butcher.

Billy Drain is now a sergeant in the Anti-Tanks, but still finds time to be the main man in most of the local bouts.

Joey Mandot, only seventeen years of age, won the first bout on Ernie Farr's bi-monthly card over Cecil Richie, Calgary Highlander. Mandot outfought the soldier from bell to bell.

In a special event, Dick Johnston, 185, Seattle, won by a T.K.O. over Tommy Mikuloski, Wayne coal miner, in the third round of a six-rounder.

Phil Palmer, 122, Calgary's pride, won by T.K.O. over Ervine Jackson of Ervatz, Alberta, in the third round.

Smiling Johnny Loftus and Julius Troll, Vancouver welter, put on a fine eight-round mill that held the crowd from start to finish. Loftus carried the fight to Troll all the way and gave the Vancouverite little chance to show his wares.

Ronnie "Frenchy" Beaudin came from Montreal and has waited for many a long day to get his crack at Gordie Thompson's welter crown. He met Billy McRae, who came up for his first start since losing his title to Thompson by a freak K.O. after beating Thompson for twelve rounds last spring. The old flash was not there, and Billy should not feel too badly about not winning.

HERE 'N' THERE—Mushy Callahan at all the fights . . . . His hand is healing well . . . . He should fight before Christmas . . . . Billy McRae and Marion Martin were married last week; the best to both of them . . . . The big fellows are coming to town—Dick Johnston, Seattle, is now here; Pat Berry, Lethbridge, is in the Calgary Highlanders, and he should get lots of action this winter . . . . Kid Lucas, now a fireman at Number One Firehall, is at all the fights . . . . Leather pushers in the army: Sergeant Billy Drain, Babe Dempsey, Arn Kimball, Donnie McFarlane, Joey Dombeck, Pat Berry, Jimmie Rimmer, and a host of others . . . . Paul Dysandra and Kid Dalke meet in Calgary for the Western Canada middle crown November 15.

THE RING is on sale at all the better newsstands on the first of each month. Get your copy early.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

PETE SANSTOL, once the "Blond Bullet," bantam idol of Montreal fistiana, returned to the Canadian metropolis in the role of a promoter. His initial venture at the Forum featured Dave Castilloux and Frankie Wallace, with Castilloux scoring an impressive seven-round knockout over his rugged, experienced foe, and the classy Montrealer will likely be Sanstol's chief attraction for future shows. If Sanstol can produce the goods in a promotorial role as he did as a fighter, he will put himself in a nice spot as well as putting the game over with a bang here. He was mainly responsible, as a fighter, for a prosperous fistic era here nearly a decade ago and it is to be hoped that he can do as well, or even half as well, as a promoter, though the odds are very much against him.

Charlie Gomer, New York lightweight, had too many guns for Joey Bagnato, rugged Toronto lightweight, in the eight-round semi-final. Bagnato was outclassed by his much more experienced rival but gamely battled back with everything he had to provide a hard fought contest all the way. Eddie Petrin outslugged his local rival, Paul Harvey, in an earnest six-rounder. Harvey started off well and tried to make it a boxing match but Petrin kept swarming in and proved too busy and strong for his slim bantam rival.

Harry Hurst, making his second local appearance as a pro, turned in an impressive display in a six-rounder with Beverley Carter, Negro Toronto lightweight. The shifty Toronto boy is the only opponent in a long time who has stayed the limit with the dynamic local youngster. Failing to get any clean shots in the first four rounds, Hurst gradually slowed up his elusive foe and in the fifth he caught up to him with a vengeance, flooring Carter twice. Hurst nailed him twice in the final round and the bell rang just as Carter struggled shakily to his feet, with arms dangling helplessly. Hurst brought the fans to their feet when he cut loose with his heavy artillery. This colorful youngster's popularity should make him one of the best attractions here.

The two opening four-rounders saw local amateurs making their pro debuts, with fifty per cent results. Larry Bouchard, Canadian and Golden Glove heavyweight champ and sparring partner of Oliver Shank, scored decisively over Leo Paul, local veteran, though there were no knockdowns in their four-round maulfest. In the other, Dave Viau found the pro jump a bit too steep and took a beating from Clarry Harding, Sam Gibbs' middleweight protege.

STRAY SHOTS—Amateur boxing, which was apparently going so good at the Forum, had to move headquarters to the Monumente Nationale, where they stage shows every Monday night . . . . Maxie Berger is still going strong among welters in New York . . . . he repeated over Norment Quarles . . . . his handlers want to match him with Al Davis and challenged the latter after Davis stopped Tony Canzoneri's ill-fated comeback attempt . . . . Chick Cardwell (nee Charles Caldwell, Jr.) is boosting the claims of his pal and protege, Irish Eddie Carroll of Ottawa, for a shot at Len Wadsworth's Canadian middleweight crown . . . . Al Shank, Montreal's outstanding contender for that crown, is also on Wadsworth's trail . . . . Oliver Shank, Montreal heavyweight, has apparently scared off all opposition in Canada and will likely have to go to the States this winter to get action.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

GEORGIE SHEPPARD'S fighter, Cocoa Kid, beat Carl Dell of New York in a 10-round bout. Sheppard, a hustling manager, has brought many winners to the Valley Arena. Harvey Massey, Charlie Gomer, Joey Greb among others, provided popular fights here.

Doug Murchie of North Adams and Pat Casey of Hartford had the fans on their chairs with their hair-raising fighting for six rounds, which ended in a draw.

Rex Johnson of Pittsfield won easily over Johnny knocked out Unknown Morgan of Hartford in the first round of a six-rounder.

Charlie Baginski of Springfield proved himself a great little fighter when he regained his footing at the count of nine in the first round of his fight with Al Brouillard of Worcester, and came in a whirlwind finish to get a draw from one judge. The verdict went to Brouillard.

Jackie Bergeron of Easthampton scored a one-round K.O. over Jackie Williams of Springfield in a four. Red Doty, a likely prospect from Hartford, stopped Al Hassie of Worcester in three rounds.

Cocoa Kid wants to meet Jimmy Leto at the Valley Arena. Cocoa says the sparks will fly in that one.

Christopher "Bat" Battalino of Hartford, former featherweight king, gave Jerry Maloni a few boxing tricks while winning the decision in a 10-round bout at the Valley Arena. Al Costa of Holyoke stopped Flash Fisher of Lewiston, Me., in the fourth.

Rex Johnson of Pitsfield won easily over Johnny Mack of Boston in a six-rounder. Rex had Mack on the floor several times.

Red Doty of Hartford scored over Leo Zwicki of Worcester in a six-rounder.

Charlie "Alex" Baginski of Springfield won from Harry Hithiliau of Worcester in a four-rounder. Johnny Greene of Pittsfield won over Leo Liotta of New Haven.

Judge Joseph Maggi of Holyoke and Judge Tommy Tompson of Holyoke were not reappointed as boxing officials at the end of their terms.

Al Gauthier of Ludlow gave too much weight in his bout with Jimmy Leto and lost in the eighth round. Gauthier, a lightweight, gave a gritty exhibition. He took the fight as a sub and found Leto's weight too much of a handicap.

Johnny Dugwillo of Marlboro won a decision over Al Castonquay of Holyoke in the six-round semi. Frankie Allen of Holyoke won over Frankie Mason of Boston in four. George O'Boin, Marlboro, won from Mede Reyhome, Springfield.

Pittsfield is without a promoter, Walter Coombs' partners having run out on him.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

TAKING a leaf out of Eddie Borden's book of experiences, I am penning a few notes picked up on my trip around the country. So, if some of the California results are missing from this month's column, it is because both Nat Fleischer and Eddie Borden suggested that I pen some of the impressions gained on this trip.

The most important fight staged in California during the month was the Henry Armstrong-Jimmy Garrison set-to at the Olympic Auditorium. The welter champ won, as was expected, but not as easily as he probably expected to win, for the Kansas City Irishman is a gamester and plenty tough. Henry wasn't much ahead of Garrison at the end of the first five rounds, seeming content to let Jimmy fight himself out, but after taking a lacing in the fifth, Armstrong came out for the sixth like an enraged tiger and from there on in, Garrison was on the receiving end of a beating. The champ dropped Jimmy for a two-count in the eighth, but the Irishman came right back for more and Henry couldn't finish him. Armstrong punched Garrison from pillar to post in the final tenth round, but the plucky Irishman would not go down. Garrison received a great ovation from the crowd at the finish. Armstrong weighed 138½, Garrison, 139½. About 7500 turned out for the bout.

This writer found the game as dead as a door-nail in Portland, Ore. There hadn't been a show staged there in over two months, but I was informed that Joe Waterman had again been engaged to promote in the Rose City. Stub Nelson, former Los Angeles sports writer, is still in Portland, doing publicity.

The game is quiet around Seattle also. There hadn't been a show there in weeks. Nate Druxman was moving into his nice, new gym on Pike Street. Speaking of gymnasiums, most all of them throughout the entire country are a disgrace to the boxing game. Boxing commissions of every state should do something about this condition.

Lou Salica and Little Dado went ten rounds to a draw at the Hollywood Stadium in a match that was to produce a worthy challenger for Sixto Escobar's bantamweight title. There was little excitement in the first half of the bout, but in the last five rounds the little battlers really went to town. Referee Jack Kennedy's draw decision was perfect. Salica weighed 117, Dado, 114.

There is little activity in the rings of Western Canada these days. Winnipeg, Manitoba, hadn't had a show in three months. It is said that the owner of the arena there—a woman—seeks a reliable party to promote boxing in that city . . . . Ernie Farr of Calgary, Alberta, is a promoter with a conscience and is making a real effort to build up the game in that lively city . . . . Edmonton, Alberta, has a good boxer in Eddie Wenstob, who has a good claim to the Canadian light-heavy title . . . . The Ring has a high class man reporting the boxing news of Western Canada. He is Hugh A. MacLean of Calgary, who, besides being a civil engineer for that city, is also a colonel in the Army.

Jackie Wilson added another name to his long list of K.O. victims by stopping Jackie Burke in seven rounds at the Olympic Auditorium. The Black Wasp dropped Burke three times in the opening round and only the bell saved the Utah veteran from a first-round knockout. Burke rushed in to close quarters during the ensuing rounds and managed to go five more heats before getting nailed on the button again. It was in the seventh that Wilson got a clean shot at the Utah gamester—and then it was all over. Wilson weighed 139, and Burke came in at 143.

Bobby Yannes, 167, and Chester Parks, 165, went to a technical draw in the semi, the bout being stopped in the third round because of a cut eye. In other prelims, Everett Simmington, 141, and Hut Thompson, 147, fought four rounds to a draw; Charlie Miegel, 123, scored a T.K.O. over Babe Antuna, 125, in the third; Terry Orchard, 154, stopped Hi Jinks, 158, in the first, and Ken Wren, 155, went to a draw with Frankie Rath in the curtain-raiser.

Gunnar Barlund won a slow but bruising ten-round decision over the veteran Jack Roper at the Hollywood Stadium. Although the mauling match was far from one-sided, Barlund had a decided edge most all the way. Roper weighed 207, the Finn tipped the beams at 201.

Francis Jacques, 190, upset the dope in winning the nod over Jack Dallas, 182, in the six-round semi. Other results: Rudy Oden, 130, and Franklin Martin, 131, went to a draw in four; Charlie Miegel, 125, decisioned Nash Diaz in four; Carmen Georgino, 145, and Oats Zaidy slugged to a draw, while Jack Baxter, 160, defeated Frankie Rath in the opener.

The Windy City was really hopped up over the Davey Day-Sammy Angott go, which I understand drew better than $17,000 . . . . Met a real fine fellow in Gene Engel, who writes the Chicago news for The Ring. Engel really knows the game and has its best interests at heart . . . . Chicago fans think well of our Bob Nestell because of his two K.O. victories over the highly-touted Tom Keneally . . . . Barney Ross was in the city. He was looking fine. Asked to be remembered to his many Los Angeles friends. It will be recalled that Barney made his professional debut in Los Angeles . . . . Bill Jensen still has Al Globe, former Los Angeles amateur, fighting in and around Chicago . . . . Among other Angelenos met in Chicago were Billy Ferrier, former California referee; Smiley, old sidekick of Dutch Myers, and Bobby Bonger, one of California's best young prospects, who was visiting his uncle in the Windy City.

Tommy Tucker, promising New York light-heavy, scored two knockdowns in winning a ten-round decision over Newsboy Millick of Sacramento at the Olympic Auditorium. The baby-faced New Yorker jabbed the hard-hitting Slav at will and dropped him with rights to the body. Tucker looks ready for the best of the light-heavies. He came in at 175, Millick weighed 180.

In remaining prelims, Jim Egnotoff, 191, and Harry Webber, 190, fought a draw; Bob Brown, 181, stopped Ed Scuitti, 182, in the opening heat; Eddie Mossette, 137, decisioned Frankie Hern, 135; Tony Novarro, 124, scored a T.K.O. over Bobby Hagar, 123, in the third, and Ralph Gwartney, 192, stopped Jack Townsend, 201, in round three.

Al Fain, well known to many of us in Los Angeles, is making the matches for the Milwaukee Boxing Club . . . . Billy Mitchell, brother of Ritchie and Pinky, is matchmaker of the Beer City A. C., the other Milwaukee club . . . . Tom S. Andrews, first promoter of the Los Angeles Olympic Auditorium, and incidentally, one of the greatest authorities on boxing in these United States, sends his regards to his old Los Angeles friends.

Jimmy Garrison gave Nick Peters an artistic ten-round lacing before a packed house at the Hollywood Stadium. Garrison, taking seven of the ten rounds, looked like a champ in making Peters look like a chump. The Movie City arena fans got a big kick out of seeing Peters (who is a "villain" at the Stadium) receive such a shellacking.

In the six-round semi, Al Hagar, 149, was given a very unpopular draw with Bruno Ahlberg. Results of other bouts: Memo Lannes, 123, pounded out a decision over Frankie Kainrath, 121, in four; Jimmy Lakes, 146, outpointed Jimmy Gleason, 144, in four; Milton Kels, 151, scored a T.K.O. over Kenny Manes, 157, in the third, and Lou Robles, 124, decisioned Frankie Gardea in the opener.

It is my guess that Syracuse, N. Y., will be very much on the boxing map before the winter is over, for Billy Shaw has new backing for the club there and Syracuse is a good fight town, if given the matches. Shaw, who writes boxing for The Ring, has a nice personality, a keen mind, and knows the game . . . . Gabe Genovese, known to Californians as the former manager of Babe Risko, has purchased the contract of Ralph De John, the Syracuse light-heavy, who was out on the Coast last spring. De John should do well under Genovese, who is a very shrewd manager . . . . Chuck Crowell, Los Angeles heavyweight, accompanied by Manager Baron Von Stumme and Trainer Rudy Rosenberg, was in Syracuse while I was there. Crowell was to meet Paul Pirrone, but the bout was called off because of Pirrone's illness.

The Hogue twins added another double-barreled victory to the family name by winning the two six-round feature bouts at the Olympic Auditorium. Big Boy, 150, the smaller of the twins, won over Everett Simmington, 146, in a bout that lacked thrills. Shorty, 158, the larger Hogue, handed Chuey Vargas, 152, a beating in the other six-rounder.

Leon Zorrita, classy Negro welter, looked like the best fighter on the card by belting out Les Morris of San Francisco in the second round. Other results: John Petry, 187, chalked up a T.K.O. over Steve Ludman, 191, in the fourth; Memo Lannes, 126, won a six-round slugfest over Gene Espinoza, while Terry Orchard, 153, scored a T.K.O. over Ken Wren, 154, in the second round of the opener.

Met a lot of fellows in New York City with whom I have wanted to become acquainted with or meet again. Found our beloved Jack Dempsey at his restaurant, which was doing a good business. Jack will never forget his Los Angeles friends . . . . Nat Fleischer was a swell host and just as fine a personality as I knew he must be . . . . Found out why Eddie Borden has such a legion of friends . . . . Poppy Zacker is still in the Big City trying to get Georgie Crouch a break . . . . Mike Martinez, former Los Angeles amateur, is keeping busy in and around New York . . . . Just missed George Parnassus, Bill Miller and Eddie Frayne, all three having left the day before I arrived, but I did meet Mike Jacobs, Johnny Attell, Lou Stillman, Bill and Charlie Johnston, among others.

New York City fans and sport scribes alike were impressed with Irving Kay, young Los Angeles Hebrew, 140 pounds. In fighting a draw with the tough Irish Johnny Mack in the Garden, Kay has been proclaimed a great prospect and will be welcomed back to the Big City.

About the most enthusiastic writer and biggest booster of boxing that I have ever met is Tom Ephrem of Jacksonville, Fla. It is a real pleasure to meet such a fellow as Ephrem, who also writes for The Ring.

I am informed that there are about fifty or more letters in my mail box in Hollywood, so if any of the readers of this column have written me, kindly be advised that I have been away from home for the past two months, but all letters addressed to me will be duly answered.

Matchmakers, managers or boxers who seek information regarding the boxing game in Southern California will be given any such information by merely enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope with their inquiry. Address: Harry E. Winkler, 1231 N. June St., Hollywood, Calif.

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IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER

By I. Q. GROSS

NEW JERSEY takes pride in boasting of another boxer of championship caliber in Allie Stolz, brilliant Newark Jewish featherweight boxer. In his last two bouts he flattened Jimmy Gilligan of Buffalo in one and Ginger Foran of Liverpool in five. Stolz' victories are all the more impressive because Gilligan had previously beaten Champ Joey Archibald while Foran held a decision over Simon Chavez, winner over Pete Scalzo and Archibald. That places Stolz right up among the leaders in the featherweight division.

The Marsilla Gymnasium at 76 Market Street has changed ownership. Brother Tony has sold out to Vic. Both are brothers of Jimmy, the hustling manager of Freddy Fiducia, Jimmy Lancaster, Johnny Buff, Jay Macadon, Buster Hardy and Frank Bove. The latter holds a victory over Sixto Escobar.

Billy White, Johnny Scavone's hard hitting lightweight from Baltimore, fought a 10-round draw with Tony Martin, Ray Arcel's protege from Minneapolis . . . . Billy Beauhuld, Jersey City, was stopped by Billy Marquart in five at Madison Square Garden . . . . Bobby Jones stopped Lou Presto, Buffalo, at Atlantic City, Presto sustaining a cut eye.

There is talk of Tony Galento fighting in Miami this winter. We doubt it for we were at the ringside when Two-Ton flattened Abe Feldman on a cold night at the Orange Bowl Stadium in Miami with a handful of customers. New Jersey fighters who may see action in Florida include Jay Macadon, Buddy Ryan, Pete Kelly and Mike Piskin.

Boxing took care of its own needy when a benefit show was held for former Referee Henry Lewis and ex-boxer Freddy Polo in Newark. Lewis was once one of the country's foremost referees. Lewis and Polo split $2,600.

In the last eight-rounder on the show, Vince Reed, managed by the very popular Sonny Banks, defeated William Henry Cheatum. Roscoe Manning, veteran Nutley middleweight, recently returned from Australia, looked great in outpointing Harvey Massey. Ritchie Carangelo was the winner over Ralph Griffin, and Bobby Ruffin, Long Island, looked better than Mimmie Demore. The referees and many others donated their services. Commissioner Greene permitted decisions to be rendered in all fights, though the usual rule in New Jersey is that decisions can be given only in the final and semi-finals.

The writer will be glad to assist boxers in other states without managerial contracts in getting action in this state. Send complete information to I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. Enclose 25 cents in coin for a list of matchmakers and promoters with their addresses. Invaluable to fight managers.

Cal Cagni, Cresskill middle, lost an eight-rounder to Vic Dellicurti in New York . . . . Lou Diamond of Fairview is promoting at Baltimore . . . . This state is bristling with boxing activity. More and more out of state boxers are being attracted here . . . . The writer will soon depart for a stay in Florida.

Jack Dempsey and his fighting stable of Red Burman of Baltimore and Wild Bill Boyd of Birmingham drew 3,000 admissions to Laurel Gardens in Newark. The gate was $2,900—a fine sum for this club. Burman outclassed Joe O'Gatty, formerly of Toms River but now of Newark, and Referee Gene Roman of Paterson stopped it in the sixth, saying O'Gatty's work was "unsatisfactory." Boyd lost a close decision to Henry Cooper, Brooklyn heavyweight. Referee Paul Cavalier, also of Paterson, awarded Cooper five rounds, three to Boyd and two even.

Mickey Makar, Bayonne welterweight, traveled to Pittsburgh where Charley Burley scored a one-round knockout . . . . Pat Comiskey flattened Alex Youssem in one at Washington . . . . Frank Zamaris is a sensational knocker-out one day and the next he looks bad, as in his fight with Wally Sears at Philly when Sears was declared the winner in the seventh as the result of a disqualification.

Joe Bologna, Union City middleweight, scored a good win over Gene Molnar in Brooklyn in a six.

LEST WE FORGET—Bill Leary, one of New Jersey's greatest old-time welterweights, recently passed on. His fights with Danny Savage will long be remembered.

Vincent Reed, Sonny Banks' clever lightweight, is an elevator boy in a Newark building. Reed once fought out of Philadelphia . . . . Bobby Green, local pride, stopped Clarence Elwood, Newarker, at Atlantic City in the first.

The National Turners have just concluded a successful amateur tournament in Newark . . . . The Newark Athletic Club runs shows for the non professionals once every month under the promotion of Carl G. Anderson . . . . Jimmy Reilly is trying to develop new talent at his pro shows at Scott Hall, Elizabeth . . . . Moe Fisher, former Newark lightweight, has been drilling Teddy Adams, a promising amateur light-heavyweight, for two years and expects him to be ready for the pros soon . . . . Another promising amateur who will soon be in the money chasing ranks is Fred Archer, who is handled by Andrew Redfern Watts. Archer is as Polish as Smigley Rydz, but Watts says that his protege doesn't run away. "His idol is Paderewski," says Andrew.

Carl G. Anderson is running some excellent monthly amateur boxing cards at the Newark Athletic Club. In a special bout, Wallace Cross, East Orange heavyweight, who is the state champion, decisioned George Moir of Irvington. Moir was the 1938 champion. Freddy Archer, Andy Watts' battler, won the 135-pound class by knocking out Perry Lowe in the second and decisioning Sam Howell. William Lenta of Linden was the winner in the 118-pound division by virtue of decisions over William Ford of Newark and Arthur Currie of Rahway.

In the 118-pound consolation bout, Walter Stephens scored a technical knockout over Joe Zarro in the second round. Harold Witter of Montclair came out on top in the 147-pound class by outpointing Lester Hadge and Jesse Land, both of Elizabeth.

Steve Hostek won in the 160-pound section, stopping Hardy Green in the third and Clarence Thompson in the same round.

Several readers have not received replies from the writer because they did not include self-addressed, stamped envelops for answers . . . . We have a list of New Jersey promoters and matchmakers and their addresses which can be obtained by sending 25 cents to 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. . . . . The writer has no pictures of boxers available, but suggests that those who desire them can buy them from THE RING office, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Pat Comiskey, the Paterson heavyweight, is being cleverly and carefully handled by Bill Daly, who is a familiar figure both in the fistic circles of this country and England. Comiskey flattened Silent Joe Hill of California in the eighth round at Washington. Comiskey looks very much like Joe Palooka of the comic strips and he is a favorite of Ham Fisher, who cartoons the activities of Palooka.

Mike Piskin, still badly handled by his Essex County manager, drew in 10 rounds with Mayon Padlo in Philly. Piskin is the former farmer boy from Freehold . . . . At Atlantic City, Bobby Green stopped Clarence Elwood in one and Tony Cisco outpointed Gene Buffalo . . . . Jimmy Marsilla of Newark has taken over the management of Jimmy Lancaster of Wilmington, Del. . . . . Joe Lynch, Plainfield middleweight, was stopped in three rounds by Howell King of Detroit, at New Britain.

Morris Parker, handled by Carmine Billotti and Red Lambert, fought an eight-round draw with Monte Pignatore at Newark. In the semi-final, Joe Marinelli of Dayton, Ohio, outpointed Mimmie Demore of Pittsburgh, and in a grudge battle, Ralph Griffin of Newark defeated his bitter rival, Dick Carangelo, in a six.

Sorry to hear that Pop Sponsler, father of the Washington correspondent of THE RING, passed away . . . . Ted Wishnefski, former Newark battler, is back home after a stretch in the Army in Texas. He is a brother of Joe Brady, THE RING writer in Scranton.

Condolences to John Donnelly, timekeeper and former inspector, on the death of his son . . . . For the 'steenth time when will Commisisoner Abe Greene start a boxers' pension and sick fund in this state?

WHERE THEY ARE TODAY—Bobby Gross, flashy and brilliant prospect of ten years ago, is now in the beer industry in Orange . . . . Moe Fisher, former Newark lightweight, is in the meat business . . . . Al Bryant, another great battler ten years back, is teaching preliminary boys and is hoping to raise enough money to remove a cataract from his eye . . . . Paulie Walker is managing several youngsters in Trenton.

William Henry Cheatum owns a shoe shine parlor on Belmont Avenue, Newark . . . . Norman Barnett, former amateur heavyweight champion of the state, who was managed by Al Thoma, is in the tire business . . . . Frank Ardito, another former amateur, teaches amateurs at the Newark Ironbound Community Center, and suggests "Amateurs should receive merchandise orders instead of watches. They need overcoats more than the correct time."

Newark managers are eager to sign Steve Hostek, promising Newark amateur. He is 20 and has scored nine knockouts in 15 bouts. Hostek is taking lessons from Frank Ardito.

It seems most boxers end up as tavern owners. In this state, ex-pugs now operating drink emporiums include Vince Dundee, Charley Weinert, Phil Krug, Freddy Freda, Frankie Blair and Patsy Kline. Of course the present boxers in the business are T. G. and Red Cochrane.

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IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

RAPID CITY, S. D.—The fistic sport, which has been dormant in Rapid City for several months, will come to life again this winter with the announcement that the Junior Chamber of Commerce would revive the sport here. Plans have not yet been advanced but it is hoped that several cards combining amateur and professional fighting can be inaugurated. Herbert Yocam, veteran of many years' experience in matchmaking and promoting, will be matchmaker for the Jaysee organization.

It is planned to develop a high type of amateur competition in the Black Hills, where there is an unusually fine amount of material available.

Des Moines, Ia.—Welterweight Champion Henry Armstrong stopped Al Manfredo of Fresno, Calif., in the fourth round of a billed 10-round bout. The clever Manfredo, back-pedalling before the champion's relentless offensive, captured the opening round and looked good in spurts in the second and third.

The Armstrong shower of leather engulfed the Californian in the fourth, however, and Referee Alex Fidler stepped in to halt the carnage with a minute and 35 seconds of the round gone and Manfredo draped helplessly on the ropes.

After the fight Al said he had found it too difficult to make the 147-pound welterweight limit and hereafter would compete only as a middleweight. He weighed 146¾ to Armstrong's 141½.

Lee Sevold, 190, Des Moines, knocked out Big Boy Gray, 230, Kansas City, Mo., (2).

Johnny Whiters, 198, Des Moines, outpointed Charlie Neaves, 230, Kansas City, (6).

Chet Jones, 142, Oskaloosa, Ia., defeated Ditty Nelson, 147, Ottumwa, Ia., (4).

Buss Lanning, 135, Ottumwa, defeated Don McGraw, 138, Washington, Ia., (4).

Dick Houk, 119, Ottumwa, outpointed Whizzer White, 116, Des Moines (4).

The writer's address is 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia. News for this spot must be in our hands by the fourth of each month.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Results of the amateur boxing card staged here were as follows:

175 pounds—Quarter-finals: Kenneth Hitsman, Boone, knocked out Arnold Simon, Clarion.

160 pounds—Quarter-finals: Cal Coats, Fort Dodge, defeated George Bass, Boone, and Dean Hitsman, Boone, won technical knockout over Cecil Danley, Clarion. Semi-finals: Dave Horton, Fort Dodge, defeated Melvin Tutle, Clarion, and Dean Hitsman, Boone, defeated Carl Coats, Fort Dodge.

147 pounds—Quarter-finals: Leland Sears, Webster City, won technical knockout over Henry Ash, Fort Dodge, and Dick Cox, Rolfe, knocked out Orville Hager, Fort Dodge. Semi-finals: Howard Brooks, Otho, knocked out Tom Larson, Clarion, and Dick Cox, Rolfe, knocked out Leland Sears, Webster City.

135 pounds—Quarter-finals: Elmer Scott, Jefferson, defeated Ted Sweeney, Clarion; Cecil Bradley, Jefferson, defeated Joe Giocommara, Fort Dodge, and Frank Bowers, Fort Dodge, outpointed Melvin Hitsman, Boone. Semi-finals: Frank Bowers, Fort Dodge, defeated Albert Cook, Fort Dodge, and Cecil Bradley, Jefferson, defeated Elmer Scott, Jefferson.

126 pounds—Semi-finals: Paul Macek, Fort Dodge, defeated Verne Hitsman, Boone.

118 pounds—Semi-finals: Gerald Smith, Clarion, defeated Robert Watts, Rolfe.

112 pounds—Semi-finals: Alvin Bartholomew, Boone, won technical knockout over Warren Yancy, Fort Dodge.

Sioux Falls, S. D.—Johnny Paychek, Des Moines, Ia., heavyweight, blasted out Leonard Miller, rugged Los Angeles fighter, in the second round of a billed 10-rounder.

Results of preliminary events included: Bill Voels, 155, Worthington, Minn., won by T.K.O. from Chuck Fuller, 155, Sioux Falls, second.

Myron Slattery, 153, Sioux Falls, decisioned John McGregor, 145, Canistota, S. D., (3).

Clarence Rubin, 144, Sioux Falls, decisioned George Rubin, 148, Sioux Falls (3).

Bill Kellogg, 131, Sioux Falls, outpointed Len Nelson, 130, Parker (3).

Ken Van Slyke, 121, Sioux Falls, won decision from Lee McDermitt, 126, Canistota (3).

Harold Dirks, 106, Canistota, outpointed Bob Tate, 107, Sioux Falls (3).

Des Moines, Ia.—Buddy Baer, the young heavyweight member of the fighting Baer family, won an eight-round decision over Lee Savoldi of St. Paul. The way it started out it looked as though Buddy was going to finish Lee off in nothing flat for after a short flurry of rather rugged punch trading in the first round, Lee pitched forward on his face from a short right uppercut. Savoldi, however, came back after an eight count and before the fight was over, was carrying it to Baer and on several occasions reached Baer with sharp lefts and rights. Baer outweighed Savoldi 52 pounds, had 5½ inches in height and 10 inches in reach on him, but the first round knockdown proved at the end of eight rounds to be about the margin of victory.

In a six-round semi-windup, two big Negro boys, Johnny Whiters of Des Moines won the nod over Elza Thompson of Indianapolis, Ind. The bout, which failed to satisfy the gallery, was actually a wicked in-fighting set-to.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—We regret to announce the recent death of Louie Tattleman, well known Sioux City sports announcer . . . . Wayne Armstrong, 20-year-old Newcastle, Nebr., middleweight amateur boxer, is making plans to enter the professional ranks . . . . He has won several Golden Gloves tournaments and shows promise of being a comer . . . . He will be under the management of Darwin Gomer . . . . Jack Carmody, veteran Sioux City promoter, has entered the wrestling field at the local Auditorium . . . . Walter Swanson of Chicago would like to show Jackie Page, New York featherweight, in these parts . . . . The House of Salerno, one of the largest boxing stables in Nebraska, features such boys as Irish Jackie Cramer, middleweight; Johnny Fonfara, middleweight; and Jimmy Gaughn, lightweight, among others . . . . Lou Campbell, Negro heavyweight from the East, is seeking fights in this section . . . . R. E. Heffner of Alliance, Ohio, is offering the wares of Harry Weekly, Ohio lightweight, for promoters throughout the Middle West . . . . Prince Albert Smith, manager of Billy Adams, middleweight, is also seeking bouts in this section . . . . Robert Marx is seeking fighters for his stable on the Coast . . . . Mr. L. J. Welch of Los Angeles: Sorry, I have nothing for sale . . . . Elmer Selby, Davenport, Ia.: I suggest you contact Billy Colbert of St. Paul, Minn.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY

By DICK CARTER

BABY BREESE turned in a nice performance at Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas, when he made gravel out of Johnny Rock, Chicago, in three rounds. Though outweighed by more than seven pounds, young Breese had little difficulty outpunching and finally knocking out his opponent.

The co-feature of this, the best card in years, trotted out reliable Pat Kissinger, who defeated the veteran Buddy McRae. He hurt McRae several times with vicious body digs, and all in all, looked the part of a first-grade fighter.

Jordan "Bo" Davis, sensational Negro lightweight puncher, met his Waterloo after stopping Baby Lou Alcanter and Bus Talbot. China Lopez had too much grit and experience for "Bo," who bowed out in the fourth of a scheduled six-round special attraction.

Baby Lou Alcanter continued his good work by pulverizing Bob Peeples in one. Skeeter Weems, featherweight, kayoed Charley Phillips.

At the carnival staged in the Municipal Auditorium, Kansas City, Missouri, Buddy Baer faced Chubby Charley Neaves and stopped him in the second. The promoter, Gabe Kauffman, undoubtedly meant well, but unfortunately the fans had their own idea about the value of Buddy as a drawing card and remained at home. Buddy, like his brother Max, is sharpening the tools of his trade in towns all over the Middle West. He started in Lubbock, Texas, on a Tuesday, moved into Little Rock on a Thursday, and the next day appeared in Kansas City, where the fans showed that they are not suckers. They want real fights or no fights at all.

The semi-final went to Tiger Jack Fox, who out-gestured the befuddled Andy "Kid" Miller, Sioux City war-horse, in ten placid rounds. The best fighter in the house, Elza Thompson, large Negro from Indiana, didn't get a chance to show anything against Louis Gray, because that worthy was out in forty-six seconds of round one.

Webster Epperson, Negro heavy, who usually functions in the Northwest, knocked out Johnny Neumann of Little Rock after one and a half rounds. Neuman fell on his knees before Max Baer, guest referee, who stopped the fight.

The opener went to Ray Mann, the one who was kayoed by the illustrious Johnny Paychek one night and a short time later got a licking from George Henry, Negro welter from New York. Mr. Mann defeated Chuck Blaine. Fights like these won't do. The fans want the real stuff.

When in New York last your correspondent visited THE RING office, the finest place of its kind in the country. He was warmly greeted and shown some very interesting relics of former days—old boxing gloves, tickets to championship fights, watches, belts, etc. The staff is most hospitable, and we recommend that all readers who visit the Big Town take a look-see at the exhibit. We also ran into Mickey McIntire, your Michigan correspondent, who operates evenings as Bobby McIntire, Michigan's lightweight star and one of the best 135-pounders in the country. Mickey, or Bobby, really knows his fights and fighters and should have a bright journalistic future when his ring days are over. In the meantime, he can be classed as one of the coming lightweight contenders, due to victories over Billy Marquart, Joey Bagnato, Kid Sila, Lee Shephard, and draws with Willie Joyce and Tony Marteliano.

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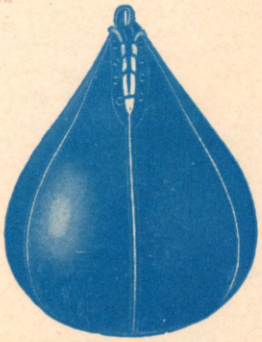

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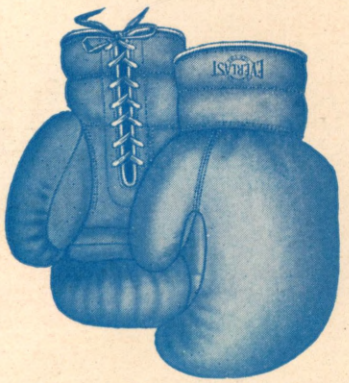

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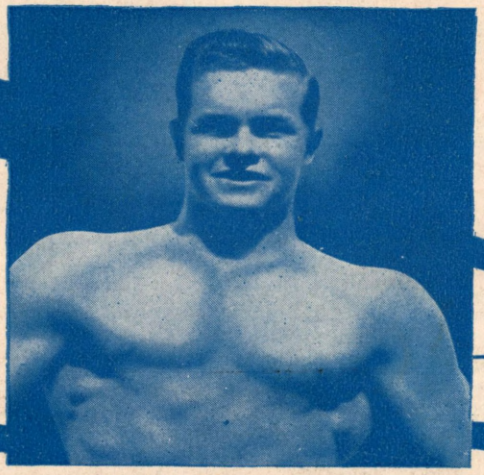

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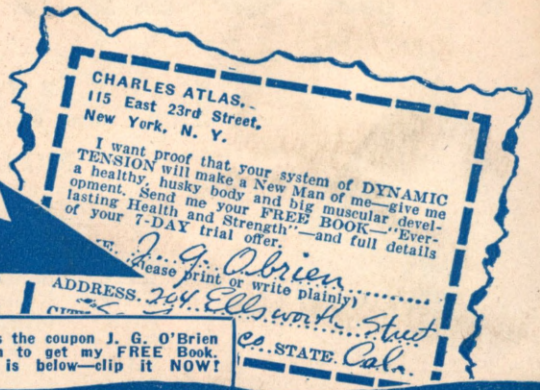
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